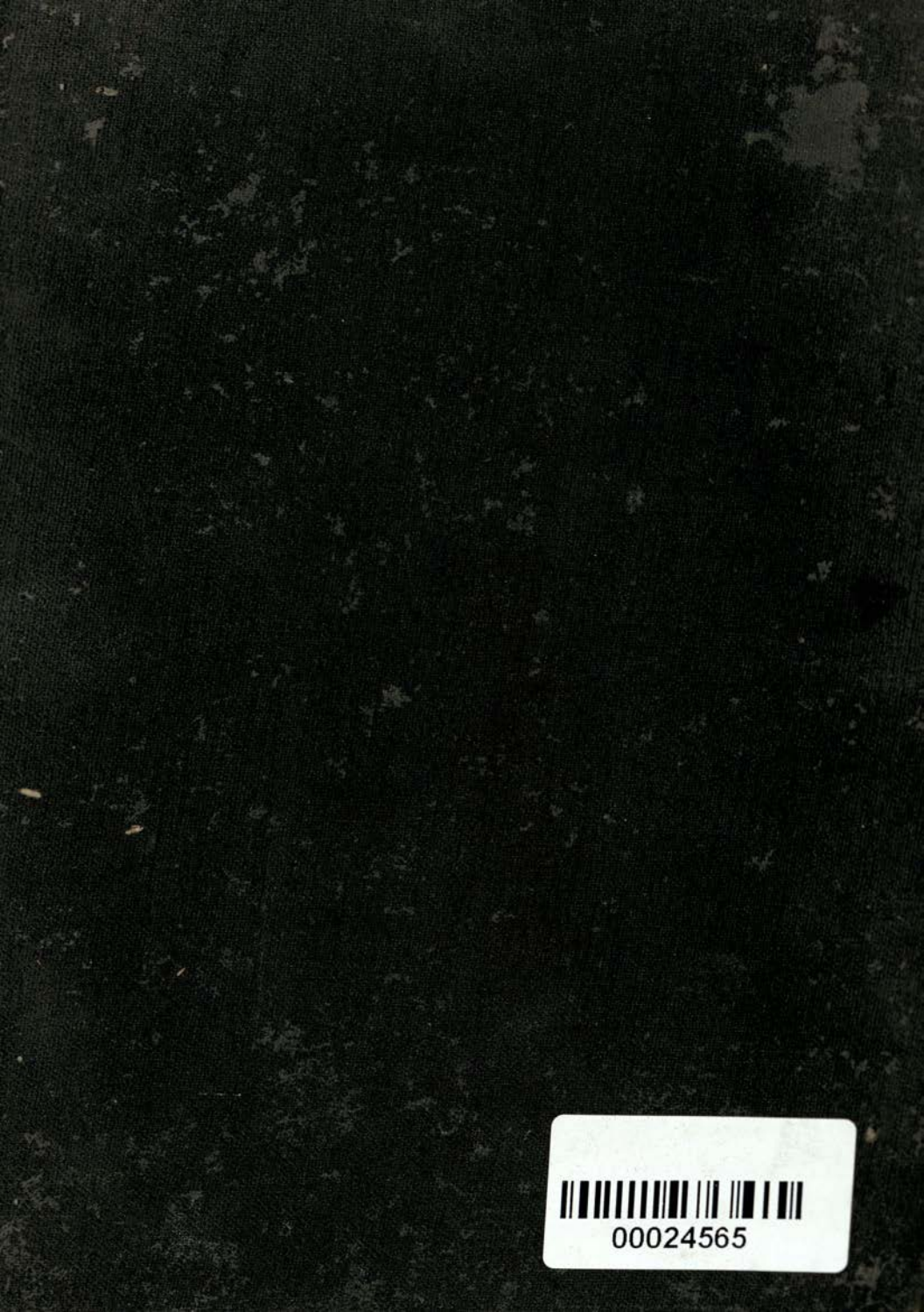
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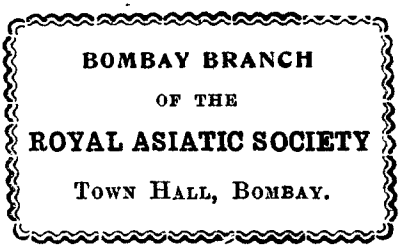

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THE

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

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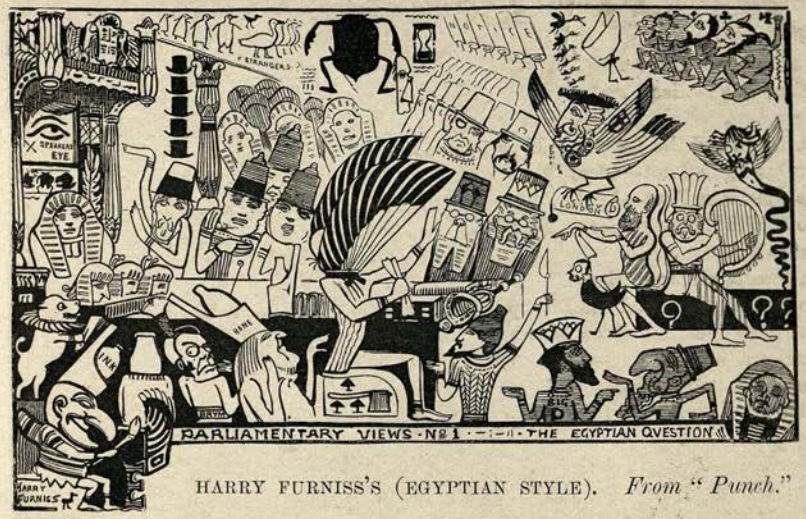
AN ARTISTIC JOKE.

A London Slum. My Parody of the Venetian School.



HARRY FURNISS'S (EGYPTIAN STYLE). *From "Punch."*

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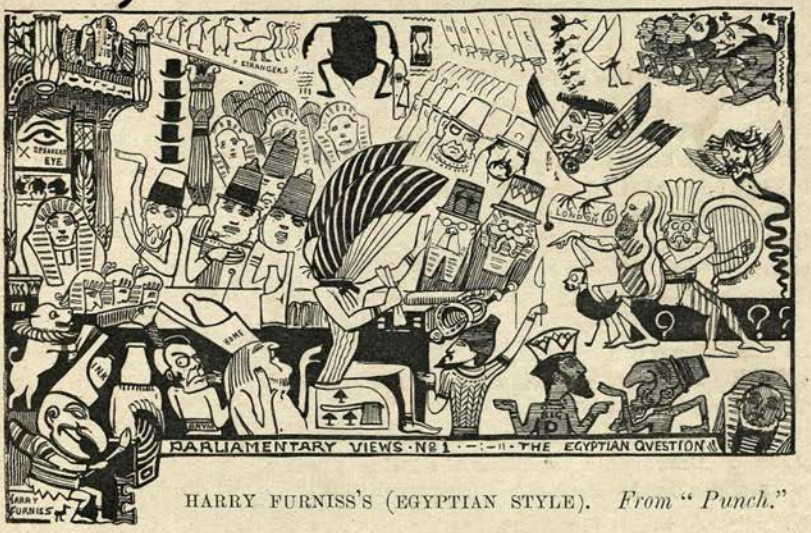

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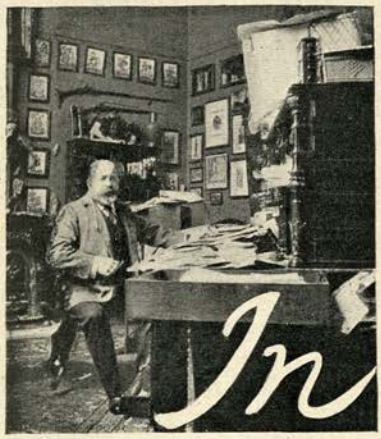
CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST.

CHAPTER I.

CONFESSIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD—AND AFTER.

Introductory—Birth and Parentage—The Cause of my remaining a Caricaturist—The Schoolboys' *Punch*—Infant Prodigies—As a Student—I Start in Life—*Zozimus*—The Sullivan Brothers—Pigott—The Forger—The Irish "Pathriot"—Wood Engraving—Tom Taylor—The Wild West—Judy—Behind the Scenes—Titiens—My First and Last Appearance in a Play—My Journey to London—My Companion—A Coincidence.



IN OFFERING the following pages to the public, I should like it to be known that no interviewer has extracted them from me by the thumbscrew of a morning call, nor have they been wheedled out of me by the caresses of those iron-maidens of literature, the publishers. For the most part they have been penned in odd half-hours as I sat in my easy-chair in the solitude of my studio, surrounded by the aroma of the post-prandial cigarette.

I would also at the outset warn those who may purchase this work in the expectation of finding therein the revelations of a caricaturist's Chamber of Horrors, that they will be disappointed. Some day I may be tempted to bring forth my skeletons from the seclusion of their cupboards and strip my mummies, taking

certain familiar figures and faces to pieces, and exposing not only the jewels with which they were packed away, but all those spicy secrets too which are so relished by scandal-loving readers.

At present, however, I am in an altogether lighter and more genial vein. My confessions up to date are of a purely personal character, and like a literary Liliputian I am placing myself in the hand of that colossal Gulliver the Public.

I may, it is true, in the course of my remarks be led to retaliate to some extent upon those who have had the hardihood to assert that all caricaturists ought, in the interest of historical accuracy, to be shipped on board an unseaworthy craft and left in the middle of the Channel, for the crime of handing down to posterity distorted images of those now in the land of the living. This I feel bound to do in self-defence, as well as in the cause of truth, for to judge by the biographical sketches of myself which continually appear and reach me through the medium of a press-cutting agency, caricaturists as distorters of features are not so proficient as authors as distorters of facts.

I think it best therefore to begin by giving as briefly as possible an authentic outline of my early career.

For the benefit of anyone who may not feel particularly interested in such details, I should mention that the narration of this plain unvarnished tale extends from this line to page 29.

I was born in Ireland, in the town of Wexford, on March 26th, 1854. I do not, however, claim to be an Irishman. My father was a typical Englishman, hailing from Yorkshire, and not in his appearance only, but in his tastes and sympathies, he was an unmistakable John Bull. By profession he was a civil engineer, and he migrated to Ireland some years before I was born, having been invited to throw some light upon that "benighted counthry" by designing and superintending the erection of gas works in various towns and cities.

My mother was Scotch. My great-great-grandfather was a captain in the Pretender's army at Culloden, and had a son, Angus, who settled in Aberdeen. When Æneas MacKenzie, my grandfather, was born, his family moved south and settled

in Newcastle-on-Tyne. A local biographer writes of him: "A man who by dint of perseverance and self-denial acquired more learning than ninety-nine in a hundred ever got at a university—an accomplished and most trustworthy writer. The real founder of the Newcastle Mechanics' Institute, and the leader of the group of Philosophical Radicals who made not a little stir in the North of England at the beginning of the last century." He was not only a benevolent, active member of society and an ardent politician (Joseph Cowen received his earliest impressions from him—and never forgot his indebtedness), but the able historian of Northumberland, Durham, and of Newcastle itself, a town in which he spent his life and his energies. If I possess any hereditary aptitude for journalism, it is to him I owe it; whilst to my mother, who at a time when miniature painting was fashionable, cultivated the natural artistic taste with much success, I am directly indebted for such artistic faculties as are innate in me.

My family moved from Wexford to Dublin when I was ten. It is pleasant to know they left a good impression. In Miss Mary Banim's account of Ireland I find the following reference to these aliens in Wexford, which I must allow my egotism to transcribe: "Many are the kindly memories that remain in Wexford of this warm-hearted, gifted family, who are said not only to be endowed with rare talents, but, better still, with those qualities that endear people to those they meet in daily intercourse." The flattering adjectives with which the remarks about myself are sandwiched prevent my modest nature from quoting any more. However, as one does not remember much of that period of their life before they reach

their teens I need not apologise for quoting from the same work this reference to me at that age:

"One who was his playmate—he is still a young man—describes Mr. Furniss as very small of stature, full of animation and merriment, constantly amusing himself and his friends with clever [!] reproductions of each humorous character or scene that met his eye in the ever-fruitful gallery of living art—gay, grotesque, pathetic, even beautiful—that the streets and outlets of such a town as Wexford present to a quick eye and a ready pencil."

I can appreciate the fact that at that early age I had an eye for the "pathetic, and even beautiful," but, alas! I have been misunderstood from the day of my birth. I used to sit and study the heavens before I could walk, and my nurse, a wise and shrewd woman, predicted that I should become a great astronomer; but instead of the works of Herschel being put into my hands, I was satiated with the vilest comic toy books, and deluged with the frivolous nursery literature now happily a thing of the past. At odd times my old leaning towards serious reflection and ambition for high art come over me, but there is a fatality which dogs my footsteps and always at the critical moment ruins my hopes.

It is indeed strange how slight an incident may alter the whole course of one's life, as will be seen from the following instance, which I insert here although it took place some years after the period to which I am now alluding.

The scene was Antwerp, to which I was paying my first visit, and where I was, like all artists, very much impressed and delighted with the cathedral of the quaint old place. The afternoon was merging into evening as I entered the sacred building, and the broad amber rays of the setting sun glowed amid the stately pillars and deepened the shadowy glamour of the solemn aisles. As I gazed on the scene of grandeur I felt profoundly moved by the picturesque effect, and the following morning discovered me hard at work upon a most elaborate study of the beautiful carved figures upon the confessional boxes. I had just laid out my palette preparatory to painting that picture

which would of course make my name and fortune, when a hoarse and terribly British guffaw at my elbow startled me, and turning round I encountered some acquaintances to whom the scene seemed to afford considerable amusement. One of them was good enough to remark that to have come all the way to Antwerp to find a caricaturist painting the confessional boxes in the cathedral was certainly the funniest thing he had ever heard of, and thereupon insisted upon dragging me off to dine with him, a proposition to which I immediately assented, feeling far more foolish than I could possibly have looked. I may add that as the sun that evening dipped beneath the western horizon, so vanished the visions of high art by which I had been inspired, and thus it is that Michael Angelo Vandyck Correggio Raphael Furniss lies buried in Antwerp Cathedral. Strangely enough I came across the following paragraph some years afterwards: "The guides of Antwerp Cathedral point out a grotesque in the wood carving of the choir which resembles almost exactly the head of Mr. Gladstone, as depicted by Harry Furniss."

MY FATHER.

My earliest recollections are altogether too modern to be of much interest. Crimean heroes were veterans when they, as guests at my father's table, fought their battles o'er again. The *Great Eastern* steamship was quite an old white elephant of the sea when I, held up in my nurse's arms, saw Brunel's blunder pass Greenore Point. I was hardly eligible for "Etons" when our present King was married. When first taken to church I was most interested, as standing on tiptoe on the seat in our square family pew, and peering into the next pew, I saw a young governess, at that moment the most talked-of woman in Great Britain, the niece of the notorious poisoner Palmer. She

had just returned from the condemned cell, having made that scoundrel confess his crime, and there was more pleasure in the sight than in listening to the good old Rector Elgee who had christened me, or in seeing his famous daughter the poetess "Speranza," otherwise known as Lady Wilde.

In the newspaper shop windows—always an attraction to me—the coloured portrait of Garibaldi was fly-blown, the pictures of the great fight between Sayers and Heenan were illustrations of ancient history, and in the year I was born *Punch* published his twenty-sixth volume.

HARRY FURNISS, AGED 10.

Leaving Wexford before the railway there was opened, my parents removed to the metropolis of Ireland, and I went to school in Dublin at the age of twelve. It was at the Wesleyan Connexional School, now known as the Wesleyan College, St. Stephen's Green, that I struggled through my first pages of Cæsar and stumbled over the "pons asinorum," and here I must mention that although the Wesleyan College bears the name of the great religious reformer, a considerable number of the boys who studied there—myself included—were in no way connected with the Wesleyan body. I merely say this because I have seen it stated more than once that I am a Wesleyan, and as this little sketch professes to be an authentic account of myself, I wish it to be correct, however trivial my remarks may seem to the general reader. It is in the same spirit that I have disclaimed the honour of being an Irishman.

Once upon a time, when I was a very little boy, I remember being very much impressed by a heading in my copybook which

ran: "He who can learn to write, can learn to draw." Now this was putting the cart before the horse, so far as my experience had gone, for I could most certainly draw before I could write, and had not only become an editor long before I was fit to be a contributor, but was also a publisher before I had even seen a printing press. In fact, I was but a little urchin in knickerbockers when I brought out a periodical—in MS. it is true—of which the ambitious title was "The Schoolboys' *Punch*." The ingenuous simplicity with which I am universally credited by all who know me now had not then, I fancy, obtained complete possession of me. I must have been artful, designing, diplomatic, almost Machiavellian; for anxious to curry favour with the head master of my school, I resolved to use the columns of "The Schoolboys' *Punch*" not so much in the interest of the schoolboy world as to attract the head master's favourable notice to the editor.

Accordingly, the first cartoon I drew for the paper was specially designed with this purpose in view, and I need scarcely say it was highly complimentary to the head master. He was represented in a Poole-made suit of perfectly-fitting evening dress, and the trousers, I remember, were particularly free from the slightest wrinkle, and must have been extremely uncomfortable to the wearer. This tailorish impossibility was matched by the tiny patent boots which encased the great man's small and exquisitely moulded feet. I furnished him with a pair of dollish light eyes, with long eyelashes carefully drawn in, and as a masterstroke threw in the most taper-shaped waist.

The subject of the picture, I flattered myself, was selected with no little cleverness and originality. A celebrated conjuror who had recently exposed the frauds of the Davenport Brothers was at the moment creating a sensation in the town where the school was situated, and from that incident I determined to draw my inspiration. The magnitude of the design and the importance of the occasion seemed to demand a double-paged cartoon. On one side I depicted a hopelessly scared little schoolboy, not unlike myself at the time, tightly corded in a cabinet, which represented the school, with trailing Latin roots,

heavy Greek exercises, and chains of figures. The door, supposed to be closed on this distressing but necessary situation, is observed in the opposite cartoon to be majestically thrown open by the beaming and consciously successful head master, in order to allow a young college student, the pink of scholastic perfection, to step out, loaded with learning and academical honours.

"Great events from little causes spring!"—great, at least, to me. So well was my juvenile effort received, that it is not too much to say it decided my future career. Had my subtle flattery taken the shape of a written panegyric upon the head master in lieu of a cartoon, it is possible that I might, had I met with equal success, have devoted myself to journalism and literature; but from that day forward I clung to the pencil, and in a few years was regularly contributing "cartoons" to public journals, and practising the profession I have ever since pursued.

Drawing, in fact, seemed to come to me naturally and intuitively. This was well for me, for small indeed was the instruction I received. I recollect that a German governess, who professed, among other things, to teach drawing, undertook to cultivate my genius; but I derived little benefit from her unique system, as it consisted in placing over the paper the drawing to be copied, and pricking the leading points with a pin, after which, the copy being removed, the lines were drawn from one point to another. The copies were of course soon perforated beyond recognition, and, although I warmly protested against this sacrilege of art, she explained that it was by that system that Albert Dürer had been taught. This, of course, accounts for our having infant prodigies in art, as well as music and the drama. The rapidity with which Master Hoffmann was followed by infantile Lizsts and little Otto Hegner as soon as it became apparent that there was a demand for such phenomena, seems to indicate that in music at all events supply will follow demand as a matter of course, and if the infant artist can only be "crammed" in daubing on canvas as youthful musicians are in playing on the piano, then perhaps a new sensation is in store for the artistic world; and we shall see babies executing replicas of the old masters, and the Infant

Slapdash painter painting the portraits of Society beauties. As a welcome relief to Chopin's Nocturne in D flat, played by Baby Hegner at St. James's Hall, we shall step across to Bond Street and behold "Le Petit Américain" dashing off his "Nocturne" on canvas. I sometimes wonder if I might have been made such an infant art prodigy, but when I was a lad public taste was not in its second childhood in matters of art patronage, nor was the forcing of children practised in the same manner as it is nowadays.

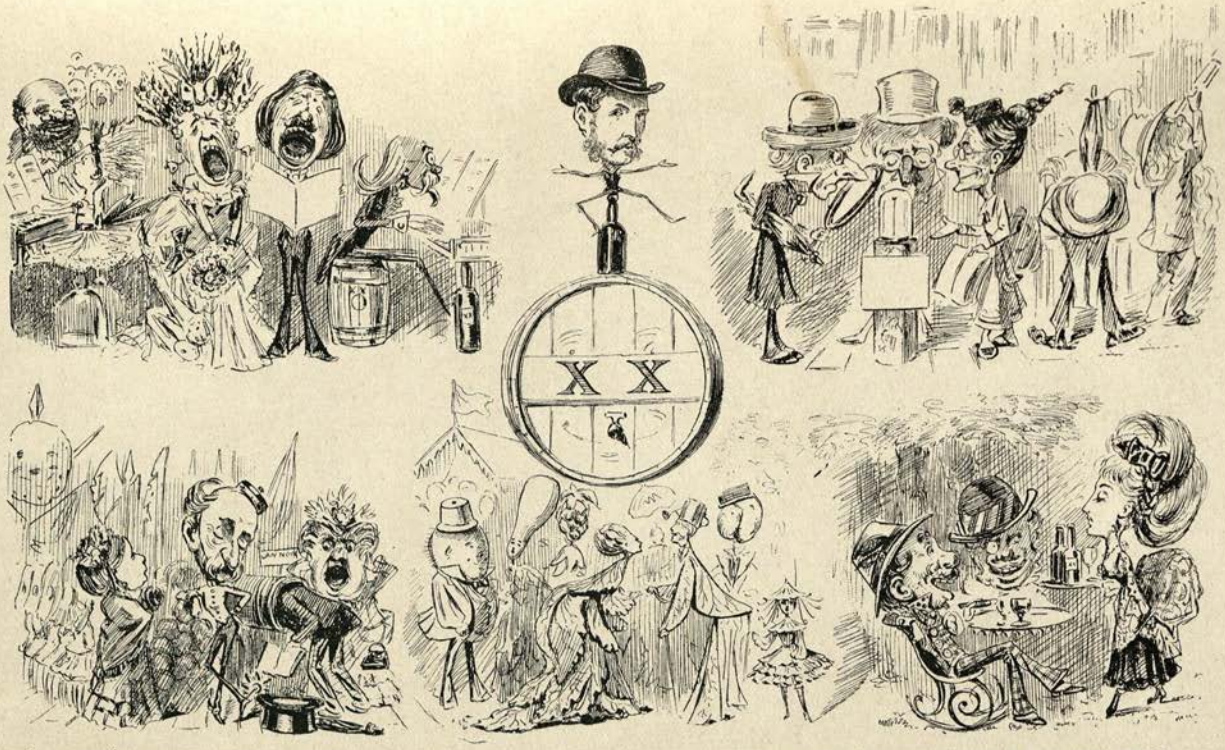
Naturally enough I did not altogether escape the thraldom of the drawing-master, and as years went on I made a really serious effort to study at an art school under the Kensington system, which I must confess I believe to be positively prejudicial to a young artist possessing imagination and originality. The late Lord Beaconsfield made one of his characters in "Lothair" declare that "critics are those who have failed in literature and art." Whether this is true as to the art critics, or that the dramatic critic is generally a disappointed playwright, it must in truth be said that drawing-masters are nearly always those who have failed in art. I can remember one gentleman who was the especial terror of my youth. I can see him now going his rounds along the chilly corridor, where, perhaps, one had been placed to draw something "from the flat." After years and years of practice at this rubbish, he would halt beside you, look at your work in a perfunctory manner, and with a dexterity which appalled you until you reflected that he had been doing the same thing exactly, and nothing else, for perhaps a decade, he would draw in a section of a leaf, and if, as in my case, you happened to have a pretty sister attending the ladies' class in the school, he would add leaf to leaf until your whole paper was covered with his mechanical handiwork, in order to have a little extra conversation with you, although, I need scarcely add, it was not exclusively confined to the subject of art.

This sort of thing was called "instruction in freehand drawing," and had to be endured and persisted in for months and months. Freehand! Shade of Apelles! What is there free in squinting and measuring, and feebly touching in and fiercely

rubbing out a collection of straggling mechanical pencil lines on a piece of paper pinned on to a hard board, which after a few weeks becomes nothing but a confused jumble of finger-marks?

Had I an Art School I would treat my students according to their individual requirements, just as a doctor treats his patients. I am led here to repeat what I have already observed in one of my lectures, that for the young the pill of knowledge should be silver-coated, and that while they are being instructed they should also be amused. In other words, interest your pupils, do not depress them. Giotto did not begin by rigidly elaborating a drawing of the crook of his shepherd's staff for weeks together; his drawings upon the sand and upon the flat stones which he found on the hillsides are said to have been of the picturesque sheep he tended, and all the interesting and fascinating objects that met his eye. Then, when his hand had gained practice, he was able to draw that perfect circle which he sent to the Pope as a proof of his command of hand. But the truth is that we begin at the wrong end, and try to make our boys draw a perfect circle before they are in love with drawing at all. For my part, I had to endure some weeks of weary struggling with a cone and ball and other chilly objects, the effect of which was to fill my mind with an overwhelming sense of the dreariness of art education under the Kensington system. A short time, therefore, sufficed to disgust me with the Art School, and I preferred to stay at home caricaturing my relatives, educating myself, and practising alone the rudiments of my art.

Early in my teens, however, I was invited to join the Life School of the Hibernian Academy, as there happened to be a paucity of students at that institution, and in order to secure the Government grant it was necessary to bring them up to the required number. But here also there was no idea of proper teaching. Some fossilised member of the Academy would stand about roasting his toes over the stove. A recollection of a fair specimen of the body still haunts me. He used to roll round the easels, and you became conscious of his



A CARICATURE, MADE WHEN A BOY (NEVER PUBLISHED). DUBLIN EXHIBITION. PORTRAIT OF SIR A. GUINNESS (NOW LORD IVEAGH) IN CENTRE.

approaching presence by an aroma of onions. I believe he was a landscape painter, and saw no more beauty in the female form divine than in a haystack. It was his custom to take up a huge piece of charcoal and come down upon one of your delicately drawn pencil lines of a figure with a terrible stroke about an inch wide.

"There, me boy," he would exclaim, "that's what it wants," and walk on, leaving you in doubt upon which side of the line you had drawn he intended his alteration to come.

I soon decided to have my own models and study for myself, and this practice I have maintained to the present day. I really don't know what Mrs. Grundy would have said if she had known that at this early age I was drawing Venuses from the life, instead of tinting the illustrations to "Robinson Crusoe" or "Gulliver's Travels" in my playroom at home.

Few imagine that a caricaturist requires models to draw from. Although I will not further digress at this point, I may perhaps be pardoned if I return later on in this book to the explanation of my *modus operandi*—a subject which, if I may judge from the number of letters I receive about it, is likely to prove of interest to a large number of my readers.

It was when I was still quite a boy that my first great chance came. Being in Dublin, I was asked one day by my friend the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan to make some illustrations for a paper called *Zozimus*, of which he was the editor and founder. As a matter of fact, *Zozimus* was the Irish *Punch*. Mr. Sullivan, who was a Nationalist, and a man of exceptional energy and ability, began life as an artist. He came to Dublin, I was told, as a very young man, and began to paint; but the sails of his ships were pronounced to be far too yellow, the seas on which the vessels floated were derided as being far too green, while the skies above them were scoffed at as being far too blue. In these adverse circumstances, then, the artist soon drifted into journalism, and, inducing his brothers to join him in his new venture, thenceforth took up the pen and abandoned the brush. Each member of the family became a well-known figure in Parliamentary life. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, the poet of the Irish

Party, is still a well-known figure in the world of politics; but my friend Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who died some years ago, belonged rather to the more moderate *régime* which prevailed in the Irish Party during the leadership of Mr. Butt.

At the time when I first made his acquaintance he was the editor and moving spirit of the *Nation*. It was a curious office, and I can recall many whom I first met there who have since come more or less prominently to the front in public life. There was Mr. Sexton, whom my friend "Toby" has since christened "Windbag Sexton" in his Parliamentary reports. Mr. Sexton then presided over the scissors and paste department of the journals owned by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, and, unlike the posing orator he afterwards became, was at that early stage of his career of a very modest and retiring disposition. Mr. Leamy also, I think, was connected with the staff, while Mr. Dennis Sullivan superintended the sale of the papers in the publishing department.

But the central figure in the office was unquestionably the editor and proprietor, Mr. A. M. Sullivan. His personality was of itself remarkable. Possessed of wonderful energy and nerve, he was a confirmed teetotaller, and his prominent eyes, beaming with intelligence, seemed almost to be starting from his head as, intent upon some project, he darted about the office, ever and anon checking his erratic movements to give further directions to his subordinates, when he had a funny habit of placing his hand on his mouth and blowing his moustache through his fingers, much to the amusement of his listeners, and to my astonishment, as I stood modestly in a corner of the editorial sanctum observing with awe the great Mr. Sexton, who, amid the distractions of scissors and paste, would drawl out a sentence or two in a voice strongly resembling the sarcastic tones of Mr. Labouchere.

In another part of the office sat Mr. T. D. Sullivan, the poet aforesaid, who, like his brother, is a genial and kindly man at heart, although possessing the volcanic temperament characteristic of his family. There he sat—a poet with a large family—his hair dishevelled, his trousers worked by excitement halfway up

his calves, emitting various stertorous sounds after the manner of his brother, as he savagely tore open the recently-arrived English newspapers. Such was the interior of the office of the *Nation*, the representative organ of the most advanced type of the National Press of Ireland.

But *Zozimus*, the paper to which I was then contributing, had nothing in common with the rest of the publications issuing from that office. It was of a purely social character, and was a praiseworthy attempt to do something of a more artistic nature than the coarsely-conceived and coarsely-executed National cartoons which were the only specimens of illustrative art produced in Ireland. Fortunately for me, there was an effort made in Dublin just then to produce a better class of publications, and the result was that I began to get fairly busy, although it was merely a wave of artistic energy, which did not last long, but soon subsided into that dead level of mediocrity which does not appear likely to be again disturbed.

I was now in my seventeenth year, and, intent on making as much hay as possible the while the sun shone, I accepted every kind of work that was offered me; and a strange medley it was. Religious books, medical works, scientific treatises, scholastic primers and story books afforded in turn illustrative material for my pencil. One week I was engaged upon designs for the most advanced Catholic and Jesuitical manuals, and the next upon similar work for a Protestant prayer-book. At one moment it seemed as if I were destined to achieve fame as an artist of the ambulance corps and the dissecting-room. One of my earliest dreams—which I attribute to the fact that my eldest brother, with whom I had much in common, was a doctor—had been to adopt the medical profession. Curiously enough, my brother also had a taste for caricaturing, and, like the illustrious John Leech in his medical student days, he was wont to embellish his notes in the hospital lecture-room with pictorial *jeux d'esprit* of a livelier cast than those for which scope is usually afforded by the discourses of the learned Mr. Sawbones.

I remember that about this period a leading surgeon was anxious that I should devote myself to the pursuit of this

anything but pleasant form of art, and seriously proposed that I should draw and paint for him some of his surgical cases. I accepted his offer without hesitation, and, burning to distinguish myself as an anatomical expert with the brush, I gave instruction to our family butcher to send me, as a model to study from, a kidney, which was to be the acme of goriness and as repulsive in appearance as possible. Of this piece of uncooked meat I made a quite pre-Raphaelite study in water-colours, but so realistic

AN EARLY ILLUSTRATION ON WOOD BY HARRY FURNISS. PARTLY ENGRAVED BY HIM.

was the result that the effect it had upon me was the very antithesis to what I anticipated, disgusting me to such an extent that I not only declined to pursue further anatomical illustration, but for years afterwards was quite unable to touch a kidney, although I believe that had I selected a calf's head or a sucking-pig for my maiden effort in this direction, I might by now have blossomed into a Rembrandt or a Landseer.

Amongst other incidents which occurred during this period of my life was one which it now almost makes me shudder to think of. I was commissioned by no less a personage than the late

Mr. Pigott, of Parnell Commission notoriety, to illustrate for him a story of the broadest Irish humour. Little did I think when I entered his office in Abbey Street, Dublin, and had an interview with the genial and pleasant-looking little man with the eye-glass, that he would one day play so prominent a *rôle* in the Parliamentary drama, or that the weak little arm he extended to me was destined years afterwards to be the instrument of a tragedy. I can truly say, at all events, my recollection as a boy of sixteen of the great *Times* forger is by no means unfavourable, and he dwells in my memory as one of the most pleasant and genial of men. I ought, perhaps, to say that in feeling I was anything but a Nationalist, because in Ireland, generally speaking, you must be either black or white. But like a lawyer who takes his brief from every source, I never studied who my clients were when they required my juvenile services.

Although I was not of Irish parentage and did not lean towards Nationalism in politics, it was necessary to sympathise now and then with the down-trodden race. For instance, I remember that one evening a respectable-looking mechanic called at my father's house and requested to see me. His manner was strange and mysterious, and as he wanted to see me alone, I took him into an anteroom, where, with my hand on the door handle and the other within easy distance of the bell, I asked the excitable-looking stranger the nature of his business. Pulling from his pocket a roll of one-pound Irish bank-notes, he thrust them into my hand, and besought me at the same time not to refuse the request he was about to make. An idea flashed through my mind that perhaps he had seen me coming out of the offices of the National Press, and had jumped to the conclusion that I could therefore be bought over to perpetrate some terrible political crime. I even imagined that in the roll of notes I should find the knife with which the fell deed had to be done. Seeing that I shrank from him, he seized hold of my arm, and, in a most pitiable voice, said:

"Don't, young sorr, refuse me what I am about to ask you. I'm only a working man, but here are all my savings, which you may take if you will just dhraw me a picter to be placed at the

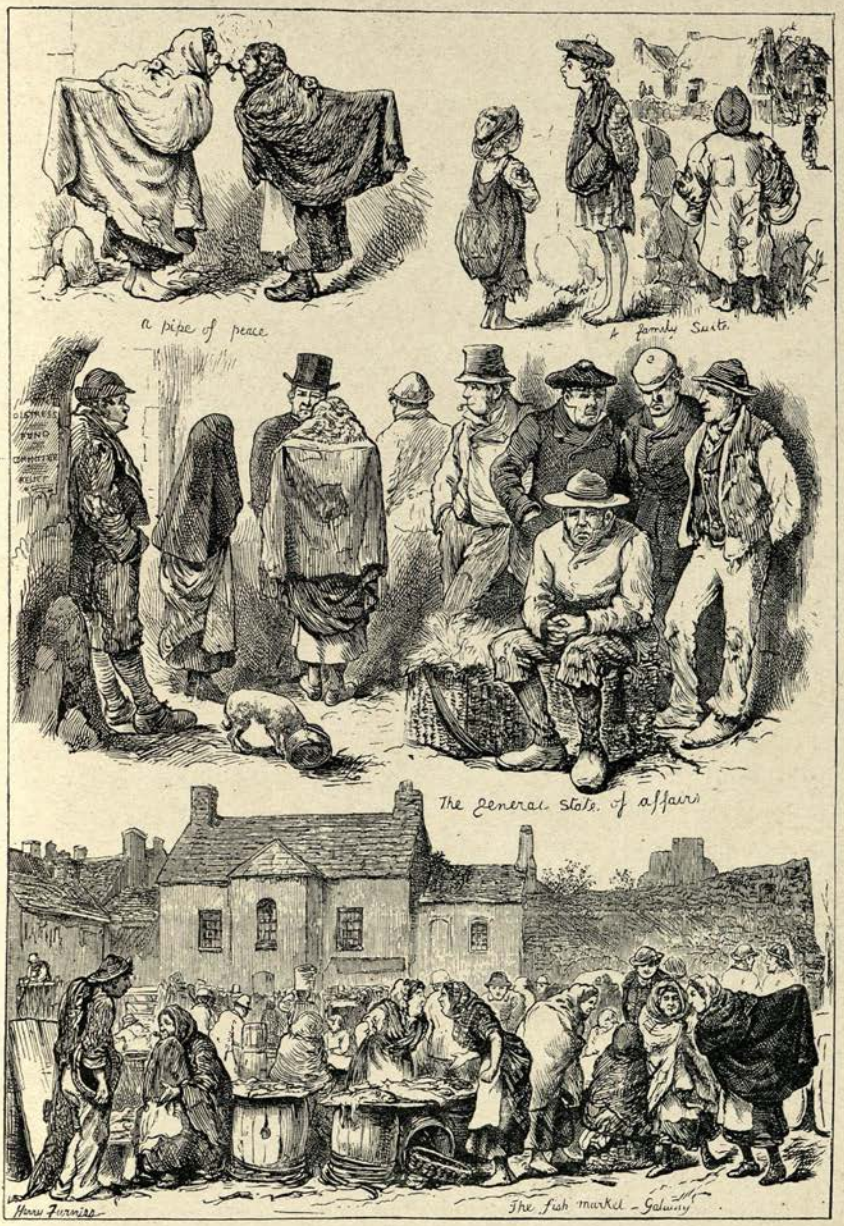
top of a complete set of photographs of our Irish leaders. I want Britannia at the head of the group, a bastely dhrunken old hag, wid her fut on the throat of the beautiful Erin, who is to be bound hand and fut wid chains, and being baten and starved. Thin I want prisons at the sides, showing the grand sons of Ould Oireland dying in their cells by torture, whilst a fine Oirish liberator wid dhrawn sword is just on the point of killing Britannia outright, and so saving his disthressful country."

About this time someone had been good enough to inform me that all black and white artists are in the habit of engraving their own work, and, religiously believing this, I duly provided myself with some engraving tools, bought some boxwood, a jeweller's eyeglass, and a sand bag, without which no engraver's table can be said to be complete.

Then, setting to work to practise the difficult art, I struggled on as best I could, until one fine day a professional engraver enlightened me upon the matter. I need scarcely say he went into fits of laughter when I told him that every artist was expected to be a Bewick, and he pointed out to me that not only do artists as a rule know very little about engraving, but in addition they have often only a limited knowledge of how to draw for engravers.

However, thinking I should better understand the difficulties of drawing for publishers if I first mastered the technical art of reproduction, with the assistance of the engraver aforesaid I rapidly acquired sufficient dexterity with the tools to engrave my own drawings, and this I continued to do until I left Dublin, at the age of nineteen. Since then I have never utilised one of my gravers, except to pick a lock or open a box of sardines. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering that one can make a drawing in an hour which takes a week to engrave, and that an engraver may take five guineas for his share of the work whilst an artist may get fifty. There is very little doubt, therefore, as to the reason why artists who can draw refrain from engraving their own work.

In the studio of the engraver to whom I have above referred there hung a huge map of London, and as I used to pore over it



SKETCHES IN GALWAY.

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I took many an imaginary walk down Fleet Street, many a canter in the Row, and many a voyage to Greenwich on a penny steamboat, before I bade adieu to "dear dirty Dublin" in the year 1873, and, as many have done before me, arrived in the "little village" in search of fame and wealth.

Just prior to my leaving Ireland for the land of my parents I met no less an editor than Tom Taylor, who was then the presiding genius of the *Punch* table, and he gave me every encouragement to hasten my migration. He, however, had just returned from the wilds of Connemara, and before setting my face in the direction of Holyhead he strongly advised me also to pay a visit to the trackless wastes of the Western country, for the purpose of committing to paper the lineaments of the natives indigenous to the soil. This I did a week or so before quitting the land of my birth, and the sketches I made upon that occasion formed part of my stock-in-trade when I arrived in London.

After making the accompanying page of studies, I strolled along the bank of the river; and while sketching some men breaking stones an incident happened which first aroused me to the fact that the lot of the sketching artist is not always a happy one. A fiend in human shape—an overbearing overseer—came up at the moment, and roundly abused the poor labourers for taking the "base Saxon's" coin. Inciting them to believe that I was a special informer from London, he laughed on my declaring that I was merely a novice, and informed me that I ought to be "dhrounded." He was about to suit the action to the word and pitch me into the salmon-stuffed river when he was stopped by the mediation of my models, and I escaped from the grip of the agitator. In due course I found myself in the Claddagh, a village of mud huts, which formed the frontispiece by John Leech to "A Little Tour in Ireland" by "An Oxonian," "a village of miserable cabins, the walls of mud and stone, and for the most part windowless, the floors damp and dirty, and the roofs a mass of rotten straw and weeds." Pigs and fowls mixed up with boats and fish refuse. Women old, dried and ugly; girls young, dark, of Spanish type,

scantily dressed in bright-coloured short garments, all tattered and torn; and children grotesque beyond description. I sketch three members of one family clothed (!) in the three articles of attire discarded by their father—one claimed the coat, another the trousers, whilst the third had only a waistcoat. No doubt Leech had seen the same sixteen years before, when he was there; and if "the Oxonian," who survives him—Canon Hole, of Rochester—were to make another little tour in Ireland, he would find the Claddagh still a spot to give an Englishman "a new sensation." All I can say is, that having escaped "dhrouning" in the river when in Galway in 1873, I have visited many countries and seen much filth and misery, but I have seen nothing approaching the sad squalor of the wild West of Ireland.

The majority of those I sketched were hardly human. Tom Taylor was right—"I would find such characters there not to be found in all the world over," and I haven't. The people got on my overstrung youthful nerves. I left the country the moment I had sufficient material for my sketches. I had shaken off the unpleasant feeling of being murdered in the river. I had survived living a week or two in the worst inns in the world. I had risked typhoid and every other disease fostered by the insanitary surroundings—for I had to hide myself in narrow turnings and obnoxious corners so as to sketch unseen, as the religion of the natives opposed any attempt to have themselves "dhrawn," believing that the destruction of their "pictur'" would be fatal to their souls! I had sketched the famous house in Deadman's Lane—and listened as I sketched it, in the falling shades of night, to the old, old story of Fitz-Stephen the Warden, who had lived there, and had in virtue of his office to assist at the hanging of his own son. And, when in the dark I was strolling back to my hotel, my reflections were suddenly interrupted by something powerful seizing me in a grip of iron round my leg. I was held as in a vice, and could hardly move, by what—a huge dog—a wolf? No, something heavier; something more hideous; something clothed! As I dragged it under a lamp I saw revealed a huge head, covered by a black skull cap—a man's head—a dwarf, muttering in Irish something I could not

understand—except one word, "Judy! Judy! Judy!" It was a woman of extraordinary strength thus clasped on to me. I dragged her to the hotel door, where I engaged an interpreter in the shape of the "boots," and made a bargain with "Judy" to release me on my giving her one shilling, and to sit to me for this sketch for half-a-crown. I have still a lively recollection of the vice-like grip.

My friend who had introduced me to the editor of *Punch* was a prominent city official, and entertainer in chief of all men of talent from London, and was also, like Tom Taylor, an author and dramatist; and when I was a boy I illustrated one of his first stories. He also introduced me behind the scenes at the old Theatre Royal. I recollect my boyish delight when one day I was on the stage during the rehearsal of the Italian opera. Shall I ever forget that treat? It was much greater in my eyes than the real performance later on. If my memory serves, "Don Giovanni" was the opera. One of the principals was suddenly taken ill, and this rehearsal was called for the benefit of the understudy. He was a dumpy, puffy little Italian, and played the heavy father. Madame Titiens was—well—the heavy daughter. In the first scene she has to throw herself upon her prostrate father. This is the incident I saw rehearsed: the little fat father lay on the dusty stage, with one eye on the O.P. side. As soon as the massive form of Titiens bore down upon him he rolled over and over out of the way. This pantomime highly amused all of us, the ever-jovial Titiens in particular, and she again and again rushed laughingly in, but with the same result.

"JUDY," THE GALWAY DWARF.

The first actor I ever saw perform was Phelps, in "The Man of the World." If anything could disillusionise a youth regarding the romance of the theatre, that play surely would. Be it to

my credit that my first impression was admiration for a fine—if dull—performance. From that day I have been a constant theatre-goer. If I am to believe the following anecdote, published in a Dublin paper a few years ago, I "did the theatre in style," and had an early taste which I did not possess for making jokes.

"The jarvey drove Harry Furniss, when a boy, down to the old Theatre Royal, Dublin. On the way there Jehu enquired of the budding artist whether it was true that the roof was provided with a tank whence every part of the building could be deluged, shower-bath fashion, if necessary. 'Yes,' replied Raphael junior; 'and, you see, I always bring an umbrella in case of fire.'"

PHELPS, THE FIRST ACTOR I SAW.

I may confess that I have only once appeared in theatricals, and that was in high comedy as a member of the Dublin Amateur Theatrical Society. The play was "She Stoops to Conquer," and I took the part of—think!—*Mrs.* Hardcastle. I was only seventeen, and very small for my age, so I owe any success I may have made to the costumier and wig-maker. The Tony Lumpkin was so excellent that he adopted the stage as his profession, and became a very popular comedian; and our Diggory is now a judge—"and a good judge too"—in the High Court.

It was on a bright, breezy morning late in July, 1873, I shook the dust of "dear dirty Dublin" off my feet. With the exception of the Welsh railways, the Irish are notoriously the slowest in the world, and on that particular morning the mail train seemed to my impatient mind to progress pig-ways. The engine was attached to the rear of the train and faced the station, so that when it began to pull it was only the "parvarsity in the baste" caused it to go in the opposite direction, towards Kingstown, in an erratic, spasmodic, and uncertain fashion, so that the eight miles journey seemed to me eighty. It was quite a tedious journey to Salthill and Blackrock. At the latter station I saw

for the last time the porter famous for being the slave of habit. For years it had been his duty to call out the name of the station, "Blackrock! Blackrock! Blackrock!" In due course he was removed to Salthill Station, on the same line, and well do I remember how he puzzled many a Saxon tourist by his calling out continually, "Blackrock—Salthill-I-mane! Blackrock—Salthill-I-mane!" No doubt the traveller put this chronic absent-mindedness down to "Irish humour." I must confess that I agree in a great measure with the opinion of the late T. W. Robertson (author of "Caste," "School," &c.), that the witticisms of Irish carmen and others are the ingenious inventions of Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, William Carleton, and other educated men.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. MR. HARRY FURNISS, FROM AN EARLY SKETCH.

Dickens failed to see Irish humour, or in fact to understand what was meant by it. So when he was on tour with his readings a friend of mine, who was his host, in the North, undertook to initiate him into the mysteries of Irish wit. As a sample he gave Dickens the following: A definition of nothing, —a footless stocking without a leg. This conveyed nothing whatever to the mind of the greatest of English humourists; but when my friend took him to a certain spot and showed him a wall built round a vacant space, and explained to him that the native masons were instructed to build a wall round an old ruined church to protect it, and pulled down the church for the material to build the wall, he laughed heartily, and acknowledged the Irish had a sense of humour after all,—if not, a quaint absence of it.

To me so-called Irish wit is a curious combination not wholly dependent on humour, and frequently unconscious. There is a story that when Mr. Beerbohm Tree arrived in Dublin he was received by a crowd of his admirers, and jumping on to a car said to his jarvey, "Splendid reception that, driver!"

The jarvey thought a moment, and replied, "Maybe ye think so, but begorrah, it ain't a patch on the small-pox scare!" Was that *meant?*

The poor Saxon "towrist"—what he may suffer in the Emerald Isle! There is a story on record of three Irishmen rushing away from the race meeting at Punchestown to catch a train back to Dublin. At the moment a train from a long distance pulled up at the station, and the three men scrambled in. In the carriage was seated one other passenger. As soon as they had regained their breath, one said:

"Pat, have you got th' tickets?"

"What tickets? I've got me loife; I thought I'd have lost that gettin' in th' thrain. Have you got 'em, Moike?"

"Oi, begorrah, I haven't."

"Oh, we're all done for thin," said the third. "They'll charge us roight from the other soide of Oireland."

The old gentleman looked over his newspaper and said:

"You are quite safe, gintlemen; wait till we get to the next station."

They all three looked at each other. "Bedad, he's a directhor,—we're done for now entoirely."

But as soon as the train pulled up the little gentleman jumped out and came back with three first-class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers, he said, "Whist, I'll tell ye how I did it. I wint along the thrain—'Tickets plaze, tickets plaze,' I called, and these belong to three Saxon towrists in another carriage."

On the morning I left Ireland to seek my fortune in London I had a youthful notion that, once on the mainland of my parents' country, St. Paul's and the smoke of London would be visible; but we had passed through the Menai tunnel, grazed Conway Castle walls, and skirted miles of the Welsh rock-bound

coast, and yet no St. Paul's was visible to my naked eye which was plastered against the window-pane of the carriage. The other eye, clothed and in its right mind, inspected the carriage and discovered that there were two other occupants—a lady and her maid. These interesting passengers had recovered from the effects of the Channel passage, and were eating their lunch. The lady politely offered me some sandwiches. "No, thanks," I replied; "I shall lunch in London." This reminds me of a story I heard when I was in America, of two young English ladies arriving at New York. They immediately entered the Northern Express at the West Central. About 7 o'clock in the evening they arrived at Niagara—half an hour or so is given to the passengers to alight and look at the wonderful Falls. The gentleman who told me the story informed me that as the two ladies were getting back into the carriage he asked them if they were going to dine at once. They, ignorant of the vastness of the "gre—e—at country Amuraka," replied, "Oh, no, thanks, we are going to dine with our friends when we arrive. It can't be long now, we have been travelling so fast all the day!"

"And may I ask, young ladies, where your friends live?"

"We are going to an uncle who has been taken suddenly ill in San Francisco."

These young ladies would have had to wait certainly five days for their dinner,—I only five hours.

The strange lady and I conversed a great deal on various topics. By degrees she discovered that I was a young artist, friendless, and on his way to the great city to battle with fortune. I may have told her of my history, of my youthful ambitions and my professional plans,—anyway she told me of hers, and, while her maid was lazily slumbering, she confessed to me her troubles.

"My story," she said, "is a sad one. I am of good family, and I married a well-known professional London man. He turned out to be a gambler, and ran through my money, and I returned to my parents. I have left them this morning again,

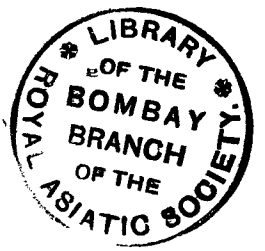
and, like you, I am now on my way to London to start in life, and if possible make my own living. You see my appearance is not altogether unprepossessing" (she was tall, singularly handsome, a refined woman of style) . . . I bowed . . . "Well, I am also fortunate in having a good voice, it is well-trained, and I am going to London to sing as a paid professional in the houses in which I have formerly been a guest."

I sympathised with her, and she continued, weeping, to relate to me events of her unhappy married life until we arrived at Euston. I saw her and her maid into a four-wheeler, and I saw their luggage on the top. She gave me her card with her parents' address in London written on it, and requested that I would write to her at that address, as she would like to hear how I got on in London. I never saw her again. But I did write home, and found there was such a lady, her family were well-known society people in Ireland, and that her marriage had not been a happy one.

After three years in London I ran over to Ireland to see my parents. On my return I seemed to miss the charming companion of my journey over the same ground three years previously. Two uninteresting men were in the carriage: a typical German professor on tour, and communicative; and a typical English gentleman, uncommunicative. As the journey was a long one the German smoked, ate and drank himself to sleep, and after some hours the other man and I exchanged a word. The fact is I thought I knew his face,—I told him so. He thought he knew mine. "Had we gone to school together?" "No." He was at least ten years my senior. It happened he had been to school with my half-brother (my father was married twice,—I am the youngest son of his second family). We chatted freely about each other's family and on various topics, including the sleeping Teuton in the corner. I incidentally mentioned my last journey. The lady interested him, so I told him of the way in which she confessed to me. I waxed eloquent over her wrongs. He got still more excited as I described her husband as she described him to me; and as the

train rolled into Euston, he said, "Well, you know who I am, I know who you are,—I'll tell you one thing more: that woman's story is perfectly true—I'm her husband!"

That was one of the most extraordinary coincidences which ever happened to me. Three years after meeting the wife, over the same journey, at the same time of the year, I meet the husband; and I had never been the journey in the meantime.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CHAPTER II.

BOHEMIAN CONFESSIONS.

I arrive in London—A Rogue and Vagabond—Two Ladies—Letters of Introduction—Bohemia—A Distinguished Member—My Double—A Rara Avis—The Duke of Broadacres—The Savages—A Souvenir—Portraits of the Past—J. L. Toole—Art and Artists—Sir Spencer Wells—John Pettie—Milton's Garden.

I DID not make my appearance in London with merely the proverbial half-crown in my pocket, nor was I breathlessly expectant to find the streets paved with gold. Thanks chiefly to my savings in Dublin, my balance at my bankers' was sufficient to keep me for at least a year, and as soon as the editors returned from their summer holidays I was fortunate enough to procure commissions, which have been pouring in pretty steadily ever since.

CARICATURE OF MYSELF, DRAWN WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED IN LONDON.

It was with a strange feeling that I found myself for the first time in London, among four millions of people, with not one of whom I could claim acquaintance, and I think it will not be out of place if I here offer a hint which may possibly be of use to other young men who are placed in similar circumstances. Upon first coming to the metropolis, then, let them invariably act, in as much as it is possible, as if they were Londoners old and seasoned. To stand gazing at St. Paul's with mouth agape and eyes astare, or to enquire your way to the National Gallery or Madame Tussaud's, is a sure means of finding yourself ere long

in the hands of the unscrupulous and designing. For my part, as I took my first admiring peep at the masterpiece of Sir Christopher, I whistled to myself with an air of nonchalance, and as I passed down Fleet Street I made a point of nodding familiarly to the passers-by as if I were already a frequent *habitué* of the thoroughfare of letters. Did I find myself accosted by any particularly ingenuous stranger asking his way, I always promptly told him to go on as straight as ever he could go—a piece of advice which, coming from one so young, I think was highly proper and creditable, whatever may have proved its value in some cases from a topographical point of view. On the other hand, the following incident will serve to show the prudence of exercising due caution in addressing strangers oneself.

Upon the evening of my arrival in the big city I had dined at the London Restaurant, which was situate at the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street, in the premises now occupied by Messrs. Partridge and Cooper (the name of this firm must not be taken as an indication of the nature of my repast), and, fired with the curiosity of youth, I mounted the knifeboard of an omnibus bound for Hyde Park. Arrived at the famous statue of Wellington astride the impossible horse which has since ambled off to the seclusion of Aldershot, and which at once recalled to my mind the inimitable drawings of that infamous quadruped by John Leech, an artist who had done as much to familiarise me with London scenes and characters with his pencil as had Dickens with the pen, I happened to ask a sturdy artisan who was sitting beside me whether this was Hyde Park Corner.

"'Ide Park!" he muttered. "'Oo are you a-tryin' ter git at? 'Ide Park! None o' yer 'anky panky with me, my covey!"

I forthwith slipped off that 'bus, not a little nettled that the first person to whom I had spoken in London should have taken me for a rogue and a vagabond.

I had been fortunate enough to secure quarters which had been recommended to me in a comfortable boarding-house in one of the old-fashioned Inns in Holborn—Thavies' Inn—in which, I

was informed, whether accurately or not I do not pretend to know, the Knight Templars of old had once resided. There were no Knight Templars there when I arrived, but in their stead I found some highly-proper and non-belligerent clerics with their wives and families, and other visitors from the country, who seemed very satisfied with the comfortable provision that was made for them. But, best of all, I found a hostess who soon became one of the kindest and best of friends I ever had, and although I at once engaged a studio in the neighbouring artistic quarter of Newman Street, I continued for some time to live in Thavies' Inn in the enjoyment of the pleasant society and many advantages of her pleasant home.

Not the least of these to me was the perfect gallery of characters who were continually coming and going, and the many and various studies I made of the different visitors to that boarding-house long supplied me with ample material for my sketch-book.

I should be ungallant indeed were I to omit to add that not only was it a lady who first made me feel at home amid the bustle and turmoil of Modern Babylon, but that it was also a lady who primarily welcomed me as a contributor to the Press and gave me my first work in London. Curiously enough, both of these ladies possessed points of resemblance, not only in person, but in manner and goodness of heart. It was Miss Florence Marryat, then editress of *London Society*, who gave me my first commission, and I am more anxious to record the fact because I am aware that many a youthful journalist besides myself owed his first introduction to the public to the sympathy and enterprise of this accomplished lady. Perhaps I have less to grumble at personally than most others concerning the treatment which, as a young man, I experienced at the hands of editors; but I must say that the majority of such potentates with whom I then came in contact lamentably lacked that readiness to welcome new-comers which Miss Florence Marryat notably, and possibly too readily, evinced. Here I may offer a hint to beginners—that on coming to London letters of introduction are of little or no value. One such letter I

possessed, and it led me into more trouble, and was the means of my losing more time, than I should ever have received recompense for, even if it had obtained me the work which it was intended to bring me.

In the first place, these letters often get into the hands of others than the particular individuals to whom they are addressed. In my case the letter had been inadvertently directed to the literary editor instead of to the art editor of one of the largest publishing firms, and that gentleman—I refer to the literary editor—was good enough to supply me with a quantity of work. I executed the commission, but, lo and behold! when I sent the work in, the monster Red Tape intervened in the person of the art editor, who became scarlet with rage because he had not been invoked instead of his colleague, and promptly repudiated the entire contract. Thereupon the literary editor wrote to me saying that unless I withdrew my contributions he would be personally out of pocket; and it may not be uninteresting to record that some day, when I strip this amongst my other mummies, it will be found that he subsequently became a wearer of lawn sleeves. Thus, whilst the two editors quarrelled between themselves, I was left out in the cold, and became a considerable loser over the transaction.

A propos of letters of introduction, I am reminded of a brother artist, who, although a caricaturist, was entirely devoid of guile, and, in addition, was as absent-minded as the popularly-accepted type of ardent scientist or professor of ultra-abstruse subjects. Well, this curious species of satirist was setting forth on travels in foreign climes, and in order to lighten in some measure the vicissitudes inseparable from peripatetic wandering, he was provided with a letter of introduction to a certain British consul. The writer of this letter enclosed it in one to my friend, in which he said that he would find the consul a most arrant snob, and a bumptious, arrogant humbug as well—in fact, a cad to the backbone; but that he (my friend) was not to mind this, for, as he could claim acquaintanceship with several dukes and duchesses, all he had to do was to trot out their names for the edification of the consul, who would then render him every

attention, and thus compensate him to some extent for having to come into contact with such an insufferable vulgarian. On the return of the guileless satirist to England the writer of the letter of introduction inquired how he had fared with the consul, and great was his surprise to hear him drawl out, in his habitual lethargic manner:

"Well, my dear fellow, he did not receive me very warmly, and he did not ask me to dinner. In fact, he struck me as being rather cool."

"Well, you do surprise me!" rejoined his friend. "He's a horrible cad, as I told you in my letter, but he's awfully hospitable, and I really can't understand what you tell me. You gave him my letter of introduction?"

"Well, I thought so," said my friend; "but, do you know, on my journey home I discovered it in my pocket-book, so I must have handed him instead your note to me about him!"

Of course, in the remarks which I have been making I have not been alluding to letters of merely social introduction, which are of an entirely different nature. Such letters are generally handed to the individual to whom they are addressed at more propitious moments, when he is not either hard at work, as the case may be, in his editorial chair, or overburdened with anxiety as to the fluctuations of the Bank rate.

Be that as it may, I cannot refrain from citing here the case of another brother artist, who was particular in the extreme as regarded the neatness of his apparel and his personal appearance in general; in fact, he laboured, rightly or wrongly, under the impression that the manner in which a letter of introduction is received and acted upon by the person to whom it is addressed depends upon the raiment and *tout ensemble* of the bearer.

Well, it so happened that he once had a letter of introduction to a man he particularly wished to know, but, of all places in the world, fate had designed that he should have no choice but to deliver it in the boring of the Channel Tunnel, where the dripping roof rendered it necessary for all visitors to be encased from head to foot in the vilest and most unbecoming tarpaulin overalls. It was in these circumstances, then, that

the introduction took place, and as nothing came of it, my friend will now go to his grave in the firm belief that fine feathers make fine birds in the eyes of all those who receive letters of introduction.

The first Bohemian Club I joined was located over Gaze's Tourist Offices in the Strand. Nearly my first engagement in London was for a still flourishing sixpenny weekly. Started in Wellington Street, close by, the editorial offices were there certainly, but editor, proprietors, and others were not. They were only to be found in "the Club," so through necessity I became a member. The flowing bowl of that iniquitous concoction, punch, was brewed for the staff early in the afternoon and kept flowing till early the next morning. The "Club" never closed day or night till the broker's man took possession and closed it for good. I, being young and unknown, was surprised to find myself an object of attraction whenever I was in the Club. There was something strange about me, something mysterious. This was so marked that my brief visits to find my editor were few and far between. I discovered afterwards that the curiosity and attention paid me had nothing to do with my work, or my personal appearance, or my natural shyness or youth. It was aroused by the fact that I was known as "the member who had paid his subscription!"

From a Photo. by] AGE 20. *[W. & D. Downey.*

This fact being noised abroad, I found it an easy matter to get elected to another and a better Bohemian Club, having beautiful premises on the Adelphi Terrace—a Club which has since gone through many vicissitudes, but I think still exists in a small way. At the time I mention it was much what the Savage Club is now; in fact, was located in the same Terrace. Its smoking concerts, too, were its great attractions, and on one

of these evenings I played a part worth reciting, if only to illustrate how difficult it is for some minds to understand a joke.

A well-known literary man called to see me. On a table in my studio lay a "make-up" box—used by actors preparing their faces for the footlights—a bald head with fringe of light hair, large fair moustache, wig paste, a suit of clothes too large for me, and other trifles. My visitor's curiosity was aroused. Taking up my "properties," he asked me what they were for. I explained to him a huge joke had been arranged as a surprise at the Club smoking concert to take place that very evening, in which I was to play a part with a well-known and highly-popular member—the funny man of the Club, and an eccentric-looking one to boot. He had conceived the idea to make me up as a double of himself. We were the same height, but otherwise we in no way resembled each other. He was stout, I was thin; he prematurely bald, I enjoyed a superabundance of auburn locks; but he had very marked characteristics, and wore very remarkable clothes. He was also very clever at "making-up." The idea was to test his talent in this direction, and deceive the whole of our friends. It was arranged that he was to leave the piano after singing half his song, and I—up to that moment concealed—was to come forward and continue it. This I explained to my visitor, who expressed his belief that the deception was impossible. He promised to keep the secret, and that evening was early in the room and seated close to the piano. My "double"—fortunately for me, an amateur—sang the first verses of one of his well-known songs, but in the middle of it complained of the heat of the room (one of those large rooms on the first floor in Adelphi Terrace, famous for the Angelica Kaufmann paintings on the ceiling), and opening the French

A SUCCESSFUL "MAKE-UP."

window close to the piano he went out on to the balcony. There I was, having walked along the balcony from the next room. So successful was my "make-up" that in passing through the supper-room to get on to the balcony some of the members spoke to me under the impression I was the other member! The hall-porter had handed me a letter intended for my "double." Of course I imitated his walk, his mannerisms at the piano, and his voice, but I made a poor attempt to sing. This was the joke. "What was the matter?" "Never sang like that before," "Evidently thinks it is funny to be completely out of tune," "Hullo, what is this?" as *my* "double" walked through the crowded room just as I finished, and shook hands with me!

I would really have sung the song better, but my eye happened to catch the puzzled stare of my friend the literary visitor in the front row. He looked angry and annoyed, and before my "double" came up to me, my friend, scowling at me, said, "Sir, I think it is infernal bad taste on your part to imitate my friend Harry Furniss!"

Who is it that says we English have no sense of humour? My "double" in the preceding tale was my brother-in-law, who as a boy was the companion of Mr. George Grossmith, and in fact once appeared as an amateur at German Reed's, the old Gallery of Illustration, in a piece, with "Gee Gee" as his double, entitled "Too much Alike."

He was also an inveterate and clever *raconteur*, and of course occasionally made a slip, as for instance, on a railway journey to Brighton once, when he found himself alone with a stranger. The stranger in conversation happened to ask my relative casually if he were fond of travelling. "Travelling? I should rather think so," he replied airily, and imagining he was impressing someone who was "something in the City," he continued, "Yes, sir, I'm a pretty experienced traveller. Been mostly round the world and all that kind of thing, you know, and had my share of adventures, I can tell you!" After a bit he gained more confidence, and launched into details, giving the stranger the benefit of his experience. "Why, sir, you read in books that hunters of big game, such as tigers, watch their eyes.

Not a bit of it. What you have got to do is to watch the *tail*, and that's the thing. It mesmerises the animal, so to speak, and you have him at your mercy," and so forth, and so forth. On arriving at the hotel he found his travelling companion had just signed his name in the visitors' book. It was Richard Burton! My brother-in-law hastened to apologise to Sir Richard for his absurd tales. He had no idea, of course, to whom he was retailing his stiff yarns. Burton laughed. "My dear sir, not a word, please. I was more entertained than I can tell you. You really might have travelled—you lie so well!"

One of the most eccentric men I ever met, and certainly one of the most successful journalists—a *rara avis*, for he made a fortune in Fleet Street, and retired to live in a castle in the country—was a man whose name, although a very singular one, remains absolutely unknown even to members of the Fourth Estate. He was a clever, hard-working journalist; every line he wrote—and he was always writing—was printed and well-paid for, but he never signed an article, whilst others, journalists, specialists, poets, essayists—logrollers of high degree—see their name often enough, are "celebrities," "men of the time," feted and written about, but eventually retire on the Civil List. Eccentricity is the breath of their nostrils, their very existence depends upon it, publicity is essential. My friend's eccentricity was for his own pleasure. He lived in a frugal—some might think in a miserly way—in two rooms in one of the Inns of Court. Perhaps I shall be more correct if I say he *existed* in one. A loaf of bread and half a pint of milk was his daily fare. The room he slept in he worked in. The other was empty, save for bundles of dusty old newspapers containing articles from his ever active brain. "I keep this room," said he, "for times when I am overwrought. Then I shut myself up in it, and *roar!* When by this process I have blown away my mental cobwebs, my brain

TWO TRAVELLERS.

regains its pristine energy, and I go back to my study calm and collected, having done no one any harm, and myself a lot of good." I have dined at his Club with him in the most luxurious fashion, quite regardless of expense. He was a capital host, but, like the magazines he wrote for, he only appeared replete once a month. His Press work he looked upon as mere bread and milk. His work was excellent, journalism which editors term "safe," neither too brilliant nor too dull, certainly having no trace whatever of eccentricity.

I may here offer an opinion, and make a suggestion to young journalists, and that is—safe, steady, dull mediocrity is what pays in the long run; to attempt to be brilliant when not a genius is fatal. To have the genius, brilliancy, pluck, and success means tremendous prosperity and favour for a time, but the editors and the public tire of your cleverness. You are too much in evidence. It is safer from a mere business standpoint to be the steady, stupid tortoise than the brilliant hare. The man or woman who writes a carefully thought-out essay is flattered, and quoted, and talked about: for that article the writer may possibly receive as many sovereigns as the writer of a newspaper article receives shillings; but the shillings come every day, and the sovereigns once a month. It is wiser in the long run to be satisfied with a loaf and milk once a day than with a dinner at a Club every four weeks.

If in the old days the Bohemian scribbler was not in Society, he could at least imagine himself there. There was nothing to prevent his speaking of a member of the aristocracy as "one of us" with far less embarrassment and with as much truth as he could nowadays when he *is* invited—but still as the oil that never will mix with water. Except in imagination—an imagination such as I recollect a well-known figure in literary Bohemia had when I knew it well, a writer of stories for the popular papers: Society stories, in which a Duke ran away with a governess, or a Duchess eloped with an artist, each weekly instalment winding up with a sensational event, so as to carry forward the interest of the reader. This writer—quite excellent in his way—a thorough Bohemian, knowing nothing about the

Society he wrote about, had the power of making himself, and sometimes fresh acquaintances, believe that he played in real life a part in the story he was writing. He did not refer to the experiences as related by him as incidents in his story, but as actual events of the day.

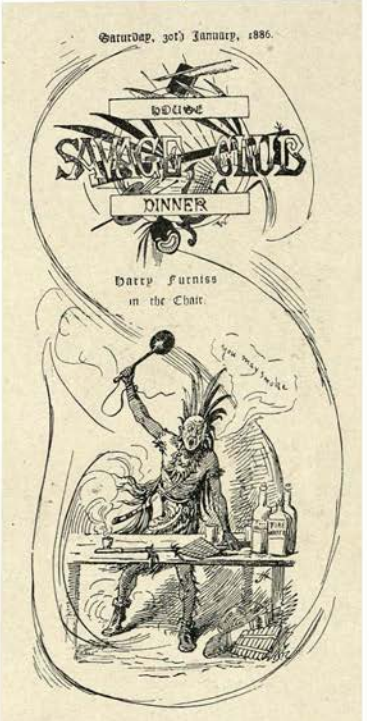
"Brandy and soda? Thanks. My dear fellow, I feel a perfect wreck, shaken to pieces. I had an experience to-day I shall never forget. I have just arrived from Devonshire; ran down by a night train to look at a hunter Lord Briarrose wanted to sell me. Bob—that is Briarrose—and I travelled together. He is going to be married, you know; heiress; great beauty—neighbour—rolling in wealth. I stopped at the Castle last night, and before Bob was up I was on the thoroughbred and well over the country, returning about eleven along the top of the cliffs. To my horror, I saw a carriage and pair charging down a road which at one time continued a long distance skirting the cliffs. Cliffs had fallen; road cut off; unprotected; drop down cliff eight hundred feet on to pointed rocks and deep sea. There was nothing between the runaway horses and the cliff, except a storm-broken solitary tree with one branch curved over the road. When the horses bolted, the groom fell off. There was only a lady in the carriage, powerless to stop the frightened steeds dashing on to death. As she approached I was electrified. Something told me she was Bob's *fiancée*. A moment and I was charging the hunter under that tree. Jumping up out of the saddle, I clasped the solitary branch with both hands, and turning as an acrobat would on a trapeze, I hung by my legs, hands downwards, calling to the lady to clasp them. The fiery steeds and the oscillating carriage dashed under me—

"THE DUKE OF BROADACRES."

our hands met. With a superhuman effort I raised the fainting fairy form out of the vehicle as it passed like a whirlwind. The next moment horses and carriage were being dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Under our united weight the branch of the tree broke, and we fell unhurt on the moss-covered path. When the eyes of the fair lady opened to gaze upon her deliverer, I started as if shot. She sprang to her feet. 'Reginald!' she cried. 'Is it you?'

"She was my first love. We had not seen each other for years! Thanks. I'll have some more brandy. Hot this time, with some sugar, please."

The following week *The London Library* appeared. I bought it, and read "The Duke's Oak," all about Lord Briarrose and Lady Betty Buttercup and the runaway horses. The tree with the one branch gave the title to the story, and the Dashing Duke of Broadacres was the aristocratic acrobat—my friend the author!



FROM A SKETCH BY HERBERT JOHNSON.

The Savage Club is a remnant of Bohemian London. It was started at a period when art, literature, and the drama were at their lowest ebb—in the "good old days" when artists wore seedy velveteen coats, smoked clays, and generally had their works of art exhibited in pawnbrokers' windows; when journalists were paid at the same rate and received the same treatment as office-boys; and when actors commanded as many shillings a week as they do pounds at present. This typical trio now exists only in the imagination of the lady novelist. When first the little band of Savages met they smoked their calumets over a public-house in the vicinity of Drury Lane, in a room with a sanded floor; a chop and a pint of ale was

their fare, and good-fellowship atoned for lack of funds. The Brothers Brough, Andrew Halliday, Tom Robertson, and other clever men were the original Savages, and the latter in one of his charming pieces made capital out of an incident at the Club. One member asks another for a few shillings. "Very sorry, old chap, I haven't got it, but I'll ask Smith." Smith replies, "Not a cent myself, but I'll ask Brown." Brown asks Robinson, and so on until a Crœsus is found with five shillings in his pocket, which he is only too willing to lend. But this true Bohemianism is as dead as Queen Anne, and the Savages now live merely on the traditions of the past. His Majesty the King, when Prince of Wales, was a member of the Club, and an Earl takes the chair and entertains my Lord Mayor with his flunkeys and all. The Club is now as much advertised as the Imperial Institute, but the true old flavour is no more. No doubt some excellent men and good fellows are still in the Savage wigwam. Some Bohemians—a sprinkling of those Micawbers, "waiting for something to turn up"—keep up its reputation, but in reality it is only Savage now in name.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN AS A SAVAGE.

I was not thirty when I ceased to be a member. I had been on the committee, and had taken an active part in matters concerning it, until it changed its character and lost its true Bohemian individuality, and being a member of the Garrick Club, I found matured in it the element the Savage endeavoured at that time to emulate. Although I am still in my forties, few of those with whom I smoked the calumet of peace round the camp fire at a great pow-wow in the wigwam of the excellent Savages, alas! remain.

The old Grecian Theatre in the City Road was the nursery of many members of the theatrical profession, and authors too.

Two well-known members of the Savage Club, Merritt and Pettitt, were writers of the common stuff necessary for the melodramas of the kind connected with their names. Merritt would have made an equal fortune if exhibited as the original fat boy in "Pickwick," or as a prize baby at a show. I suppose my readers are aware that it is not necessary to be a baby in order to be exhibited as one, for I recollect, in my Bohemian days, going down to Woolwich Gardens when the famous William Holland was manager of them, and accidentally strolling into a tent outside of which was a placard, "The Largest Baby in the World! 6d." I was not expected,—and the "Baby" was walking about in his baby-clothes, with little pink bows on his shoulders, smoking a horrible black clay pipe. He was the dwarf policeman in Holland's pantomime in the winter-time!

"ANOTHER GAP IN OUR RANKS."

"JOPE."

Merritt would have made a capital prize baby. He was tall, very stout, and possessed of a perfectly hairless, baby's face and a squeaky little voice. I shall never forget a prize remark this transpontine author made in the Savage Club, when an editor rushed in and said, "Have you heard the news? Carlyle is dead!" Merritt rose, and putting his hand on his chest, squeaked out, "Another gap in our ranks!"

A peculiar figure in Bohemia in those old days was "J." Pope, known as "Jope," brother of the late celebrated K.C. Jo was

nearly as large as his brother, the well-known legal luminary, and Paul Merritt rolled into one, and wore his black wide-awake on the back of his pleasing, intelligent head. I saw him one sultry autumn evening leaning against a lamp-post in Chancery Lane to take breath.

"Hullo, Pope, where are you going?"

"My dear boy, let me lean on you a minute. I'm going up to the Birkbeck—to lecture—to lecture on 'Air, and How We Breathe!'"

H. J. BYRON.

As a contrast to the popular Doctor was a wit more popularly known, H. J. Byron—as thin as the proverbial lamp-post. Of course the stories about Byron would fill a volume, but there is one that is always worth repeating, and that is his reply to a vulgar and obtrusive stranger who met him at Plymouth, and said to him, "Mr. Byron, I've 'ad a walk *h*all round the 'Oe."

"Yes, old chap, and the next time you have a walk I advise you to walk all round the H."

In those merry gatherings I recall the familiar features of true Bohemians, when Bohemianism was at its best—not the ornamental names of those one finds mentioned in all reports of the famous gatherings, but of the members who really used and made the Club. Few of the outside public recollect, for instance, the name of Arthur Mathieson, who wrote and sang that pathetic ballad, "The Little Hero"; who also was an actor and writer of ability,—in fact, he was what is fatal to men of his class—a veritable Crichton. Being in appearance not unlike Sir Henry Irving, he was engaged by our leading actor to play his double in "The Corsican Brothers," and made up so like his chief that no one could possibly tell the difference between the two. One evening during the run of the piece an old Irishwoman who was duster of the theatre, and with whom

the genial double of Sir Henry often had a friendly word, approached as she thought the familiar M., and in a rather frivolous mood innocently tickled the actor under the chin with her dusting-broom.

"My good woman, what do you mean?"

The poor Irishwoman dropped on her knees, clasped her hands and said, "The Saints protect me! it's the Masther himself—I'm kilt entoirely."

The "Masther," however, probably enjoyed the humour of it. Sir Henry, like his dear old friend Mr. J. L. Toole, has found a relief in occasional harmless fun. Toole, however, was irrepressible.

A PRESENTATION.

I was one day walking with him in Leeds (when he was appearing in the evening on the stage, and I on the platform). A street hawker proffered the comedian a metal pencil-case for the sum of a halfpenny. Toole made this valuable purchase. As soon as I left the platform that night, I found a note for me, inviting me to the theatre directly after the performance. Toole came back on to the stage, and making me an elaborate and complimentary speech, referring to me as "a brother artist in another sphere," etc., etc., presented me with the pencil! I made an appropriate reply, and we went to supper.

The following paragraph from the pen of Mr. Toole appeared in the Press the next day in London as well as the provinces:

"Brother artists, even when working in different grooves, do not lack appreciation of each other's work. After Mr. Harry Furniss's lecture in Leeds the other night, he and Mr. Toole foregathered; and the popular and genial actor presented the 'comedian of the pencil' with a very neat and handsome pencil-case, just adapted for the jotting down, wherever duty takes him, of those graphic sketches with which the caricaturist amuses us week by week."

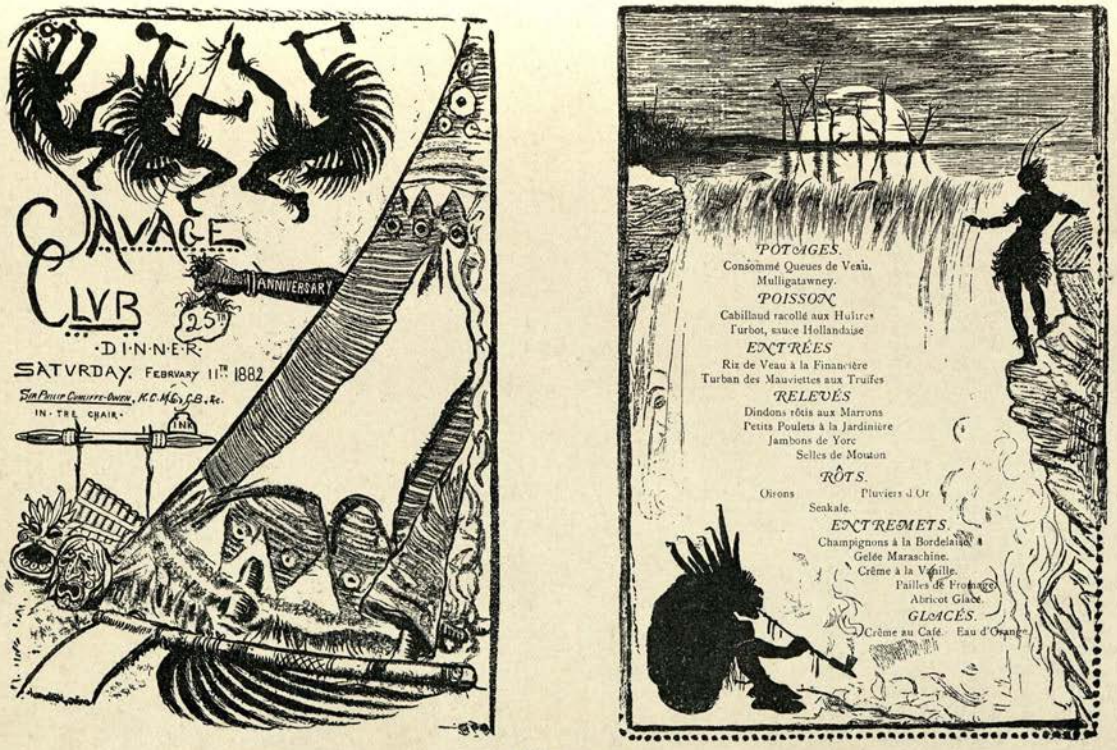
I must confess I am sometimes guilty of mild practical jokes, but I am always careful to select reciprocative and kindred spirits—with such a spirit of practical joking as J. L. Toole, for instance. He and I have had many a joke at each other's expense. It so happened that when he was producing the great success, "The House Boat," he wintered at Hastings, where I had a house for the season, and we saw a great deal of each other. Toole was always what is called a bad study—that is, it was with great difficulty and pain he learnt his parts. On this occasion the time was drawing nearer and nearer for the production; he was getting more and more nervous about his new part, and I received a visit from his friend the late Edmund Routledge, asking me to protect "Johnny" from his friends—in other words, to keep his whereabouts dark, as he had to study. Toole had had one or two little practical jokes with me, which I owed him for, so having to rush up to town, I had the following letter written to him:

"Dear Mr. Toole,—I suppose you recollect your old friends in Smoketown when you performed one night at our Hall and did us the honour of stopping at our house over Sunday. You then kindly asked us all to stop with you when we went to London—a promise we have treasured ever since. We called at Maida Vale yesterday, but finding you were at Hastings I write now to say that we are on our way. Besides myself I am bringing dear Aunt Jane you will remember—now unfortunately a confirmed invalid—and my boy Tom who has got a bad leg, and Uncle William and his three daughters, and my dear Sue, who, I am sorry to say, is still suffering, but I think a week at Hastings will do us all a world of good—particularly to have you to amuse us all the time.

"Yours very truly,"

And a signature was attached which I could not myself read.

The next day in London a hansom pulled up close to where I was walking, and a friend of Toole's jumped out, and, seizing my hand, he said, "I say, Furniss, you travel about a lot, lecturing and all that kind of thing—do you know Smoketown?"



SAVAGE CLUB.

MY DESIGN FOR THE MENU 25TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

The Original Drawing was by request presented to His Royal Highness.

"Smoketown!" I said, "Smoketown!" (Truth to tell, at the moment I had quite forgotten all about my letter to Toole; then it dawned upon me.) "Oh, yes—well," I said; "I had one night there, and some frightful friends of Toole's bored my life out. He had invited them, I believe, to stop with him in London, and they——"

"Just the people I want. What's their name?"

"I forget that entirely."

"Can you read this?" he said, producing my letter.

"No," I said; "I can't read that signature."

"Do you know where they are likely to put up in town?"

"Not the slightest idea."

"I've tried every hotel in London."

"Temperance?" I asked.

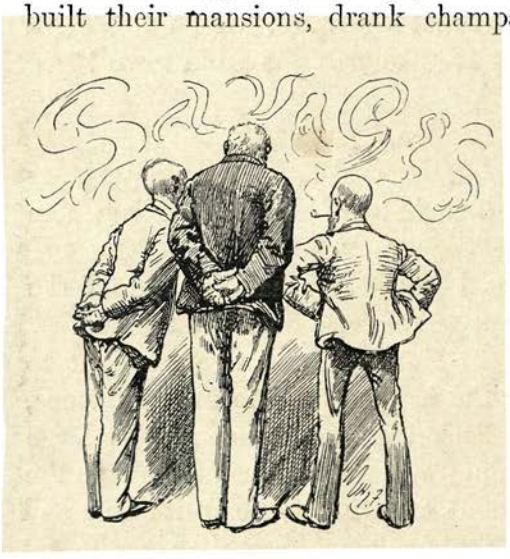
"No, not one. Happy thought!—of course that is where they'll be."

"Try them all," I said, as I waved my hand. And off the cab rushed to visit the various temperance hotels in London.

The next day I returned to Hastings, and went straight to Mr. Toole's hotel. Getting the hall porter into my confidence, he sent up a message to Mr. Toole that a gentleman with a large family had arrived to see him; and the porter and I made the noise of ten up the stairs, and eventually the gentleman and family were announced at Toole's door. I shall never forget poor Toole, standing in an attitude so familiar to the British public, with his eye-glass in his hand and his eyes cast on the ground—he was afraid to raise them. As soon as he did, however, his other hand caught the first book that was handy, and it was flung at my head.

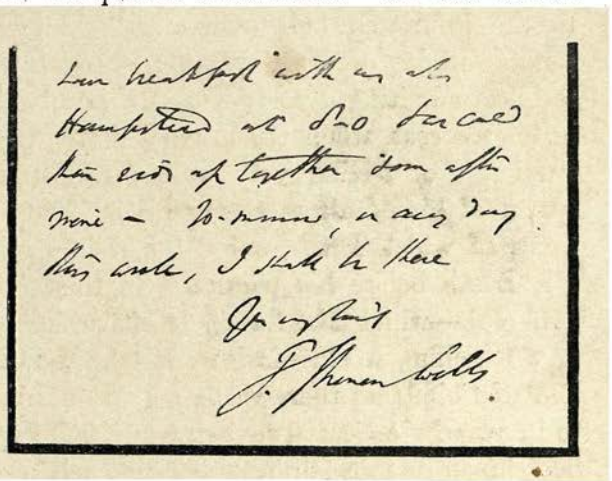
Bohemianism, when I arrived in London, was emigrating from the tavern of sanded floors and clay pipes into Clubland. Artists, authors, actors, and journalists were starting clubs of their own, simply to continue the same pot-house life without restraint; in place of turning the public-house into a club, they turned the club into a public-house. If journalists in Grub-Street were at their worst in those days, artists were at their best. The great boom in trade which followed the Franco-German War produced

a wave of extraordinary prosperity, which landed many a tramp struggling in troubled waters safely on the beach of fortune. Working men in the North were drinking champagne; some of them rose to be masters and millionaires. They tired of drinking champagne, they could not play the pianos they had bought, or enjoy the mansions they had built; but they could rival each other in covering their walls with pictures, so the poorest "pot-boiler" found a ready sale. The most indifferent daubs were sold as quickly as they could be framed. Artists then built their mansions, drank champagne, and played on their grand pianos. When I, still in my teens, first met these good fellows, I might have been tempted, seeing what wretched work satisfied the picture-dealer, to abandon black and white for colour; but already the boom was over. Artists, like their patrons, had found out their mistake. They had either to let or sell their costly houses, and have, with few exceptions, little to show now for those wonderful days of prosperity in the early seventies—which they still talk over in their clubs in Bohemia.



The few exceptions are the survival of the fittest. But the best of artists have never seen such a boom in art as that I saw in my early days in London. It cannot be denied that, from a fashionable point of view, picture shows are going down. Artists have had to stand on one side as popular Society favourites; the actors have taken their place. One has only to visit the studios on "Show Sundays" to see what a falling off there is. "Show Sunday" was, some years ago, one of the events of the year. From Kensington to St. John's Wood, and up to Hampstead, the studios of the mighty attracted hosts of fashionable people to these annual gatherings.

A familiar figure at these for many years was the genial Sir Spencer Wells, the well-known surgeon. He lived monarch of all he surveyed at Golder's Hill, Hampstead, and many a morning I met him when riding, and we jogged into town together. He was a capital *raconteur*, a happy wit, and told one incident I always recall to mind as I pass a house on the top of Fitzjohn's Avenue, where a few years ago lived, painted and "received" that Wilson Barrett of the brush, Edwin Long, R.A., a hard-working, self-made artist who amassed a fortune by successfully gauging the taste of the large middle-class English public in mixing religion with voluptuous melodrama. On the annual "Show Sunday" no studio was more popular than Long's. His subjects perhaps had something to do with it. They were in keeping with the Sabbath. The work too was as smooth and as highly finished as the most orthodox sermon. *Ars longa est.* Yes, said some cynic, but art is not Long. But anyway Long's art was commercially successful, and he was what is known as "a good business man."



As haberdashers in the days of crude advertising used to place men in costume at the shop door—a fireman when they were selling off a damaged salvage stock, or a sailor or, if a *very* enterprising tradesman, a diver, helmet and all, when selling off goods damaged from a wreck—so did this Academician, when exhibiting Biblical subjects on "Show Sunday," engage a Nubian model to stand at the door of his shop. This man had also to announce the names of the guests, and when the small, spectacled, simple man with the large smile gave his name, Sir Spencer Wells, the model pulled himself up to his full height and in his best

English proudly and loudly announced to the crowd in the studio—

"The Prince of Wales!"

The effect was magical: all fell in line, ladies curtseyed, men bowed, when the Prince of Hampstead Heath entered. The artist looked as black as his model, and the visitors laughed.

At the other end of Fitzjohn's Avenue once lived that ever popular Academician, the late Mr. John Pettie. Mr. Pettie was a vigorous draughtsman and a beautiful colourist, and many of his portraits are very fine. He seemed to revel in painting a red coat—an object to many painters as maddening as it is to the infuriated bull. On one "Show Sunday" before the sending-in day of the Royal Academy, at which he exhibited, I recollect admiring a portrait of Mr. Lamb, the celebrated golfer, in his red coat, when the original of the portrait came into the studio. Not feeling very well, Mr. Pettie had to avoid the crowd of his admirers seeing him. There were a few exceptions, of which I was one. I had just left him when I saw Mr. Lamb before his picture. In this portrait the "bulger" golf club—which Mr. Lamb, I believe, invented, to the delight of the golfing world—is introduced. I ran back to Mr. Pettie and told him that there was a stupid man in the studio wanting to know why artists always draw golf clubs wrongly; that as a Scotchman he must protest against such a club, which was out of shape, like a club foot. "Tell him, mon, it's a bulger—Lamb's invention!" I returned. "He wants to know who Mr. Lamb is, and what is a bulger?—perhaps it's a new kind of hunting-crop and not a golf club at all?" In rushed Mr. Pettie, like an enraged lion, to slay the ignorant visitor, but in reality to shake hands with Mr. Lamb and explain my childish joke.

Leaving Pettie, I called at a studio near Hampstead occupied by a very clever Irish artist, who was very much depressed when I entered. Gazing in bewilderment at his picture for the Academy, representing Milton with his daughters in his garden at Chalfont St. Giles, he said—

"Furniss, I'm in an awful state entoirely over this picture. One of those critic fellows has been in here, and he tells me this

picture won't do at all at all. I've painted in Milton's garden as I've seen it, but the critic tells me that these are all modern flowers and weren't known in the country in the poet's time. Now, what on earth am Oi to do?"

"Oh, don't bother about those critics," I said. "They know nothing. Milton was blind, don't you know, so how could he tell whether the flowers were correct or not?"

"Begorrah, Furniss, you're right. Oi never thought of that. It's just like those ignorant critic chaps to upset a fellow in this way."

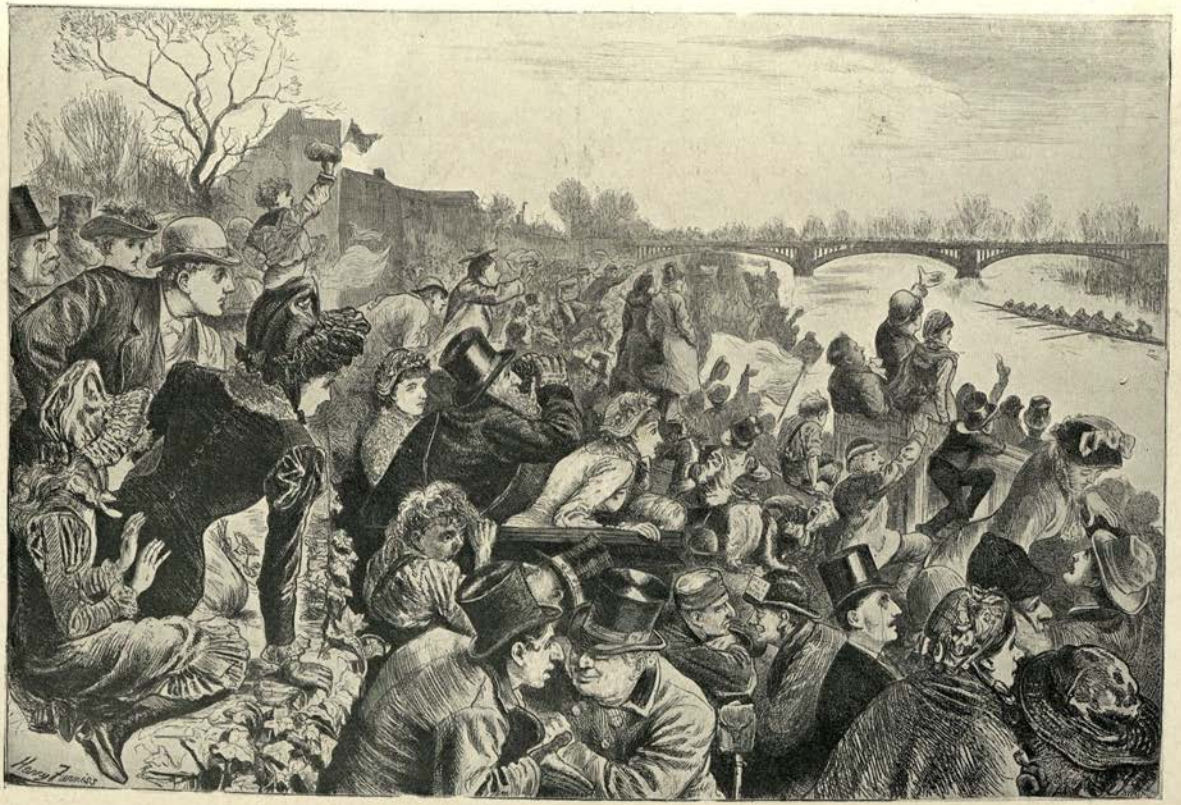
CHAPTER III.

MY CONFESSIONS AS A SPECIAL ARTIST.

DISTRESS IN THE BLACK COUNTRY. *Acting as Special Artist for The Illustrated London News.*

The Light Brigade—Miss Thompson (Lady Butler)—Slumming—The Boat Race—Realism—A Phantasmagoria—Orlando and the Caitiff—Fancy Dress Balls—Lewis Wingfield—Cinderella—A Model—All Night Sitting—An Impromptu Easel—"Where there's a Will there's a Way"—The American Sunday Papers—I am Deaf—The Grill—The World's Fair—Exaggeration—Personally Conducted—The Charnel House—10, Downing Street—I attend a Cabinet Council—An Illustration by Mr. Labouchere—The Great Lincolnshire Trial—Praying without Prejudice.

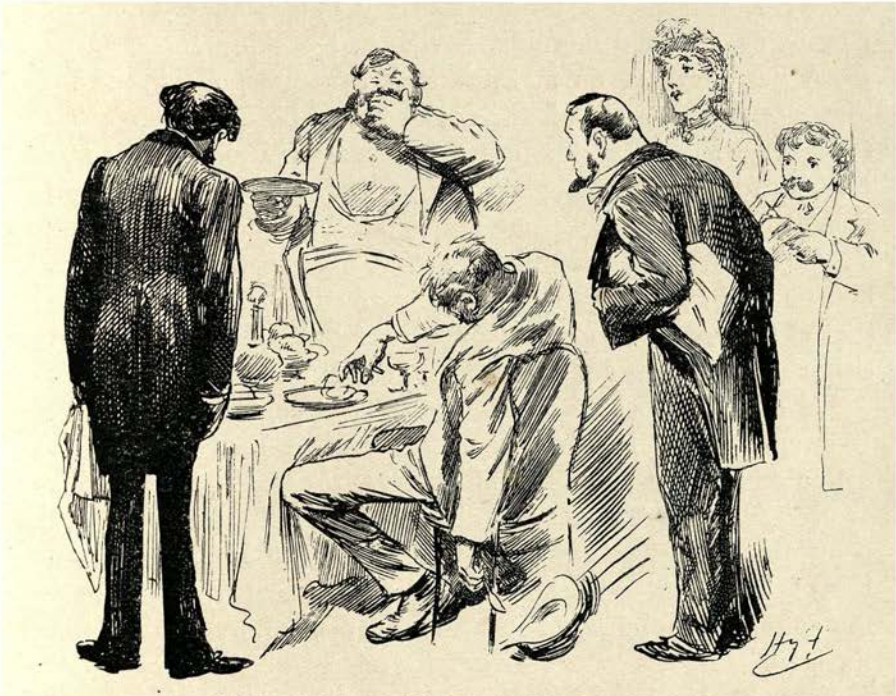
Sir William Russell and I were called upon at a banquet in the City to respond to the toast of the Press. Sir William made one of his characteristic, graceful little speeches, reminiscential



AT THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. (*Reduction of Large Drawing.*)

Reproduced from an engraving on wood by permission of the proprietors of the "Illustrated London News."

and modest. When I rose I was for a moment also reminiscential—but not modest. "My Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Masters of this Worshipful Company,—I appreciate the appropriateness in coupling my name with that of Sir William Russell, for both of us have made a noise in the world at the same time —Dr. Russell with his first war letters to the *Times*, and I in



AS SPECIAL AT THE BALACLAVA CELEBRATION.

my cradle, for I came into this troubled world while others in arms were making a noise in the Crimea."

Naturally for this reason I have always taken an interest in the doings of that time; so it was quite *con amore* that I acted as "special" at the first Balaclava Celebration Banquet (1875), twenty years after "Billy" Russell's first war letters and my first birthday.

The roll-call on the occasion was funny, seeing that it was that of the "Light Brigade"—some were "light" and many were heavy—one I recollect was about eighteen stone. The

banquet was held in the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill. The visitors, except the military—past or present—were shamefully treated. We had to stand all the time behind the chairs and wearily watch a scene not altogether elevating to lookers-on. We were not allowed a chair to sit on, nor any refreshment of any kind—not even if we paid for it; and I well recollect how hungry I was when I returned to my studio after a tedious journey at 1 in the morning, having had nothing to eat since 1 of the previous day. Such Red Tape was, I suppose, to illustrate the disgraceful arrangements of the commissariat in the Crimea! I was standing close to Miss Thompson (Lady Butler), who had just become famous by her picture "The Roll Call." She was making notes, and possibly intended painting a sequel to her celebrated picture. She was exhausted and tired, and no doubt too disgusted by such ungallant conduct on the part of the organisers of the banquet to touch the subject. Had she painted this particular roll-call I fear many of the figures would have had to be drawn out of the perpendicular.

Twenty years before one of the heroes was, possibly, a better and a wiser man, and tackled the "Rooshins" with greater dexterity than he displayed on this occasion in managing a jelly. He had waiters to right of him, waiters to left of him, and waiters behind him, but that jelly defeated him, although he charged it with fork, spoon, and finally with fingers.

From a very early age it was naturally my ambition to be introduced to Mr. Punch, but this was not to be just yet, and the first London paper for which I drew regularly was the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which was started soon after I arrived in London. I continued to work for it until it was bought by the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, when I became a large contributor to that leading illustrated paper.

Most of my work for the *Illustrated London News* consisted of single and double pages of character sketches, in which Eton and Harrow cricket matches, Oxford and Cambridge boat races, tennis meetings, the Lawn at Goodwood, and many other scenes

of English life were treated pictorially; but I also acted sometimes in the capacity of a special correspondent, and this duty sometimes took me into places far from pleasant.

On my twenty-fourth Christmas, the year after I was married, I recollect having to start off upon such a mission to the North of England, where, owing to strikes and labour disputes, most distressing scenes were taking place. Throwing myself into the

DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.

Page (reduction), "Illustrated London News." Republished by permission of the proprietors.

work, I thoroughly ferreted out the distress which prevailed, pursuing my investigations into the very garrets of the poor starving creatures whose privacy I thus disturbed at the entreaty and under the escort of the district visitors and other benevolent people, whilst the criminal classes also came in for a share of my observation, which in this case was conducted under the sheltering wing of a detective.

I cannot, however, say that my energy met with its due reward, for such was the realism with which I had treated the

subject allotted to me that the editor and proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* were reluctant to shock the susceptibilities of their readers by presenting them with such scenes, and I had to substitute for them sketches of soup kitchens, committee meetings and refuges. That the editorial decision was not a sound one was amply proved a few years later, when during a somewhat similar crisis Mr. G. R. Sims and the late Mr. Fred Barnard published work of a similar breadth and boldness with signal effect.

Visiting slums, seeing death from want and misery on all sides, is certainly not the most pleasant way of spending the festive season. In company with detectives, clergymen, or self-sacrificing district visitors, you may swallow the pill with the silver on; but try it single-handed, and it is a very different affair. I was taken for some demon rent-collector prowling about, and was peered at through broken windows and doors, and received with language warm enough to thaw the icicles. The sketches I made during the weeks I spent in the haunts of want and misery would have made a startling volume, but time and money were thrown away, and only the perfunctory pictures were published. The public have no idea, or seldom think, of the great trouble and expense incurred in faithfully depicting everyday scenes. Still, it is not possible for a "special" even to see everything, or to be in two places simultaneously; and consequently, in ordinary pictorial representations, dummy figures are frequently looked upon as true portraits. One boat race, for example, is very much like another. Some years ago I executed a panoramic series of sketches of the University Race from start to finish, and as they were urgently wanted, the drawings had to be sent in the same day. Early in the morning, before the break of fast, I found myself at Putney, rowing up to Mortlake, taking notes of the different points on the way—local colour through a fog. Getting home before the Londoners started for the scene, I was at work, and the drawings—minus the boats—were sent in shortly after the news of the race. The figures were imaginary and unimportant, but one correspondent wrote to point out the exact spot where he stood, and complained

of my leaving out the black band on his white hat, and placing him too near a pretty girl, adding that his wife, who had not been present, had recognised his portrait.

Yes, I must confess, one has often to draw upon the imagination even in serious "realism." Some years ago I went with a colleague of the pen to illustrate and describe the dreadful scenes which were said to take place in St. James's Park, where the poor people were seen to sleep all night on the seats. We arrived about 2 A.M. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but though we walked up and down for hours not a soul came in sight. My companion said, "It's a bad business; we cannot do anything with this." I replied, "We must not go away without something to show; now if you will lie down I will make a sketch of you, and then I will lie down and you can describe me."

REALISM!

One of the most "uncanny" experiences I ever had as a "special" I find graphically described by the late Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who accompanied me on the strange mission.

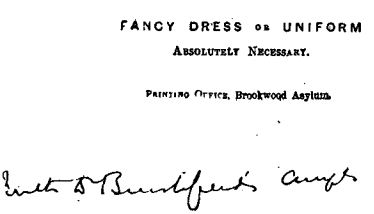
"Winter without. Snow. A sea of billows drifting across the sky, glittering, frosted—a symphony in metals—silver, aluminium, lead—rendered buoyant for the nonce, ethereal—as though the world were really gone Christmas mad, and, having a sudden attack of topsy-turvydom in its inside, had taken to showering its treasures about the firmament, instead of keeping them snugly put away in mines below ground. A sheet of snow, and bitter white rain driving still. A huge building looming black, its many eyes staring into the dark—lidless, bilious, vacant. This is a hospital. Or is it a factory, disguised with a veneer of the Puginesque? Or an æsthetic barrack? Or an artistic workhouse? Visible yet, under falling snow which has not had time to cover them, are flower-beds, shrub-plots, meandering walks. Too genteel and ambitious for the most æsthetic of workhouses or advanced of hospitals, we

wonder what the building is; and our wonder is not decreased by seeing a postern opened in a huge black wall, from which a handful of conspirators creep silently. We rub our eyes. Are we dreaming? Is this, or is it not, the age of scientific marvels, levelling of castes, rampant communism, murder, agrarian outrage, sudden massacre?—the *olla podrida* which we are pleased to denominate enlightenment? That first black figure is James the Second. Heavens! The Jacobites live yet, and will join, doubtless, with the Fenians and Mr. Bradlaugh, and a *posse comitatus* of iconoclasts, to upset the reign of order, and add a thorn to the chaplet of our hard-run Premier. James the Second. Not a doubt of it. There he is—periwig, black velvet, and bugles. Where, oh where, is the Great Seal, with which he played ducks and drakes in the Thames? Yet no. This is no Jacobite plot, for His Majesty is followed by no troop of partisans on tiptoe in hose and doublet. He is not seeking to win his own again. A woodman trudges behind—we recognise him, for his name's Orlando"—(Wingfield himself, in a beautiful costume, which he had made two years previously when playing the part of Orlando in a production of "As You Like It" in Manchester, the Calvert Memorial performance; Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), Rosalind; Herman Merivale, Touchstone; Tom Taylor, Adam; and other well-known celebrities assisting). Then he describes me: "A muffled creature of sinister aspect. Short, auburn-locked, extinguished by a portentous hat, tripping and stumbling over a cloak, or robe, in whose dragging folds he conceals his identity as well as his power of volition, a weird and gruesome phantom. What—oh

"THE CAITIFF" AND ORLANDO.

what—is this hovering ghost? He must be just defunct, for the purgatorial garments fit him not, he stumbles at every step, and when he trips an underdress is unveiled that's like a City waiter's. What is he—the arch conspirator—doing himself? He starts, tries to conceal a book, but we snatch it from him. Sketches! lots of sketches! caricatures, low and vulgar portraits of ourselves! 'What are you?' we scream, 'and why this orgy? Speak, caitiff, or for ever hold your peace!'

"Perceiving that we are in earnest and not to be trifled with, and glare with forbidding mien, the caitiff speaks in trembling accents. 'If you please,' he says, 'I'm the artist from the great illustrated journal; I'm drawing pictures of the lunatics. My disguise is beyond my own control, and trips me up, but I'm told it's becoming.' 'Lunatics!' we echo.



"'Yes,' the caitiff murmurs. 'This is the annual fancy dress ball at Brookwood Asylum. You and I and the doctors and attendants are the only sane people in the place. By-and-by the country gentry will be admitted, and then the tangle will be hopeless, for even in everyday life it's impossible to know who's mad and who isn't. How much more here?'

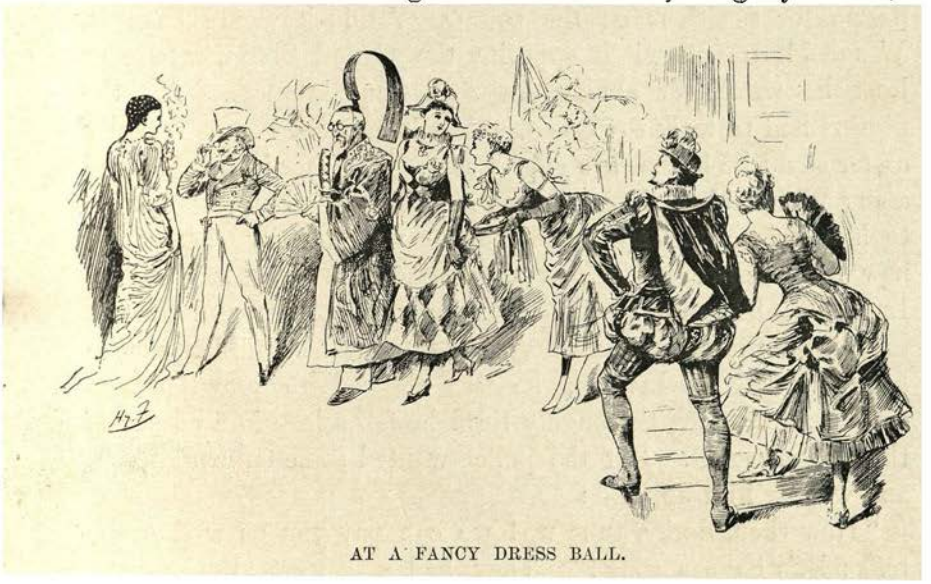
"We left the trembling caitiff to his secret sketching, and the despondency produced by his appearance. He was sane, was he? Then in him were we revenged on human nature, for sure never was mortal more oppressed by his gear and his surroundings."

The fact is that my editor, in sending his "young man," omitted to say that the invitation was crossed with "fancy dress only," so I arrived in ordinary war-paint. The Doctor was horrified. "This will never do. My patients will resent it. You *must* be in fancy dress." All my host could find was a seedy red curtain and an old cocked hat (had it been a nightcap I should have been complete as Caudle). I wrapped this martial cloak around me, and soon found myself in the most extraordinary scene, so graphically described by Wingfield.

He was not alone in his scorn for me. The "Duke of York" had a great contempt for my appearance, but when introduced to him as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, he unbent, waved his bauble, and commanded me to be seated. The visitors eyed me suspiciously all the evening, and on my entering the supper-room, accompanied by the Doctor, they were seized with the idea that I must be a very dangerous case, and readily made room—in fact, made off. One of the poor patients was an artist, and showed me his sketch-book, the work of many, many months—a number of drawings in colour, stuck one on top of the other, resembling an elongated concertina, so that only the corners of the pages could be seen. The patients wore costumes designed and made by themselves, in marked contrast to their stylish keepers. Among the guests the county families were well represented, and garrison officers from a neighbouring depôt formed a motley group which a looker-on, viewing the scene as in a kaleidoscope, would laugh at. One turn, and the next moment some incident might occur which an imaginative brain could easily work into a romance too touching to relate.

For some years I had quite a run of fancy dress balls, a craze at that time, acting as special artist for various periodicals, the *Illustrated London News* in particular. The ball above recorded was unique, but there is very little variety in such gatherings, where variety is the one thing aimed at, thus showing the limit of our English artistic invention. The ingredients of a ball of three hundred, say, would be as follows:—Thirty Marie Stuarts, ten Marguerites, twenty-eight Fausts, fifty Flower Girls, nine Portias, three Clowns, sixteen Matadores, thirty Sailors, twenty-five Ophelias, twenty-five Desdemonas, the remainder uniforms and nondescripts. Of course any popular figure, picture or play of the moment will be represented. When the relief of Mafeking took place, the number of Baden-Powells, tall, short, young, old, thin and stout, in the various fancy balls and bazaars appearing will be, as newspaper leader-writers say, "a fact fresh in the mind of the reader." Some years ago a portrait of the "missing Gainsborough," a picture of

the Duchess of Devonshire, which mysteriously vanished from Agnew's gallery in Bond Street, was represented in dozens at the fancy balls of the period, and the Gilbert-Sullivan opera "Patience," supplied many a costume. My brother "special" on this occasion—Lewis Wingfield—was a Crichton of eccentricity. The son of an Irish peer, an officer in the Guards, he dressed as a ballet-girl and danced on the stage; was a journalist and wrote for Charles Dickens when that great novelist edited *Household Words*. Wingfield never did anything by halves,



AT A FANCY DRESS BALL.

so in writing a series of articles for Dickens on the casual wards of London he personated a street photographer (having delicate hands he could not pretend to be a labourer), and wrote his experiences of the dreadful state of affairs existing in those days under the rule of Bumbledom. The last he sought relief at was situated close to Golden Square. Here he was very harshly treated, and when he left he rapidly changed into his usual clothes, drove up to the establishment as one of the life patrons (all his family had for years supported the charity), and had the satisfaction of dismissing the overbearing overseer, to the wretch's chagrin. Wingfield related this incident with great glee.

Anxious to find out the amount niggers made on the Derby Day, he decided to go as a burnt-cork nigger himself; but it is impossible to do this unless you are of that ilk, for like the business of the beggars and street performers, everything is properly organised; there is a proper system and superintendent to arrange matters. After some difficulty he managed to get introduced as the genuine article, and at 4 in the morning had to stand with the other Ethiopian minstrels at "Poverty Junction," between Waterloo Bridge and Waterloo Station, while lots were drawn for positions on the course. As luck would have it, Wingfield drew a pitch opposite the Grand Stand, where at least he would be among his own acquaintances. All the niggers had to walk to Epsom, unless it happened some friendly carter could be induced to offer a seat. Had four-in-hands come along Wingfield might have been saved a walk, but costers were to him unknown. By lunch-time he was heartily sick of his new life. However, he was determined to carry it through. In the evening, after his long, hot day's work, he found he had to wait for the policeman's train. After the half-million people had returned to London, he was allowed to crawl into a carriage, and being thoroughly tired he fell asleep in a corner of the compartment. But the police wanted some entertainment, and waking him up, said:

"Now then, darky, tune up! we can pay you as well as the toffs; let's have a song!" They had a concert all the way, Wingfield singing the solos. The hat was sent round and a collection made, and to the bitter end Wingfield had to bang away at his banjo and squeak with what little voice he had left. This nearly finished him. Arriving at Victoria, he hailed a hansom. One driver after another eyed him scornfully and passed on. He then for the first time realised that it is not a customary thing for an itinerant nigger to drive about London in hansoms, even on Derby Day. So he dragged himself wearily along the streets until he happened to meet an intimate friend. To him he explained matters, and his friend called a hansom for him and paid the driver as well before he would take up his dusky fare. He thought the fact of his driving a street nigger

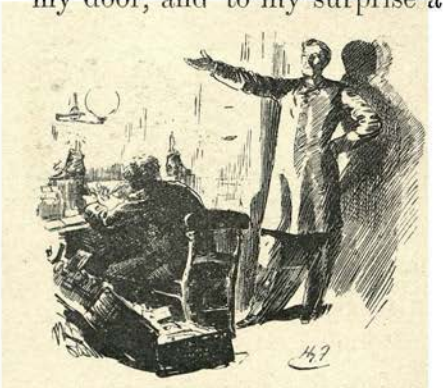
a great joke, and made merry over his passenger as he passed the other drivers. But he was very much astonished when he drove up in front of quite an imposing dwelling and saw the door opened by a footman as the nigger toiled up the steps.

As an artist Wingfield was ambitious. Finding, as he told me, that he could never be a great artist, he preferred not to be one at all. On his walls were large classic paintings, not likely ever to find their way to the walls of anyone else. But he tried his hand at popular art as well. A scene in a circus, for instance, was one subject. A pretty little child was engaged to sit in his studio, but as that day he was going to Hengler's Circus to paint the background he, to the delight of the child, took her with him. The little girl played about in the ring, and was noticed by Mr. Hengler, who asked her if she would like to be dressed up and play in the same ring at night. This led to the child becoming a professional. She enchanted everyone as Cinderella. Her name was Connie Gilchrist. I fell in love with her myself when I was in my teens and first saw her as Cinderella. Afterwards when I came to London I was as ignorant as a Lord Chief Justice as to who Connie Gilchrist was; but I recollect a model sitting to me recommending my writing to her younger sister for some figures she thought her sister would suit. The day was fixed, but by the morning's post I received a letter from the young lady to say that Mr. Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre, had sent for her, and she could not sit to me. She was Connie Gilchrist, and I believe this was the last engagement she had accepted as a professional model.

LEWIS WINGFIELD AS A STREET NIGGER HOME FROM THE DERBY.

Telegram from the editor of the *Illustrated London News*:—"Election, Liverpool, see to it at once." So I did. On arriving in the evening, I rushed off to a "ward meeting." To my surprise the artist of a rival paper sat down beside me. He did not frighten me away, but candidly confessed that he had seen a

private telegram of mine saying I was starting, and his editor packed him off by the same train. Ha! I must be equal to him! I sat up all night and drew a page on wood, ready for engraving, and sent it off by the first train in the morning. It was in the press before my rival's rough notes left Liverpool. One would hardly think, to see candles stuck in my boots, that the hotel was the Old Adelphi. I trust the "special" of the future will find the electric light, or a better supply of bedroom candlesticks. All day again sketching, and all night hard at work, burning the midnight oil (I was nearly writing boots). A slice of luck kept me awake in the early morning. A knock at my door, and to my surprise a friend walked in who had come down by a night train for a "daily," and seeing my name in the visitors' book had looked me up, thinking I could give him some "tips." "All right," I said; "a bargain: you sit for me and I'll talk. Here, stand like this"—the Liberal candidate. "Capital! Now round like this" — the Conservative. "Drawn from life!" And after another day of this kind of thing, I reached home without having had an hour's sleep. Oh! a "special's" life is not a happy one.



AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

Great political excitement, there is no doubt, turns men's heads. Once I recollect finding a most dignified provincial politician in this state, and necessity compelled me to turn him into a sketching-stool. Mr. Gladstone was speaking at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, and although close to him on the platform, I could not, being only five feet two, see over the heads of others when all stood to cheer. I mentioned this fact to my neighbour. "Oh, you must not miss this scene!" he said, and quickly, without ceremony, he had me on his back, his bald head serving as an easel. It has struck me since that had this old gentleman, a big man in his native town, and still bigger in his own estimation, seen himself as others saw him at that moment, the

No. 2126.—VOL. LXXVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880. WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.

SKETCHES AT THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION: A WARD MEETING.—SEE PAGE 136.

Reduction of Page Design. Brush Drawing on wood, made after election meeting at night, and despatched to London by early morning train. See the Confessions of a Special Artist.

probability is that he would not have felt anything like so kindly to me as I did to him.

Another instance of a special artist having to depend upon his wits was when I found myself at a big central manufacturing town, sent down in a hurry from London by the *Illustrated London News* to illustrate a most important election meeting—an election upon which the fate of the Government of the day depended. When I arrived the mills had been closed, crowds were in the streets, and it would have been a simple matter to have got into Mafeking compared with getting into the hall in which the meeting was at the time being held.

MY EASEL. DRAWING MR. GLADSTONE AT A PUBLIC MEETING.

If there is one thing I dislike more than another it is a crowd, particularly an electioneering crowd. Political fever is a bad malady, even when one is impervious to it, if he has to fight his way through an infected mob. Quickly slipping round to the principal hotel, and finding there the carriages engaged for the celebrities of the meeting, I got into one and was driven rapidly up to the hall, cheered by the mob, who doubtless looked upon me as some active politician. Had I put my head out of the window and promised them any absurdity, I believe they would have chosen me their member on the spot. Arriving at the hall, I was received by the tipstaffs, who, probably not catching my name distinctly, thought as the hotel people had done, that I was sent down in some official capacity, and politely ushered me to the platform, where I was given a seat in the front row.

Ah, you little know the difficulties of the poor artist in running his subjects to earth. When in New York I was specially engaged by the *New York Herald* to contribute a series of studies of the leading public men. These were to appear in the Sunday edition.

Those Sunday papers! What gluttons for reading the Americans are! The first Sabbath morning I was in the States I telephoned in an off-hand sort of way from my bedroom for "some Sunday papers." I went on dressing, and somehow forgot my order, but on leaving, or rather attempting to leave, my room afterwards, I found to my astonishment the doorway completely blocked with newspapers to the quantity of several tons. I rang my bell vigorously. The attendant arrived, and seemed considerably amused at my look of consternation. He explained to me that these were five of the Sunday papers, and added apologetically that they were all he could get at present. If I had stayed to read through that pile I should be in the States now.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY PAPERS.

The first "subject" I was requested to caricature was the celebrated sensational preacher, Dr. Parkhurst. When I arrived at his church it was crowded to the doors, and I could not get near him. A churchwarden told me to sit down where I was, but I put my hand to my ear and shook my head, as much as to say "I do not hear you." Then one churchwarden said to the other churchwarden, "This man is deaf, he doesn't hear; I was telling him to sit down ——"

"Pardon me, but are you speaking?" I whispered. "I regret to say that I am very deaf. I came specially from London to hear your great preacher, and I should not like to return without gratifying this one desire I have."

"Say, is your wife here to-day?" asked one churchwarden of the other.

"No, she is sick at home."

"Could not you squeeze this funny little Britisher into your pew?"

"Guess I could."

So they beckoned to me to follow them, and I was ushered up the aisle and sat under the Doctor. The result of that little manœuvre was that I did my work in peace, although sadly troubled to see his face in consequence of the church being dark and the reading lamp hiding portion of it.

In America introductions are superfluous, so knowing Dr. Parkhurst came over in the *Germanic*, the same ship that I travelled in some months later, I walked boldly after the service into his room, shook him by the hand, and mentioned in a familiar way the officers of the ship, the storm, and other matters connected with his journey, and in that way had the chance of ten minutes' chat and a closer observation of his facial expression.

It may happen, even when everything is carefully prepared to make the visit of a special artist easy and comfortable, that work may be difficult to accomplish. I must go to the United States for an illustration of what I mean.

Some years ago I met Max O'Rell at a London club, and was introduced by him to a very English-looking gentleman with an American accent, who immediately said:

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Furniss. When you come over to the States we must put you on the grill!"

What did he mean? I looked at Max. Max turned pale, and seemed for a moment to lose his self-possession, then hurriedly whispered in my ear:

"Jolly good fellow—very witty—president of strange club in America where they chaff their guests—see my last book!"

I recollected reading about a club that goes in for roasting as well as toasting its guests, and replied:

"Strange!" I said. "I always thought the Americans were in advance of the English; yet here in my country we do not put the Furniss on the grill, but the grill on the furnace!"

Max laughed and looked relieved, and said:

"You'll do—they'll let you off easy. A Frenchman can't stand chaff, so I sat down."

He had stood the fire of the enemy upon the field of battle, but he couldn't stand the fusillade of wit from the Americans at their dinner table.

The stranger was no other than Major Moses P. Handy, afterwards "Chief of Department of Publicity and Promotion at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago;" so when I found myself in the "Windy City" as an unattached "special" from the Old World to the New "World's Fair," I called at Rand-McNally Buildings, not to be put on the grill, but to be put in possession of some facts concerning that great "Exposition."

MAJOR HANDY.

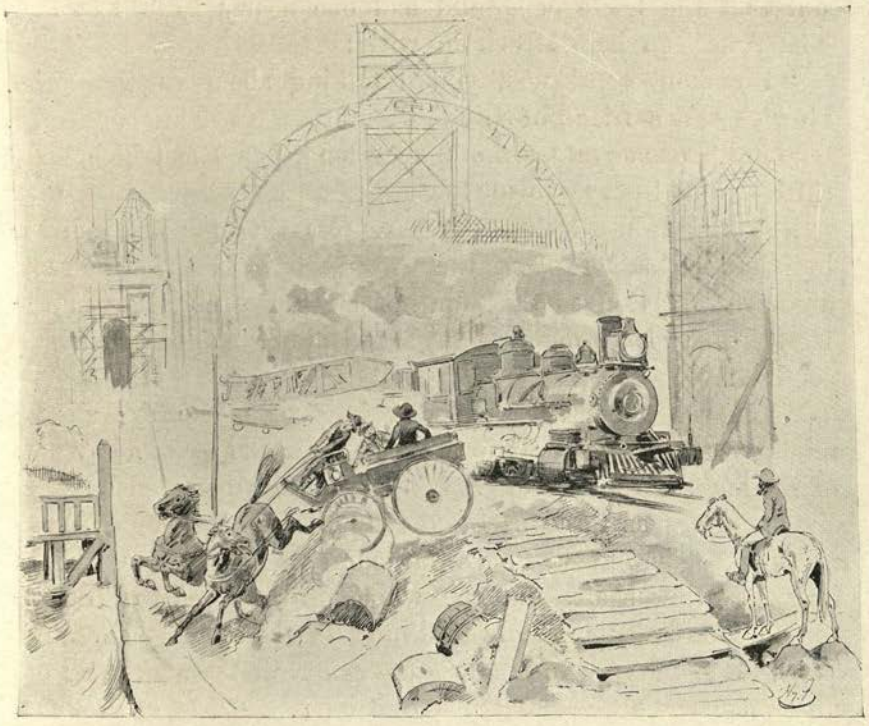
Sometimes there is a great deal in a name. For instance, the late Major Handy at once indicated the man—handy, always ready with tongue, hands and legs. He handed me round the city, told me of its wonders, and sent me off enraptured to the "Exposition." Here I was met by one of the staff, and escorted all over the skeleton of what eventually proved to be the most wonderful "Exposition," Exhibition, World's Fair, or whatever you like to call it, that the New World had ever seen.

The gentleman in possession who met me and acted as my guide was a clean-cut featured, smooth-faced, typical American, "full of wise saws and modern instances" and—tobacco juice. He had a merry wit, and his running commentary would have been invaluable "copy" to America's pet humourist, Bill Nye.

I had a pencil in the pocket in one side of my coat, and a note-book in the pocket in the other side, but the carriage in which I was driven about rushed on so over the rough ground and "corduroy roads" and hills and chasms, that I found it a matter of utter impossibility to get the pencil and the book out together, and, therefore, the facts I give about the "Exposition" may

want verification, for my worthy guide kept firing them into me with the rapidity of a Maxim or a Hotchkiss.

"Now here is the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. Guess the largest building ever erected—1,641,223 feet long, 17,894 feet high——" Down goes the trap on one side, plunging into some excavation, like a double-harnessed Roman



THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO. A "SPECIAL'S" VISIT.

chariot. However, we scrambled up again, but I had lost the important figure of the width of the building. Now I don't for a moment wish to imply that my guide was exaggerating, but this rather reminds me of a story told of an American visiting England, and his host there one day remarked to him:

"My dear fellow, we are delighted with you here—in fact, you are quite a favourite; but you will excuse me if I tell you

that you possess one failing pretty general with your countrymen—you do exaggerate so!"

"Guess I kean't help it, but if you'll just kindly give me a kick under the table when I'm going too far I'll pull up sharp!"

With this agreement they went out to dinner that evening, and among other topics the conversation turned upon conservatories. Captain de Vere said that he had a conservatory 200 feet long, but that the Duke of Orchid had one nearly 1,000 feet long. The American here struck in with:

"I reckon, gentlemen, you're talking about conserva*tor*ies. Now there's a friend of mine in Amurrca, a private gentleman, who has a conserva*tor*y 5,000 feet long, 3,000 feet high, and" (kick)—"oh!—2 feet wide!"

But had I heard the figures representing the width of the building, I don't suppose they would have been in the same absurd proportion as this, for not all the shin-kicking in the world would have deterred my entertaining and conversational conductor.

"You must assemble together in your mind's eye all the mighty structures already existing in the world to form any idea of the magnitude of this *tre*menjious edifice before you. It is sixteen times as large as St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral would nestle together in its ventilating shaft, and the whole of the armies of Europe could sit down comfortably to dinner in the central hall. The Tower of London would be lost under one of the staircases, and fifty Cleopatra's Needles stuck one on top of the other would not scratch the roof. The building cost fifty million six hundred and eighty-four thousand two hundred dollars seventy-five cents, and——" On dashed the horses in their wild career.

Down we went, I thought into the bed of Lake Michigan, but in an instant we were up again, my hat in one direction and my stick in another, and I was well shaken before being taken to the next building.

"Say, Mr. Furniss, the roads are not complete yet, but you mustn't mind these little ups and downs. Guess these horses

would pull through anything—brought 'em right away from the fire-engine shed, considerable fresh!"

At this moment a train came puffing along laden with masses of ironwork for the central building. The horses shied at the smoky monster, turned a somersault (at least, so it seemed to me), and we nearly took a header into the lake again; but the charioteer managed to turn them just in time, and the fiery fire-engine steeds snorted past their iron brother, eclipsing even his noise and steam.

I now began to feel thoroughly happy, but I kept a watchful

"ON DASHED THE HORSES IN THEIR WILD CAREER."

eye on those gee-gees, and as we skipped over impromptu bridges, whizzed round the corners of newly-made piles, and bumped over incomplete parapets, I quite enjoyed myself; but somehow or other I couldn't quite manage to catch all the marvellous details respecting the buildings we were passing. I was qualifying myself for the Volunteer Fire Brigade. But our steeds were reined in for a moment while my guide pointed out to me the Dairy Building.

"I reckon, sir," he said, "that dairy will be an eye-opener. It'll be *soo*perb, and I guess it won't be long after the opening of the show that they'll be turning out gold-edged butter!"

Off we go again, over mounds and down dykes, jumping

rocks and shooting rapids, and I am certain that had our conveyance been a milk-cart, butter, gold-edged or otherwise, would have been produced pretty soon. We pull up with a jerk opposite the Agricultural Building.

"The building is 5,000 by 8,000 feet, design bold and heroic. On each corner and from the centre of the building are reared pavilions."

"Indeed!" I said. "Are they reared by incubators, or upon some special soil from the fertile tracts of the Far West?"

My guide did not evidently deem my question worthy an answer, and continued:

"Surmounted by a mammoth glass dome 460 feet high, constructed on purpose to accommodate the giant Pennsylvania pumpkin we're having raised specially for the Exposition. That pumpkin will be hollowed out, and 600 people will be able to sit down together at once in its interior."

"Now we'll go to the Transportation Building," said my indefatigable conductor to the driver.

"Bless me!" I thought; "is this a convict prison? Are we to have visitors from Sing Sing, and am I to see some of my friends from Portland and Dartmoor? Will there be a model of the Bastille, and a contingent of escaped refugees from the mines of Siberia? Or is the building an enormous concern for the transport of visitors to and from the Exposition?"

"Say, Mr. Furniss, this is the most original conception in the whole Exposition. You'll see contrasted here every mode of transport, and a complete train, with a display of locomotives never before attempted, will be quite *stu*pendous! To quote the guidebook: 'There will be at least 100 engines exhibited, and placed so as to face each other,' and every day we will have a steam tournament. Guess it will be a case of the survival of the fittest of the engines when they meet! Visitors fond of railway accidents can be despatched with a completeness only to be witnessed in the stock-yards of this great city!"

This ghastly suggestion had the effect of making me feel more comfortable than ever.

We had been some hours driving through this wonderful

skeleton city. The last dying rays of the setting sun, sinking behind the sweeping prairies of the far, far West, lit up the horizon with a blood-red glow, and, as the shades of evening began to descend and envelop the embryo Exposition, the driver turned the horses' heads whence we had come—towards the sunset.

The animals snorted, their nostrils inflated, their eyes glistened, and, with tails erect, they tore off straight ahead at a tremendous rate. They couldn't understand why they had been driven aimlessly about all this time; but now they saw the glare, as they thought, of the fire—the glare they had been accustomed to regard as the beacon to guide them to their goal—a goal which had to be reached with lightning speed.

It seemed as if we were flying through a beautiful place destroyed by the ravages of fire, for in the dim evening light the outlined houses gave one the impression that they formed a city dead, not a city newly-born.

Away to the Wild West of the Exposition we flew, and were eventually pulled up outside of one of the larger and more complete buildings. My faculties had been about all shaken out of me by this time, and I was so bewildered by the chaos of figures in my brain—all that were left of the volumes that had been poured into my ears—that I had to be all but lifted out of the fire-engine trap by my good guide. He said, in an undertone:

"Now I'm going to show you something we keep a profound secret."

Making a supreme effort, I dispersed temporarily the armies of figures conflicting in my unfortunate head, and became once more a rational being, so as to appreciate fully this visual tit-bit reserved to the last. We entered the structure. What was it? A mortuary, a dissecting-chamber, or a pantomime property-room? Numbers of ghost-like beings with bared arms streaming with an opaque-white liquid appeared to be engaged in some ghoulish machinations. Mutilated figures of gigantic creatures lay strewn about in reckless confusion. It seemed as if pigmies

were butchering giants; and in the dim, weird light among these uncanny surroundings my jumbled imagination whispered to me that, after all, this stupendous Exhibition I had just rushed through could not possibly be the work of the insignificant little men who swarmed all over the colossal buildings in such ridiculously absurd proportion to their pretended handiwork.

THE CHARNEL-HOUSE, CHICAGO'S WORLD FAIR.

No, these giants had performed this herculean undertaking, and were now being cut up—the reward of many who attempt such ambitious tasks. In reality, though, this charnel-house was the sculptors' studio, in which were modelled the gigantic figures which were to be placed on the buildings and about the grounds.

Now were I to design a model for a statue to be placed in the Exposition, it would certainly be one of my excellent and entertaining companion, who proved himself a model conductor, a model of an American gentleman, and one who is justly proud, as

all Americans must be, of the greatness and thoroughness of the most splendid and most interesting Exhibition ever recorded in the annals of their great country.

One day I slipped up to 10, Downing Street, to make a note of that very ordinary, albeit mystical, abode of English Premiers and officials. The eagle eye of the policeman was upon me, and he was soon at my side subjecting me to minute examination. My explanation satisfied him that the only lead I had about me was encased in wood for the purpose of drawing, and that the substance in my hand was not dynamite, but innocent india-rubber, for wiping out people and places only of my own creation. "Ah, sir, there ain't much to see there, unless the 'all porter's a-lookin' out of the winder. But you ought ter be 'ere in the mornin' and see the Premier a-shavin' of 'imself, with a piece of old lookin'-glass stuck up on the winder ter see 'imself in—just wot the likes of us would do!"

So I, as a "special," was allowed to make a sketch of the outside of the famous No. 10. Not long afterwards I happened to be standing in the same place with a number of journalists and a crowd of the public when a political crisis drew all attention to the Cabinet, the members of which were arriving at intervals, recognised and cheered by the curious. As the door opened to allow one of the members of the Cabinet to enter, a certain official noticed me standing on the opposite side of the street. To my surprise he beckoned to me, and said, "I have been waiting to see you, Mr. Furniss, for a long time. I have some sketches in the house here I want you to see whenever you can honour me with a visit."

"No time like the present moment," I said.

Before the official realised that the present moment was a dangerous one for the admittance of strangers I was taken into the house. While examining the works of art in the official's private room a knock came to the door, which necessitated his leaving me. The moment of the "special" had arrived—now or never for a Cabinet Council! I was down the passage, and in a few minutes stood in the presence of the Cabinet, when

Mr. Gladstone, the Premier, was addressing Lord Granville and the others, who were seated, and just as the Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Hartington) pushed by me into the room, I was seized by the alarmed official. Of course I apologised for my stupidity in taking the wrong turning, and I asked him about Mr. Gladstone's three mysterious hats in the hall, which he informed me Mr. Gladstone always had by him,—three hats symbolic of his oratorical peculiarity of using the well-known phrase, "There are three courses open to us."

I patted Lord Hartington's dog on the head, and had quietly taken my departure before the official was called into the Cabinet and questioned about the "spy" who had so mysteriously interrupted their proceedings.

But what was perhaps a more daring and difficult feat than seeing a Cabinet Council was to disturb the "Sage of Queen Anne's Gate" in his semi-official residence. It so happened some few years ago I was commissioned by an illustrated paper to make a drawing of a peculiar scene that took place in the House of Commons. It was Mr. Gladstone's only appearance in the Strangers' smoking-room of the House, into which he had been lured by the Member for Northampton to attend a performance of a thought reader, which Mr. Labouchere had arranged perhaps to show his serious interest in the business of the country connected with our great Houses of Parliament. Not being present at this show, I had no means of getting material, and, being in a hurry, I boldly drove up to the house of the "Sage of Queen Anne's Gate." And as I always treat people as they treat others, I thought that a little of the Labouchérian cheek (shall I substitute the word for confidence?) would not be out of place in this instance. The servant took my card, and brought back the message that Mr. Labouchere was not at home. As I was at that moment actually acting the character of the "Sage," and remembering the stories, true or untrue, which he so delights in telling himself about his own coolness in matters probably not less important than this, I asked the servant to allow me to write a letter to Mr. Labouchere, and I was shown into his study, where

I sat, and intended to sit, until Mr. Labouchere made his appearance. From time to time the servant looked in, but the letter was never written. And my thought-reading proved correct. Without my pen and pencil I drew Mr. Labouchere. He eventually came downstairs, and gave me all the information I required.

was in darkness. To quote the papers, "Foggy obscuration rested over the greater part of its area." And I, in common with millions of others, was having my breakfast by gaslight, when I received an editorial summons to attend the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln at Lambeth Palace. Soon a hansom was at the door, with two lamps outside and one within; the latter smelt most horribly, and I found out later on that it leaked and had ruined my new overcoat. With an agility quite marvellous under the circumstances the horse slipped its slimy way over the greasy streets to Lambeth, and dashed through the fog over Westminster Bridge in a most reckless manner, which disconcerting performance was partly explained by its suddenly stopping at the stable door of Sanger's and refusing to budge. I was partially consoled by the fact that we were just opposite St. Thomas's Hospital, so that I should be in good hands if the worst befell. The fog becoming even denser, Sanger's became veiled from the sight of our fiery steed, which thereupon consented to slide on towards Lambeth Palace. A sharp turn brought us to the gateway, where stood a hearse and string of mourning coaches. Was I too late? Had the Bishops passed sentence, and had the loved one of Lincoln really been beheaded?

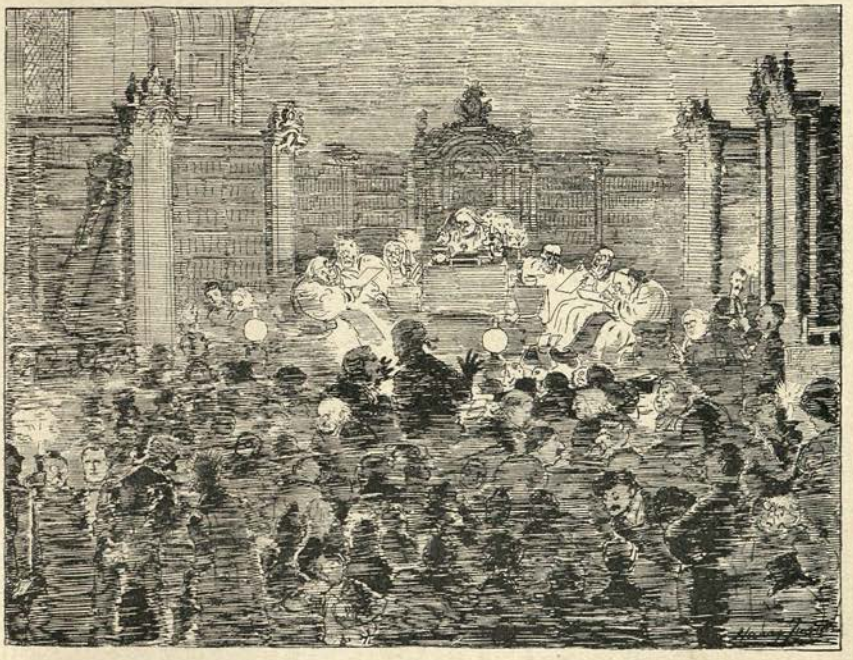
My fears on this point were relieved by a policeman, who restrained my driver's energetic endeavours to drive through the wall of the Palace, and as my password was "Jeune" (November would have been more appropriate on such a morning) I was allowed inside the gates. Here I could not see my hand, or

anyone else's, in front of me, and after stumbling up some steps and down some others I finally flattened my nose against a door. Policeman No. 2 suddenly appeared, and turned his bull's-eye upon me. I felt that I was doomed to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat; I thought of the whipping-post I have read of in connection with the Palace; of the Guard Room with its pikes and instruments of torture, and I trembled. Luckily, however, the rays of the lantern fell upon the note in my hand, addressed to Francis Jeune, Q.C., and the good-natured "All right, sir. Go hup. 'E's a-speakin' now," came as a reprieve.

I stumble into the large historic hall known as the Library, wherein the great trial of the Bishop of Lincoln is being held. The weird scene strongly resembles the Dream Trial in "The Bells," where the judges, counsel, and all concerned are in a fog. I expect the limelight to flash suddenly upon the chief actor, the Bishop of Lincoln, as he takes the stage and re-acts the part that has caused the trial. The only lights in the long and lofty Library, excepting the clerical and legal, are a dozen or two wax candles and a few oil-lamps—of daylight, gaslight, or electric light, nothing. I can hear the voice of Jeune, Q.C., which gladdens my heart amid these sepulchral surroundings, but I see him not. As my eyes gradually become accustomed to the strange scene, I find that it is composed of three distinct "sets," which present the appearance of a muddled-up stage picture when the flats go wrong, and you have a part of the Surrey Hills, a corner of Drury Lane and a side of a West End drawing-room run on at the same time.

At the further end of the Library we have the Church, very High Church, represented by an Archbishop and five Bishops; also a Judge, in a full-bottomed wig, who has evidently got in by mistake. Then we have the Law, represented by a row of Q.C.'s, their juniors, and attendants; and then a chorus of ordinary people and common, or Thames Policemen. These are separated by red ropes and some red tape; the latter I cut with my self-written passport—my note to the Q.C. who still addresses the Court.

I have come here to see the Bishop of Lincoln, and I roam about in the fog to find him. Ah, that figure! there he is! I immediately sketch him, only to find out that the individual in question is the Clerk of the Court, or whatever the title of that functionary's equivalent may be in Lambeth Palace. What vexes me is that whenever I enquire the whereabouts of the Bishop, a warning finger is raised to the lips to denote silence.



THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S TRIAL. (*From "Punch."*)

The Bishops sit round three tables, on a raised platform. In the centre is the Archbishop of Canterbury; on his right the mysterious Judge, in full wig and red robes; here is the Vicar-General, Sir James Parker Deane, Q.C.; next to him sits Assessor Dr. Atlay, Bishop of Hereford, who looks anything but happy, his hair presenting the appearance of being blown about by a strong draught, while his hand is raised to his face, suggesting that the draught had caused toothache. The portly Bishop of Oxford on his right, like the other corner man, the Bishop of

Salisbury, scribbles away at a great rate in a huge manuscript book or roll of foolscap. On the left of the Archbishop sits the Bishop of London, who severely interrogates the Counsel, and evidently relishes acting the schoolmaster once more. The Bishop of Rochester, sitting on London's left, supplies the element of comedy as far as facial expression goes, and his wide-open mouth and papers held in front of him lead me to expect him to burst into song at any moment. But where is *the* Bishop—the Bishop of Lincoln? Ah, now I see him, in one of those side courts, and I forthwith sketch him, marvelling at my stupidity in not identifying him before. I write his name under the sketch, and show it to one of the reporters. He scribbles "Wrong man" across it. Done again! I write, "Then where is he?" He waves me away, as Mr. Jeune is quoting some extraordinary document six hundred years old in reply to Sir Horace Davey's authority, which only dates back five hundred and ninety-nine years. It suddenly occurs to me that the Bishop is beside his Counsel at the other end of the long table, but, alas! there is a candle in front of him. This is all I can see, so I make my way to the other side of the table, only to discover that my Bishop is an old lady. I write on a piece of paper, "Where does the Bishop of Lincoln sit?" and take it to an official. It is too dark to read, so some time is lost while he takes my memorandum to a candle. He looks across at me, and points to a corner.

At last! good! The old gentleman in the corner is in plain clothes, it is true, but still he looks every inch a Bishop. I cautiously approach to a coign of vantage close beside him, and have just finished a careful study of him, when he turns round to me and whispers, "Please, sir, can you tell me which is the Bishop of Lincoln?" I shake my head angrily, and move away. This is really humbug. I'll bide my time, and take Counsel's opinion—I'll ask Mr. Jeune. He is just occupied in answering the hundred and seventh question of the Bishop of London, and is being "supported" by Sir Walter Phillimore. Indeed, it amuses me to see the way in which these two clever Counsel, when in a fog (and are we not all in one?), hold an

animated legal conversation between themselves, and totally ignore the Bishops—not that the latter seem to mind, for they scribble away merrily. An evil suspicion creeps into my head that they are seizing the opportunity to write their next Sunday's sermons.

In the meantime I discover that one of the little side courts is converted into a studio, with an easel and canvas. I approach my brother brush, feeling that he, or she, or both (for a lady and a gentleman were jointly at work upon a picture of the Trial, in black and white—the black was visible, but there was no chance of seeing the white) will tell me where I can catch a glimpse of the Bishop of Lincoln. I whisper the question. But a "Hush!" goes up from the H'Usher, and the artists, sympathising with me in my dilemma, obtain a candle and point out the Bishop to me in their picture. I slip away in search of that face. Its owner ought to be near his Counsel. The severe Sir Horace Davey sits writing letters; next him is the affable Dr. Tristram, then the rubicund Mr. Danckwerts, but no Bishop—in fact, there is no one of public interest to be seen; probably they have not come, as to-day is to be a half-holiday. It is now one o'clock, and the Bishops rise to go to the Levée. I pounce upon Francis Jeune, Q.C., and gasp, "Where, oh, where is the Bishop of Lincoln? Quick! I want to sketch him before he leaves." "Oh, he's not here—never comes near the place!"

The play is over for the day. I have seen "Hamlet" with the Prince left out.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ILLUSTRATOR—A SERIOUS CHAPTER.

Drawing—"Hieroglyphics"—Clerical Portraiture—A Commission from General Booth—In Search of Truth—Sir Walter Besant—James Payn—Why Theodore Hook was Melancholy—"Off with his Head"—Reformers' Tree—Happy Thoughts—Christmas Story—Lewis Carroll—The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson—Sir John Tenniel—The Challenge—Seven Years' Labour—A Puzzle MS.—Dodgson on Dress—Carroll on Drawing—Sylvie and Bruno—A Composite Picture—My Real Models—I am very Eccentric—My "Romps"—A Letter from du Maurier—Caldecott—Tableaux—Fine Feathers—Models—Fred Barnard—The Haystack—A Wicket Keeper—A Fair Sitter—Neighbours—The Post-Office Jumble—Puzzling the Postmen—Writing Backwards—A Coincidence.

I confess as a caricaturist, surely I need not caricature my confessions by any mock-modesty. Although I have illustrated novels, short stories, fairy tales, poems, parodies, satires, and *jeux d'esprit*, for the realistic, the fanciful, the weirdly imaginative and the broadly humorous, as my *Punch* colleague, E. T. Milliken, wrote, my more distinctive, natural and favourite *métier* is that of graphic art. This intimate friend, in publishing his "appreciation" of me, put in his own too highly-coloured opinion of my black and white work in this direction. I blush to quote it :

"And they are in error who imagine Mr. Furniss's powers to

MAJUBA HILL. DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

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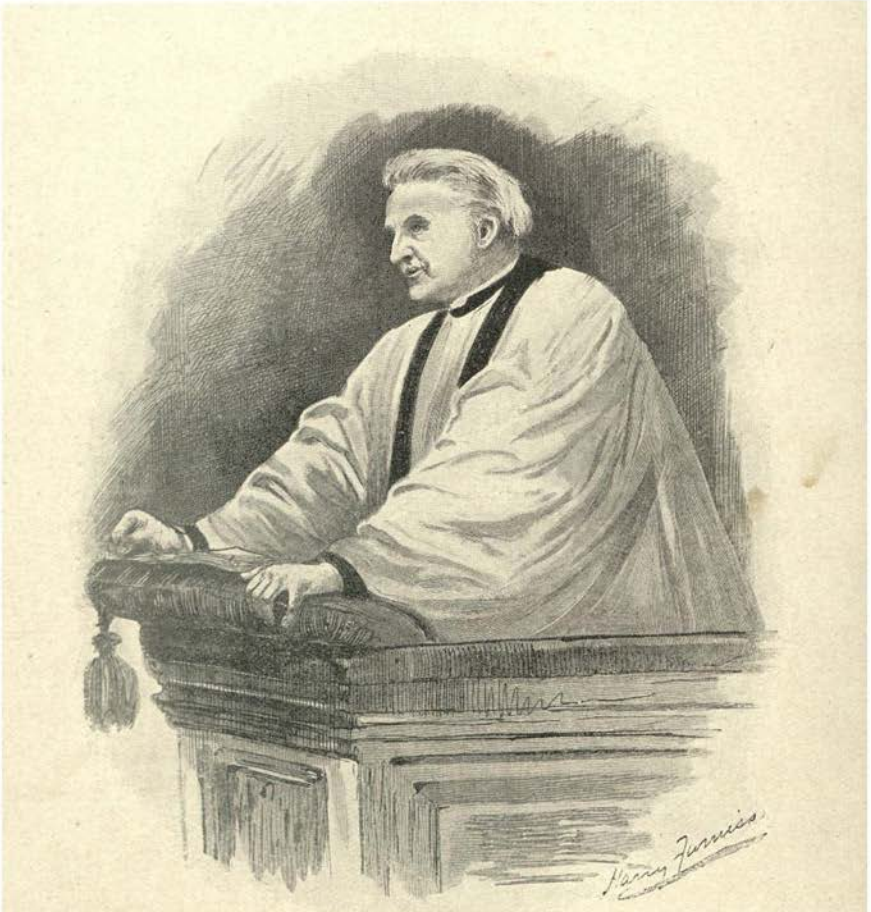
be substantially limited to political satire or Parliamentary caricature. Much of the work he has already given to the public, and perhaps more of that which he has not yet published, but of which his chosen familiars are aware, will prove that in more serious or imaginative work, in strong, vivid realism as well as in frolic fancy, in landscape as well as in life, in the picturesque as well as in the humorous, he can display a notable mastery."

This confession of one of my "chosen familiars" I have the pluck to reprint, as an answer to those unknown strangers who so frequently write me down as "a conventional comic draughtsman of funny ill-drawn little figures." "What shall I call him?" said one; "a master of hieroglyphics?" Well, if I am commissioned to draw humorous hieroglyphics, I do my best to master their difficulties. Caricature pure and simple is not the art I either care for or succeed in practising as well as I do in my less known more serious and more finished work. When I joined *Punch*, at the age of twenty-six, I had had nine-tenths of my time previous to that occupied (ever since I was fifteen years of age) in drawing far more elaborate and finished work than would be in keeping in a periodical such as *Punch*. *Punch* required "funny little figures," and I supplied them; but my *métier*, I must confess, was work requiring more demand upon direct draughtsmanship and power. I am a funny man, a caricaturist, by force of circumstances; an artist, a satirist, and a cartoonist by nature and training. The one requires technical knowledge—in the other, "drawing doesn't count." The more amateurish the work, the funnier the public consider it. The serious confession I have to make is that I have been mistaken for a caricaturist in the accepted and limited meaning of the term.

"It is the ambition of every low comedian to play Hamlet, that of every caricaturist to be able to paint a picture which shall be worthy of a place on the walls of the National Gallery," are my own words on the platform; but I do not essay to play Hamlet on the platform, nor do I paint pictures for posterity in my studio. Therefore I do not place myself in the category of

either, for I am neither a low comedian nor am I strictly and solely a mere caricaturist. This fact is perhaps not generally known to the public, but it is known to the publishers, and when a Society Church paper wished to present a series of



CANON LIDDON. A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

supplements—portraits of the leading clergy—I was selected as the artist. The portrait of Canon Liddon, which is here very much reduced, is one of these.

And furthermore I received a commission from General Booth, which unfortunately, through pressure of work, I was

unable to undertake, to make a study of Mrs. Booth, who was at the time on her death-bed, suffering from cancer, which the General was "exceedingly anxious" to reproduce and issue to his Army, as he had "never yet been able to secure a good photograph, although frequent attempts had been made by eminent London photographers."

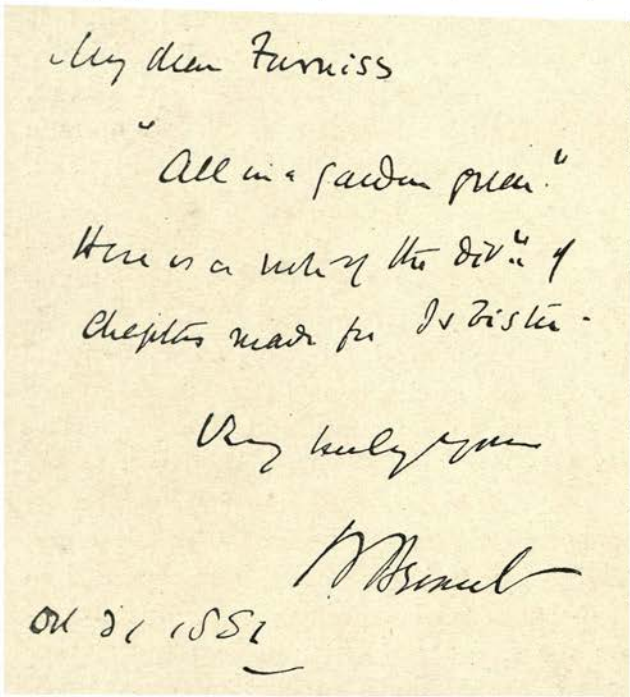
I must confirm a confession I made some years ago to the editor of the *Magazine of Art* regarding some of the difficulties with which artists illustrating books have to contend. In that I questioned whether authors and artists worked sufficiently together. Few authors are as conscientious as Dickens was, or, in fact, care to consult with their illustrators at all. In operatic work the librettist and composer must work hand in hand. Should not the artist do likewise?

Undoubtedly there are some writers who take great trouble to see their subject from the artistic standpoint. One sensational writer with whom I am acquainted will make a complete model in cardboard of his "Haunted Grange," so as to avoid absurdities in the working out of the tale. The "Blood-stained Tower" is therefore always in its place, and the "Assassin's Door" and "Ghost's Window" do not change places, to the bewilderment of the keen-witted reader. Many writers, on the other hand, show an extraordinary carelessness, or, shall I say, agility? "Hilarity Hall" or "Stucco Castle" is supposed to be a firm erection, capable of withstanding storm, or, if necessary, siege; whereas the artist too often detects the author turning it inside out and upside down to suit his convenience, like the mechanical quick-change scenes in our modern realistic dramas.

It may seem strange, but I have never found over-conscientiousness in seeking to secure "local colour" meet with the slightest reward. Two instances among many similar experiences which have fallen to my lot will serve to show my ground for making this observation.

Those who have read Sir Walter Besant's delightful but little known "All in a Garden Fair" (it is interesting to know that this was semi-autobiographical, and that its original title

was "All in a Garden Green") will recollect the minute description of the locality in which the opening scenes take place. The author and I "talked it over." He told me the exact spot where the story was laid—a village a good many miles from London. The next day, provided with exact information, my wife and I went by train to the station nearest to the village in question, and then, taking a "trap," went on a voyage of discovery. First, however, we endeavoured to gain some useful directions from the proprietor of the hotel where we lunched, but, to our surprise, he knew of no such village. The driver of our "conveyance" was equally unlearned concerning the object of our search.


My dear Furniss
"All in a garden green."
Here is a note of the div.ⁿ of
Chapters made for Is Bister.
Very truly yours
W Besant
Oct 31 1881

"Strange," said I, "how these country people ignore all the beauties and graceful associations that are around them—they don't even know of the existence of this idyllic village."

Nothing daunted, I undertook to pilot the party to the place, and after a lovely drive we reached the spot where the village ought to be. Here I saw a kind of model hotel, and, I think, a shanty of some description; the rest was an ordinary English landscape. I hardened my heart, and patiently sketched the building, which, of course, was not there at the period the story referred to, and some details of the place where a village only existed in the author's imagination.

When next I saw Sir Walter Besant, he tried to console me

with the assurance that there certainly must have been a village there some centuries ago!

Besides being a wit and a delightful conversationalist, Sir Walter was the most practical and businesslike of authors. It was a treat to meet him, as I frequently did, walking into Town, and enjoy his vivacious humour. I recollect one morning, speaking of illustrators, mentioning the fact that Cruikshank always imagined that Dickens had taken "Oliver Twist," merely endowing it with literary merit here and there, and palming it off as his own!

THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.

"Ah!" said Besant, "how funny! Do you know, I overheard two of my little girls talking a few mornings ago, and one said to the other, 'Papa does not write all his stories, you know—Charlie Green helps him.'"

(Green was at the time illustrating Besant's "Chaplain of the Fleet.")

My second instance occurred about the same period. The author was the most delightful and entertaining of literary men of our time, Mr. James Payn. I was selected to illustrate the serial story in the *Illustrated London News*, and as in that also the author minutely describes the scene of the semi-historical romance, I, being a thoroughly conscientious artist, visited James Payn, then editor of *Cornhill*, in his editorial den in Waterloo Place, to talk the matter over. My notes were: "Jetty—Lovers meet — Ancient church — Old houses." But the "Jetty" was *the* important object—I must get that. I therefore started for the South Coast. Again I was forced to bow down before

THE "JETTY."

my author's wonderful powers of imagination, for once more, in company with my wife, with a hireling to carry my sketching stool and materials, I walked a great distance in search of the jetty. Vain, vain! not a ghost of a jetty was to be seen. The menial could not enlighten us. At last we unearthed the "oldest inhabitant," who took us back to where a few sticks in the water alone marked where it stood "a many years ago." I tried to develop some of the powers of the late Professor Owen, when he constructed an animal from the smallest bone, and succeeded in "evolving" a jetty from the green remains of four wooden posts.

ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE TALK OF THE TOWN" (REDUCED).
By permission of the proprietors of "Cornhill Magazine."

I forgave Payn as I forgave Besant. Both men were as genial as they were eminent, and but for the circumstances of illustrating their stories I might not have enjoyed their acquaintanceship. I also illustrated Payn's most charming story, "The Talk of the Town," for *Cornhill Magazine*. I never enjoyed any work of the kind so well as this—it has always been my regret Payn did not write another of the same period. I recollect, when I first saw him in Waterloo Place, I had just read an article of his in which he gave a recipe for getting rid of callers, which was to bring the conversation to an abrupt termination, say absolutely nothing, but steadfastly stare at your visitor until he left. I can vouch for its being a simple and effective plan.

When I entered his editorial sanctum the genial essayist received me most cordially, and looked the picture of comfort,

surrounded as he was by a heterogeneous collection of pipes. Presently, through the clouds of smoke through which he had chatted in that lively, vivacious manner peculiarly his own, he knocked the ashes out of his finished pipe and mutely stared point-blank at me till I, like the pipe, went out also. But before making my exit I reminded him that I had read the article I refer to, up to which he was no doubt acting, and that I was pleased and interested that he practised the doctrine he preached. Possibly this remark of mine was unexpected, and therefore somewhat disconcerted him for a moment, for he quickly replied, "Not at all! not at all! Fact is, I was rather upset before you came in by a miserable man who called to see me, and at the moment I was, *à propos* of him, thinking of a funny story about Theodore Hook I came across last night I never heard before. Poor Hook was at a smart dinner one evening, but instead of being as usual the life and soul of the party, he proved the wet blanket on the merry meeting, despite the fact that he, in all probability, had imbibed his stiff glass of brandy to get him up to his usual form before entering the house at which he was entertained. This most unusual phase of Hook's character surprised everybody present, so much so that his host ventured to remark that the volatile Theodore did not seem so merry as usual.

"'Merry? I should think not! I should like to see anyone merry who has gone through what I have this afternoon!'

"'What was that?' asked everyone, with one voice.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' said Hook. 'I have just come up from York in the stage coach, and I was rather late in taking my seat; the top was occupied to the full, so I had no alternative but to become an inside passenger. The only other occupant of the interior was a melancholy individual rolled up in a corner. He had donned his great-coat, the collar of which was turned right up over his ears. He stolidly sat there, never uttering a word, until I became fascinated by his weird appearance. By-and-by the sun sank below the western horizon, the inside of the coach became darker and darker, and more ghastly seemed the cadaverous stranger as the

blackness increased. The strain was too much for me. I could not keep silent another minute.

"'My good sir,' I said, 'whatever is the matter with you?'"

"'I'll tell you,' he slowly muttered. 'Some months ago I invested in two tickets in a great lottery, but when I told my wife of the speculation I had indulged in she nagged and nagged at me to such a frightful extent that at last I sold the tickets.'

"'Well?'

"'Well, do you know, sir, to-day those two numbers won the two first prizes, and those two prizes represent a sum of money of colossal magnitude!'

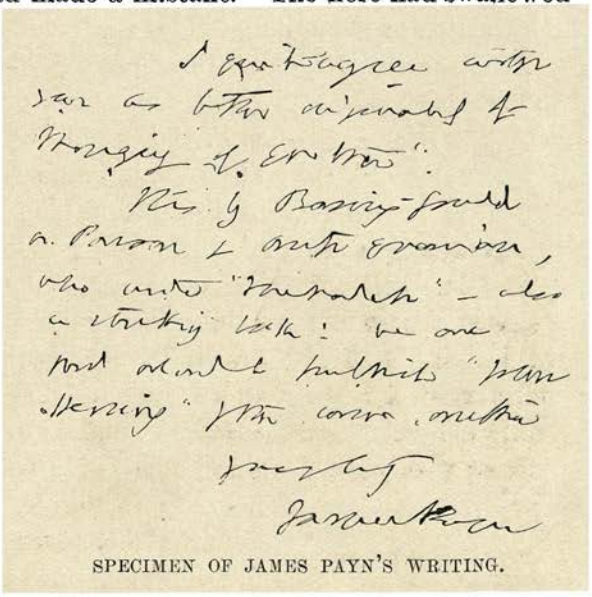
"'Goodness gracious me!' I shouted. 'If that had happened to me it would have driven me to desperation! In fact I really believe that I should have been frantic enough to cut my throat!'

"THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAVE DONE!"

"'Why, that's just what I have done!' replied the stranger, as he turned down his collar. 'Look here!'"

This ghastly tale reminds me of one of my earliest and most trying experiences in illustrating stories. I had made a very careful drawing to illustrate a startling episode in a novel by Mrs. Henry Wood. Naturally it was designed on a block, and represented the hero having just swallowed poison after committing a murder. The face in the drawing was everything, and I had taken the greatest pains to depict in the distorted features all the authoress desired—in fact, I was rather proud of it. The authoress was pleased, and the block was sent to the engraver. I was then about twenty—photographing a drawing on to wood was unknown, and process work was not invented—all drawings were made on boxwood and engraved by hand. To my horror the engraver returned the block to me a week afterwards with an apologetic note. The face had been destroyed in the engraver's hands, and he had "plugged the block"—that is, another piece of wood had been inserted where

the hero's head had been, and whitened over, for me to draw another. The rest of the design had been engraved. That face gone! How could I conjure it up again on that unsightly, isolated patch of block, with all the rest of the drawing engraved and therefore my lines undiscernible? I did my best. When it was printed it was seen that the face did not fit on the neck properly, and to my chagrin I received a sarcastic letter from the editor to inform me that I had made a mistake. The hero had swallowed poison and had not, as I supposed, cut his head off!



SPECIMEN OF JAMES PAYN'S WRITING.

Another illustration of the conscientious illustrator in search of the truth. I had to introduce the Reformers' Tree, Hyde Park, into a picture. Now we are always hearing about the Reformers' Tree in reference to demonstrations in the Park, so I went in search of the historical stump. The first person to whom I put a question as to its whereabouts pointed to a huge tree in flourishing condition. I had just sketched in its upper branches when it somehow occurred to me that it would be just as well to ask someone else and make assurance doubly sure. This time I interrogated a policeman.

"No, that ain't it; that there row of hoaks is wot people calls the Reformers' Tree."

I started another sketch on the strength of this statement, but feeling a bit dubious over his assertion that the one tree was comprised of a whole row, I tackled the "oldest inhabitant," an ancient and pensioned park-keeper, who luckily hove in sight.

"Hover there," he replied, gruffly, pointing to a stump that resembled the sole remaining molar the old man possessed.

This stump was picturesque. It must be the Reformers' Tree. Result—another sketch, which I showed to the gatekeeper at the Marble Arch.

"Reformers' Tree? Why, there ain't no such thing in the Park." And I really believe there isn't. It is a myth, and merely exists in the fertile brain of the descriptive author or the imagination of the agitator.

After James Payn's "Talk of the Town" no book has given me such pleasure to illustrate as F. C. Burnand's "Incompleat Angler." The combination of the picturesqueness of Isaak Walton with the humour of Burnand could not be otherwise, but most unfortunately the form of its publication ruined the effect of the drawings. Over this, too, the author and I talked—no, not exactly—to be exact we laughed over it. I dined with Burnand, and afterwards in his study he read it to me, and as he frankly admitted he never laughed so much at anything before.

THE TYPICAL LOVERS IN ILLUSTRATIONS OF NOVELS.

The illustrator's difficulties by no means end when the author is satisfied. Many authors give you every facility, and hamper you with no impossibilities; but then steps in the editor, especially if he be the editor of a "goody" magazine. Novels will be novels, and love and lovers will find their way even into the immaculate pages of our monthly elevators. I once found it so, and certainly I thought that here was plain sailing. A tender interview at the garden gate. She "sighed and looked down as Charles Thorndike took her hand"—unavoidable and not unacceptable subject. Lovers are all commonplace young men with large eyes, long legs, and small moustaches (villains' moustaches grow apace); moreover, lovers, I believe, generally take care to avoid observation; but no! it appears that "our

subscribers" have a stern code which may not be lightly infringed. A letter from the editor rebukes my worldly ways:

"DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly give Charles Thorndike a beard, and show an aunt or uncle or some chaperon in the distance; the subject and treatment is hardly suitable otherwise to our young readers."

Sometimes a publisher steps in and arranges everything, regardless of all the author and artist may cherish.

Years ago a well-known but not very prosperous publisher sent for me, and spoke as follows:

"Now, Mr. F., what I want is to knock the B.P. with Christmas. The story is all blood and murder, but don't mind that—you must supply the antidote; put in the holly and mistletoe, plenty of snow and plum-pudding (the story was a seaside one in summer time). I like John Tenniel's work—give us a bit of him, with a dash of Du Maurier and a sprinkling of Leech here and there; but none of your Rembrandt effects—they are too dark, and don't print up well. Never mind what the author says; he hasn't made it Christmas, so you must!"

It is equally difficult to comply with an editorial request such as this: "The story I send you is as dull as ditch-water; do please read it over and illustrate it with lively pictures."

But some authors are their own publishers, and they are then generally more careful of the illustrations. Perhaps the most exacting of all authors was "Lewis Carroll."

The name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson is practically unknown outside of Oxford University, where he was mathematical lecturer of Christ Church; but the name and fame of "Lewis Carroll," author of those inimitable books for children, both young and old, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass and what Alice found there," are known and beloved all over the world. His first book for children, "Alice's Adventures," was published at a time exactly to suit me. I was just eleven—*the* age

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to be first impressed by the pen of Carroll and the pencil of Tenniel.

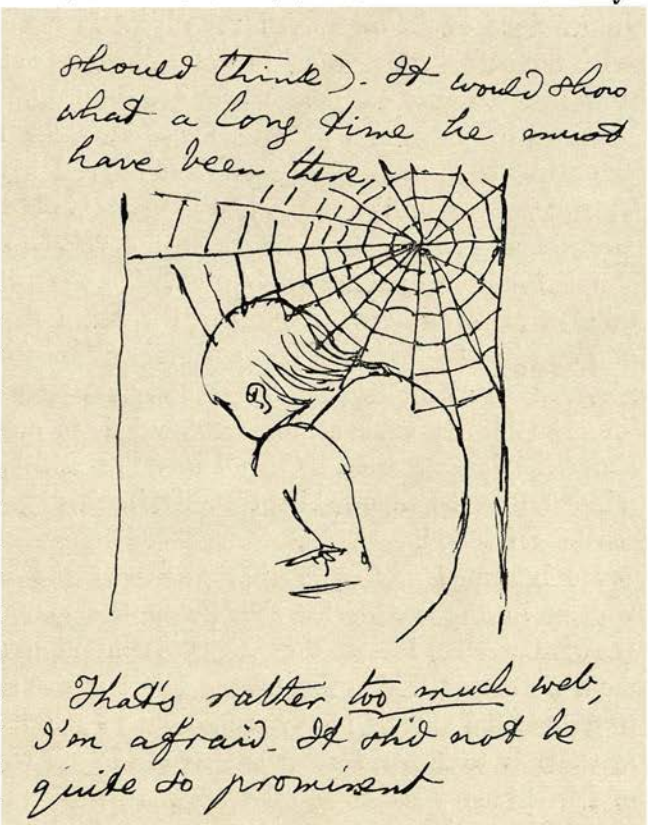
When I, a little, a very little boy in knickerbockers, first enjoyed the adventures of Alice and worshipped the pen and the pencil which recorded them, I little thought I would some day work hand in hand with the author, and when that day did arrive I regretted that I had not been born twenty-two years before I had, for for me to follow Tenniel was quite as difficult and unsatisfactory a task as for Carroll to follow Carroll. The worst of it was that I was conscious of this, and Lewis Carroll was not. Fortunately for me Sylvie was not like her prototype Alice; the illustrations for Sylvie would not have suited Tenniel as Alice did. I therefore did not fear comparison, but what I did fear was that Carroll would not be Carroll, and Carroll wasn't—he was Dodgson. I wish I had illustrated him when he was Carroll; that he was not the Carroll of "Alice" is plainly indicated in his life in the following passage:* "The publication of 'Sylvie and Bruno' marks an epoch in its author's life, for it was the publication of all the ideals and sentiments which he held most dear. It was a book with a definite purpose; it would be more true to say with several definite purposes. For this very reason it is not an artistic triumph as the two 'Alice' books undoubtedly are; it is on a lower literary level, there is no unity in the story. But from a higher standpoint, that of the Christian and the philanthropist, the book is the best thing he ever wrote. It is a noble effort to uphold the right, or what he thought to be the right, without fear of contempt or unpopularity. The influence which his earlier books had given him he was determined to use in asserting neglected truths.

"Of course the story has other features—delightful nonsense not surpassed by anything in 'Wonderland,' childish prattle with all the charm of reality about it, and pictures which may fairly be said to rival those of Sir John Tenniel. Had these been all, the book would have been a great success. As things are, there are probably hundreds of readers who have been scared by

* "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood (Fisher Unwin).

the religious arguments and political discussions which make up a large part of it, and who have never discovered that Sylvie is just as entrancing a personage as Alice when you get to know her."

The character of the book was a bitter disappointment to me. I did not want to illustrate a book of his with any "purpose" other than the purpose of delightful amusement, as "Alice" was. Tenniel had point-blank refused to illustrate another story for Carroll — he was, Tenniel told me, "impossible" — and Carroll evidently was not satisfied with other artists he had tried, as he wrote me: "I have a considerable mass of chaotic materials for a story, but have never had the heart to go to work to construct the story as a whole, owing to its seeming so hopeless that I should ever find a suitable artist. Now that *you* are found," etc. That was in 1885, and we worked together for seven years. Tenniel and other artists declared I would not work with Carroll for seven weeks! I accepted the challenge, but I, for that purpose, adopted quite a new method. No artist


should think). It would show
what a long time he must
have been there
That's rather too much web,
I'm afraid. It did not be
quite so prominent

INSTRUCTIONS IN A LETTER FROM LEWIS CARROLL.

is more matter-of-fact or businesslike than myself: to Carroll I was not Hy. F., but someone else, as *he* was someone else. I was wilful and erratic, bordering on insanity. We therefore got on splendidly.

Of course it was most interesting to me to study such a genius at such a time, and in recording my experiences and impressions of Lewis Carroll my object is not so much to deal with the actual illustration to those ill-conceived books "Sylvie and Bruno," but to deal with my impressions of the man obtained by working with him for so long, for to have known the man was even as great a treat as to read his books. Lewis Carroll was as unlike any other man as his books were unlike any other author's books. It was a relief to meet the pure simple, innocent dreamer of children, after the selfish commercial mind of most authors. Carroll was a wit, a gentleman, a bore and an egotist—and, like Hans Andersen, a spoilt child. It is recorded of Andersen that he actually shed tears, even in late life, should the cake at tea be handed to anyone before he chose the largest slice. Carroll was not selfish, but a liberal-minded, liberal-handed philanthropist, but his egotism was all but second childhood.

He informed my wife that she was the most privileged woman in the world, for she knew the man who knew his (Lewis Carroll's) ideas—that ought to content her. She must not *see* a picture or read a line of the MS.; it was sufficient for her to gaze at me outside of my studio with admiration and respect, as the only man besides Lewis Carroll himself with a knowledge of Lewis Carroll's forthcoming work. Furthermore he sent me an elaborate document to sign committing myself to secrecy. This I indignantly declined to sign. "My word was as good as my bond," I said, and, striking an attitude, I hinted that I would "strike," inasmuch as I would not work for years isolated from my wife and friends. I was therefore no doubt looked upon by him as a lunatic. That was what I wanted. I was allowed to show my wife the drawings, and he wrote: "For my own part I have shown *none* of the MS. to anybody; and, though I have let some special friends see the pictures, I have

uniformly declined to *explain* them. 'May I ask so-and-so?' they enquire. 'Certainly!' I reply; "you may *ask* as many questions as you like!' That is all they get out of me."

But his egotism carried him still further. He was determined no one should read his MS. but he and I; so in the dead of night (he sometimes wrote up to 4 a.m.) he cut his MS. into horizontal strips of four or five lines, then placed the whole of it in a sack and shook it up; taking out piece by piece, he pasted the strips down as they happened to come. The result, in such an MS., dealing with nonsense on one page and theology on another, was audacious in the extreme, if not absolutely profane—for example:

"And I found myself repeating, as I left the Church, the words of Jacob, when he '*awaked out of his sleep,*' surely the Lord is in this.

"And once more those shrill discordant tones rang out:—

"'He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from a bus;
He looked again, and found it was—
A Hippopotamus.'"

These incongruous strips were elaborately and mysteriously marked with numbers and letters and various hieroglyphics, to decipher which would really have turned my assumed eccentricity into positive madness. I therefore sent the whole MS. back to him, and again threatened to strike! This had the desired effect. I then received MS. I could read, although frequently puzzled by its being mixed up with Euclid and problems in abstruse mathematics.

I soon discovered that I had undertaken a far more difficult task than I anticipated, for in the first letter of instructions I received from the author he frankly acknowledged I had my work "cut out." "Cut out" suggests dressmaking, the very subject first chosen for discussion and correspondence.

The extraordinary workings of this unique mind are shown by quotations from his letters to me:

"I think I had better explain part of the plot, as to these two—Sylvie and Bruno. They are not fairies right through the book—but *children*. All these conditions make their *dress* rather a puzzle. They mustn't have

wings; that is clear. And it must be *quite* the common dress of London life. It should be as fanciful as possible, so as *just* to be presentable in Society. The friends might be able to say 'What oddly-dressed children!' but they oughtn't to say 'They are not human!'

"Now I think you'll say you have 'got your work cut out for you,' to invent a suitable dress!"

How I wish I had had those dresses cut out for me! The above instructions were quickly followed by other suggestions which added to my already scanty idea of a costume suitable to Kensington Gardens and to fairyland! I was thinking this difficulty would be lessened if the story took place in winter, when I received another letter, which I must frankly confess rather alarmed me:

Now as to that picture
itself - I think its simply
lovely. And I can hardly
leave off looking at Sylvie:
face, figure, everything, is
the Sylvie I want for my
SPECIMEN OF LEWIS CARROLL'S DRAWING AND WRITING.

"As to the dresses of these children in their fairy state (we shall sometimes have them mixing in Society, and supposed to be real children; and for *that* they must, I suppose, be dressed as in ordinary life, but *eccentrically*, so as to make a little distinction). I *wish* I dared dispense with *all* costume; naked children are so perfectly pure and lovely, but Mrs. Grundy would be furious—it would never do. Then the question is, how little dress will content her? Bare legs and feet we *must* have, at any rate. I so entirely detest that monstrous fashion *high heels* (and in fact have planned an attack on it in this very book), that I cannot possibly allow my sweet little heroine to be victimised by it."

Another monstrous fashion he condemns refers to a picture of his grown-up heroine in London Society :

"Could you cut off those high shoulders from her sleeves? Why should we pay any deference to a hideous fashion that will be extinct a year hence? Next to the unapproachable ugliness of 'crinoline,' I think these high-shouldered sleeves are the worst things invented for ladies in our time. Imagine how horrified they would be if one of their daughters were *really* shaped like that!"

I did make a note of a horrified mother with a nineteenth century malformation, but I did not send it to the author, as it struck me, when re-reading his letter, he was possibly serious. Still we had Sylvie's dress, Mrs. Grundy, crinolines, and high heels to discuss :

ORIGINAL SKETCH BY LEWIS CARROLL OF HIS CHARMING HERO AND HEROINE.

"As to your Sylvie I am charmed with your idea of dressing her in *white;* it exactly fits my own idea of her; I want her to be a sort of embodiment of Purity. So I think that, in Society, she should be wholly in white—white frock ('clinging' certainly; I *hate* crinoline fashion): also I *think* we might venture on making her *fairy* dress transparent. Don't you think we might face Mrs. Grundy to *that* extent? In fact I think Mrs. G. would be fairly content at finding her *dressed*, and would not mind whether the material was silk, or muslin, or even gauze. One thing more. *Please* don't give Sylvie high heels! They are an abomination to me."

Then for months we corresponded about the face of the Heroine alone. My difficulty was increased by the fact that the fairy child Sylvie and the Society grown-up Lady Muriel were one and the same person! So I received reams of written descriptions and piles of useless photographs intended to inspire me to draw with a few lines a face embodying his ideal in a

space not larger than a threepenny-piece. By one post I would receive a batch of photographs of some young lady Lewis Carroll fancied had one feature, or half a feature, of that ideal he had conjured up in his own mind as his heroine.

He invited me to visit friends of his, and strangers too, from John o' Groats to Land's End, so as to collect fragments of faces. *A propos* of this I wrote in an artists' magazine a brief account of artists' difficulties with the too exacting author. (It is quite safe to write anything about Judges and Dons: they never read anything.) I described how I received the author's recipe for constructing the ideal heroine. I am not to take *one* model for the lady-child or child-lady. I am to take *several*; for all know no face—at least, no face with expression, or with plenty of life or good abilities, or when showing depth of religious thought—is perfect. I am therefore to go to Eastbourne to see and study the face of Miss Matilda Smith, in a pastry-cook's shop, for the eyes. I am to visit Eastbourne and eat buns and cakes, gazing the while into the beauteous eyes of Miss Smith. Then in Glasgow there is a Miss O'Grady, "with oh, such a perfect nose! Could I run up to Scotland to make a sketch of it?" A letter of introduction is enclosed, and, as a precaution, I am enjoined that I "must not mind her squint." But I *do* mind, and I am sure the blemish would sadly mar my proper judgment of the lovely feature for gazing on which those eyes have lost their rectitude. For the ears a journey to Brighton to see Miss Robinson, the Vicar's daughter, is recommended. No, she may listen, think I, to the "sad sea-waves," or to her father's sermons, but never to any flattery from me. The mouth I shall find in Cardiff—not an English or Welsh mouth, but a sweet Spaniard's Señora Niccolomino, the daughter of a merchant there. In imagination I picture that cigarette held so lovingly in those

LEWIS CARROLL'S NOTE TO ME FOR A PATHETIC PICTURE.

perfect lips. But I am to draw an English heroine of fifteen innocent summers—how those curly wreaths of pearly smoke would disenchant my mind of the spell of youth and innocence! For the hair I must go to Brighton; for the figure to a number of different places. In fact, my author had mapped out a complete tour for me. Had he never heard the old story of the artist who was determined to paint a perfectly correct figure, strictly in accordance with the orthodox rules of art? As he painted a portion he covered it up, and so went on until the figure was complete. When it was finished he tore off the covering. The result was hideous! He went mad! I feel sure that fate would have been mine had I attempted to carry out Lewis Carroll's instructions. I therefore worked on my own lines with success. As his biographer states: "Meanwhile, with much interchange of correspondence between author and artist, the pictures for the new fairy tale, 'Sylvie and Bruno,' were being gradually evolved. Each of them was subjected by Lewis Carroll to the most minute criticism—hypercriticism, perhaps, occasionally." Still he was enthusiastic in his praise, and absurdly generous in his thanks. He was jealous that I would not disclose to him who my model was for Sylvie. When dining with us many a smile played over the features of my children when he cross-questioned me on this point. Repeatedly he wrote to me: "How old is your model for Sylvie? And may I have her name and address?" "My friend Miss E. G. Thomson, an artist great in 'fairies,' would be glad to know of her, I'm sure," and so on.

The fairy Sylvie was my own daughter! All the children in his books I illustrated were my own children; yet this fact never struck him! He visited us in the country when I was at work, and I soon afterwards received the following letter:

"Thanks. I was not aware that the boy, whose photo I sent you, had far-apart eyes. If you think (and you are *quite* the best judge of the point) that these eyes are needed in order to give to the face the fun and roguery I want expressed, by all means retain them.

"It had occurred to me to write and beg that, if Arundel did not furnish all requisite models for drawing from life, you would let all portions of

pictures which would have to be done without models or wait till you return to town, *wait*. But as I think you definitely told me that you never do the finished pictures *except* from life, I presume the petition to be superfluous."

When I received this letter at Arundel my second boy was sitting in his bathing costume on a garden-roller on the lawn for a picture of Bruno sitting on a dead mouse. I was chaffing

SYLVIE AND BRUNO. MY ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR LEWIS CARROLL.
(*Never published.*)

my model about flirting with a young lady he met at a children's garden party, and threatened to inform his sweetheart in London, when he assured me with knowingness, "Fact is, papa, the young lady here is all right for the country, you know—but she would *never* do in town!"

It was the same idea as Lewis Carroll's about models.

As I have brought my family into this, I may mention that there is one picture in "Sylvie and Bruno" (vol. i., p. 134) which

brings back to me the only sorrowful hour I had in connection with the otherwise enjoyable work. My wife was very ill—so ill it was a question of life and death. Expert opinion was called in, and the afternoon I had to make that drawing—with my own children as models—the "consultation" was being held in my wife's room. Carroll was on his way from Oxford to see the work, and I was drawing against time. It's the old story of the clown with the sick wife. Caricaturists are after all but clowns of the pencil. They must raise a laugh whatever their state of mind may be. For a long time I never would show Lewis Carroll my work, for the simple reason I did not do it. He thought I was at work, but I was not. That's where my acting eccentricity came in. I knew that I would have to draw the subjects "right off," not one a month or one in six months. Correspondence for three months, as a rule, led to work for one week. Isolated verse I did let him have the illustrations for, but not the body of the book. This was my only chance, and I arrived at this secrecy by the following bold stroke.

I GO MAD!

Lewis Carroll came from Oxford one evening, early in the history of the work, to dine, and afterwards to see a batch of work. He ate little, drank little, but enjoyed a few glasses of sherry, his favourite wine. "Now," he said, "for the studio!" I rose and led the way. My wife sat in astonishment. She knew I had nothing to show. Through the drawing-room, down the steps of the conservatory to the door of my studio. My hand is on the handle. Through excitement Lewis Carroll

stammers worse than ever. Now to see the work for his great book! I pause, turn my back to the closed door, and thus address the astonished Don: "Mr. Dodgson, I am *very* eccentric—I cannot help it! Let me explain to you clearly, before you enter my studio, that my eccentricity sometimes takes a violent form. If I, in showing my work, discover in your face the slightest sign that you are not *absolutely* satisfied with any particle of this work in progress, the *whole* of it goes into the fire! It is a risk: will you accept it, or will you wait till I have the drawings *quite* finished and send them to Oxford?"

"I—I—I ap—appreciate your feelings—I—I—should feel the same myself. I am off to Oxford!" and he went.

I sent him drawings as they were finished, and each parcel

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climax, to draw the last picture first & work backwards (as Poe tells us he wrote "The Raven")

brought back a budget of letter-writing, each page being carefully numbered. This is the top of page 5 in his 49,874th letter. I am not sure if I received all the remaining 49,873 letters in the seven years. To meet him and to work for him was to me a great treat. I put up with his eccentricities—real ones, not sham like mine.—I put up with a great deal of boredom, for he was a bore at times, and I worked over seven years with his illustrations, in which the actual working hours would not have occupied me more than seven weeks, purely out of respect for his genius. I treated him as a problem, and I solved him, and had he lived I would probably have still worked with him. He remunerated me liberally for my work; still, he actually proposed that in addition I should partake of the profits; his gratitude was overwhelming. "I am grateful; and I feel sure that if *pictures* could sell a book 'Sylvie and Bruno' would sell like wildfire."

Perhaps the most pleasant confession I have to make is my fondness for children. They always interest and amuse me more than "grown-ups." The commonplace talk is to them unknown; it is full of surprises.

Perhaps the nursery's record of my family is not longer or any more interesting than the sayings and doings of the youngsters of any other family; still a few extracts may interest those who, like myself, are interested in first impressions.

My eldest, just entering on his teens, had as companions two brothers and one sister. Hearing there was an addition to this little family group, he, dressed in flannels, ran into my studio, bat in hand, "Papa, is it a boy or a girl?"

"I DO WANT A WICKET-KEEPER!"

"A boy."

"Oh, I am so glad. I do want a wicket-keeper, and Dorothy can't wicket-keep a bit."

A stoutly-made little fellow of eight, to his mother, who happened to be extremely thin:

"Oh, mother, I do believe you must be the very sweetest woman in the world!"

"Thanks very much, Lawrence. But why so affectionate? What do you want?"

"I don't want anything. I only know you must be the very sweetest woman in the world."

"Really, you are too flattering. Why this sudden outburst of affection?"

"Well, you know, I've been thinking over the old, old saying, 'The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.'"

Children, I think, have the art of "leading up" to jokes better than adults. They hear some strange remark, they naturally analyse it, and it suggests an application. For instance, this brat possibly objected to some portion of meat at table. His mother had reminded of the old saying, "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat." Thin mother,—there's the application.

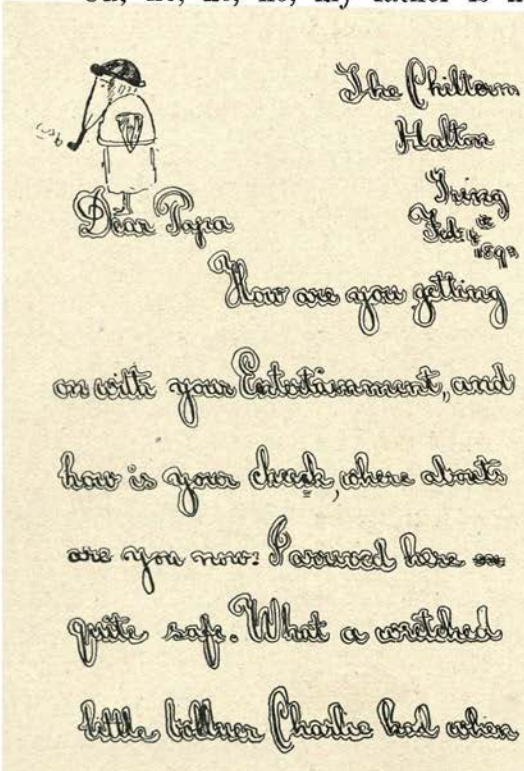
One of my youngsters ran into the drawing-room at five o'clock tea. A lady visitor thus addressed him :

"Come here, my little man. I suppose when you grow up you will be an artist, like your father?"

"My father is not an artist."

"Oh, my dear, he *is* an artist."

"Oh, no, no, no, my father is not an artist—he's only a black and white man. I am going to be an artist in all colours."



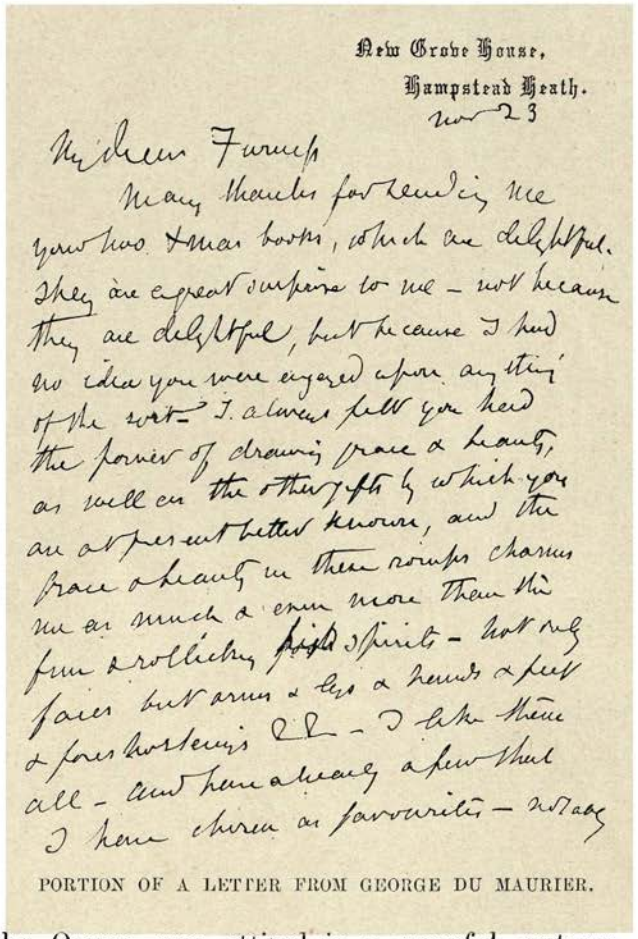
PORTION OF LETTER FROM LAWRENCE, AGE 9.

My own children have been my models, not only for Lewis Carroll's books, but for all my drawings of children. I have three boys and one girl. Dorothy is now a successful artist, and Lawrence is, at the age of eighteen, a professional draughtsman of mechanical subjects; my youngest is just out of his teens. Their portraits manifolded will be found in the page sketch from "Romps." Du Maurier wrote me a most graceful appreciation of these books, which, considering his delightful pictures of children in *Punch*, was most gratifying to me.

An artist for whose work I have the greatest admiration was the late Randolph Caldecott, and the only occasion on which I had the pleasure of meeting him was of a semi-theatrical kind. It was at one of the "Artists' Tableaux" which were given in London some years ago. In those produced in Piccadilly I took no part, and the entertainment to which I refer was held

REDUCTION FROM A DESIGN FOR MY "ROMPS."

at the Mansion House. At the last moment, in order to complete one of the pictures, a portly Dutchman was required, and a telegram was despatched to me to enquire whether I would represent the character. A dress, which was not a very good fit, was provided for me by the costumier of the show, and with the aid of a little padding, a good deal of rouge, a long clay pipe, and a bottle of schnapps, I managed to look something like the inflated Hollander I was representing, in the centre of the group, where I was supposed to be looking on at a game of bowls. Caldecott, who was placed at a window, flirting with the maids of the Queen, was attired in a graceful costume of the most faultless description, surmounted by a magnificent hat with a sweeping brim and splendid feathers, upon which he had expended no little pains and money. My head-gear consisted of a very insignificant stage property hat, but as I was not intended to contribute an element of beauty to the picture, that didn't matter. The tableau was arranged by


New Grove House,
Hampstead Heath.
Nov 23

My dear Furness

Many thanks for sending me your two & mas books, which are delightful. They are a great surprise to me – not because they are delightful, but because I had no idea you were engaged upon anything of the sort – I always felt you had the power of drawing grace & beauty, as well as the other gifts by which you are at present better known, and the grace & beauty in these romps charms me as much & even more than the fun & rollicking fish spirits – not only faces but arms & legs & hands & feet & foreshortenings &c – I like them all – and have already a few that I have chosen as favourites – notably

PORTION OF A LETTER FROM GEORGE DU MAURIER.

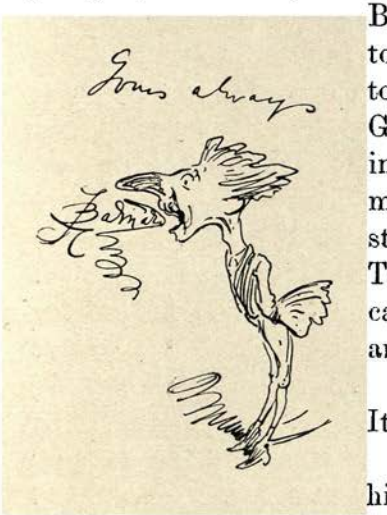
Mr. E. A. Abbey, and when taking his last look round before the curtain was raised, his artistic eye detected that more black was required in the centre. While we were thus in our allotted positions, and straining every nerve to remain perfectly rigid—an ordeal which, by the way, I never wish to go through again, as I had hard work to restrain myself from breaking out into a Highland fling or an Irish jig, or calling out "Boo!" to the audience to relieve my pent-up feelings—Mr. Abbey suddenly seized the superb hat on Caldecott's head, which the latter had had specially made, and in which he really fancied himself, handed it to me, and to Caldecott's horror, and almost before he was conscious that he had been made ridiculous by the wretched remnant which had been sent from Bow Street for me, the curtain was rung up.

I confess I have a certain amount of pity, closely akin to contempt, for the artist who must have the actual character he wants to paint, who cannot use a model merely for reference, but paints in everything like a photograph. Some artists call such feebleness conscientiousness, but to me it seems mere weakness. Must an author paint each character in his book, or an actor take his every impersonation on the stage, minutely from some living model? Surely observation and natural originality is more than the photographic copying of your "conscientious" artist! Worse feebleness still it is when an artist has to paint a well-known character, say King Lear or Mary Queen of Scots, and goes about hunting for a living person as near as possible in appearance to the original, and then costumes and slavishly reproduces him or her, without any show of judgment or insight after the model is once selected. And this lack of insight into character seems deplorably prevalent among our figure painters, for how often we see in the exhibitions the model with a "good head" tamely reproduced over and over again—here as a monk, there as a Polonius, Thomas à Becket, a "blind beggar," "His Excellency," a pensioner, or painted by some artist who wants to make a bid for portraiture as "A portrait of a gentleman"!

Black and white men have to introduce so many characters

into their work, they are obliged to invent them; but it is a curious fact that this facility disappears at times. The late Mr. Fred Barnard, clever as he was at inventing character for his black and white work, found, when he was painting in oil, that confidence had left him, and he spent several days wandering about London to find real characters for a picture he was painting representing the jury in "Pilgrim's Progress." One day in Oxford Street he saw a hansom-cab driver with a face besotted with drink and "ripe" for production as a slave to Bacchus. Barnard hailed the hansom, jumped in, and directed the jehu to drive him to his studio on Haverstock Hill. In going up the Hampstead Road a tram-car ran over a child. Barnard was terribly upset by the touching sight, and told the driver to pull up at the nearest tavern. Getting out, he looked at his "subject," intending to invite him to refreshment before taking him on to his studio, where he intended to paint him. To his horror the face of the bibulous cabman had lost all its "colour," and was of a pale greenish hue.

A TRANSFORMATION.



"That was horful, sir, warn't it? It'll upset me for a week."

The disappointed artist dismissed his "subject."

Much could be written of this genuine humourist. His buoyant fun was irrepressible; indoors and out of doors he entertained himself—and sometimes his friends—with his jokes. In his studio he kept as pets some little tortoises. They were allowed to crawl about as they liked, but he had painted on their backs caricatures—a laughing face, a sour-green face, one with a look of horror, another of mischief. A visitor seated unaware

of these would suddenly spring off the sofa as the walking mask slowly appeared from underneath it! Barnard's power of mimicry was great, and his jokes were as excellent as his drawings. Even when sitting before the camera for his photograph, he had his little joke.

There are a number of girls who go the round of the studios, but have no right whatever to do so. They generally hunt in pairs, and this habit surely distinguishes them from the real model. They are more easily drawn than described. Two of this class once called on Barnard.

BARNARD AND THE MODELS.

"What do you sit for?" he asked.

"Oh, anything, sir."

"Ah, I am a figure man, you are no use to me, but there is a friend of mine over there who is now painting a landscape—I think you might do very well for a haystack; and your friend might try studio No. 5 and sit for a thunder-cloud, the artist there is starting a stormy piece—oh, good morning." Tableau!

A wretched individual once called upon me and begged me to give him a sitting. I asked him to sit for what I was at work upon: this was a wicket-keeper in a cricket match bending over the wicket. I assured the man he need not apologise, as he had really turned up at an opportune moment; the drawing was "news," and it had to be finished that day. When I had shown my model the position and made him understand exactly what I wanted, I noticed to my surprise that he was trembling all over. I immediately asked him if he were cold.

"No."

"Nervous?"

"No."

"Then why not keep still?"

"Well, that's just what I can't do, sir! I had to give up my occupation because, sir, I am hafflicted with the palsy, and when I bend I do tremble so. I only sit for 'ands, sir—for 'ands to portrait painters. I close 'em for a military gent—I open 'em for a bishop—but when the hartist is hin a 'urry I know as 'ow to 'ide one 'and in my pocket and the hother hunder a cocked 'at."

Hiding hands recalls to me a fact I may mention in justice to our modern English caricaturists. We never make capital out of our subjects' deformities. This I pointed out at a dinner in Birmingham a few years ago, at which I was the guest of the evening, and as I was addressing journalists I mention this fact in justice to myself and my brother caricaturists. As it happened, that afternoon I had heard Mr. Gladstone making his first speech in the opening of Parliament, 1886, after being returned in Opposition. Turning round to his young supporters, he used for the first time the now famous expression "an old Parliamentary hand," holding up at the same time a hand on which there were only three fingers. Now had I drawn that hand as it was, minus the first finger, showing the black patch? It would have been tempting on the part of a foreign caricaturist, because it had a curious application under the circumstances. (But it would be noticed that in my sketch in *Punch* the first finger, which really did not exist, is prominently shown.) This was the first time the fact was made public that Mr. Gladstone had not the first finger on the left hand; since then, however, all artists, humorous or serious, were careful to show Mr. Gladstone's left hand as pointed out by me.

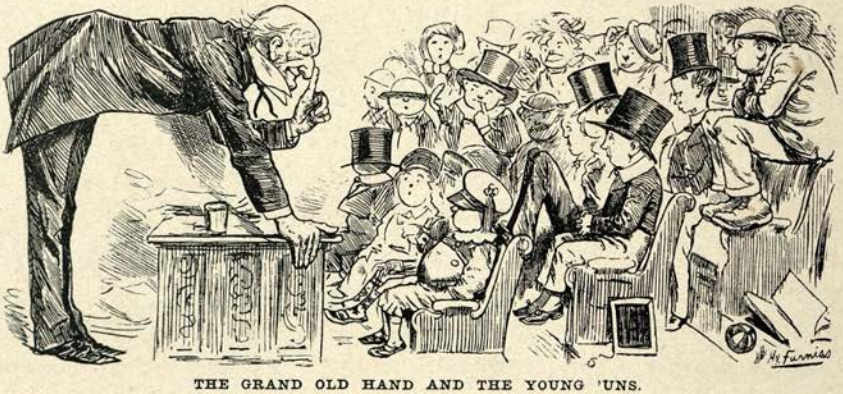
"I SIT FOR 'ANDS, SIR."

Now I had noticed this for years in the House, and I hold as an argument that men are not observant. the fact that Members who had sat in the House with Mr. Gladstone, on the same benches, for years, assured me that they had never noticed

his hand before I made this matter public. So that when I am told that I misrepresent portraits of prominent men I always point to this fact.

Mr. Gladstone was careful to hide the deformity in his photographs, but in his usual energetic manner in the House the black patch in place of the finger was on many occasions in no way concealed.

These are plebeian models, but sometimes artists' friends recommend amateur models—a broken-down gentleman or some other poor relation—and when you are drawing social modern



THE GRAND OLD HAND AND THE YOUNG 'UNS.

"I stand here as a Member of the House, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches, and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my counsel, and reserve my own freedom, until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavouring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them, as an old Parliamentary hand, to do the same. (*Laughter.*)"—*From Gladstone's Speech.*

A *PUNCH* ENGRAVING, DRAWN ON WOOD.

subjects, of course these are really of more use than the badly-dressed professional model.

On "Private View Day" at the Royal Academy a few years ago a knot of artists and their wives were in one of the rooms; it was late, and few of the visitors remained. The attention of the artists was attracted by a stately and beautiful being who entered and went round examining the pictures.

"How charming!" remarked one.

"Delightful!" replied another.

"Oh, if she would but sit to me!" prayed a third.

"Why not ask her?" asked the practical one. "If anyone can, you can; so remember that faint heart never won fair sitter!"

"Well, here goes!" whispered the cavalier, Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., in the tone of one about to lead a forlorn hope, and he charged desperately across the gallery. He approached the fair stranger, and politely taking off his hat said diffidently:

"Madam, I am one of the Academy. Should you wish to know anything about the pictures I shall be glad——"

"Oh, thanks. I know a good deal about them."

"Indeed! Then you will understand how we artists are always on the look-out for beauty to paint—and—ah—hm—well, you see I—that is we" (pointing to the group) "were so struck with your presence that—ah—pardon my abruptness—we thought that if such a thing were possible you might condescend to allow one of us to make a study of your head—ah."

"Oh, with pleasure," said the fair visitor, taking from her hand-bag a neat little note-book, and opening it, she said:

"Well, I have only got Sundays and one Wednesday next month disengaged,—I have got sittings on every other day. Will this be of any use to you?"

She was a model!

The first house I occupied after I married faced one occupied by a well-known and worthy fiery-tempered man of letters, and it so happened that one evening my wife and I were dining at the house of another neighbour. We were gratified to learn that our celebrated *vis-à-vis*, hearing we had come to live in the same square, was anxious to make our acquaintance. On our return home that night we discovered the latch-key had been forgotten, and unfortunately our knocking and ringing failed to arouse the domestics. It was not long, however, before we awoke our neighbours, and a window of the house opposite was violently thrown open, and language all the stronger by being endowed with literary merit came from that man of letters, who in the dark was unable to see the particular neighbours offending him, and he referred to my wife and myself in a way that could not be passed over. A battle of words ensued in which I was proved the victor, and my neighbour beat a hasty retreat. Before retiring I wrote a note to the friend we had just left to say that in the circumstances I refused to know my

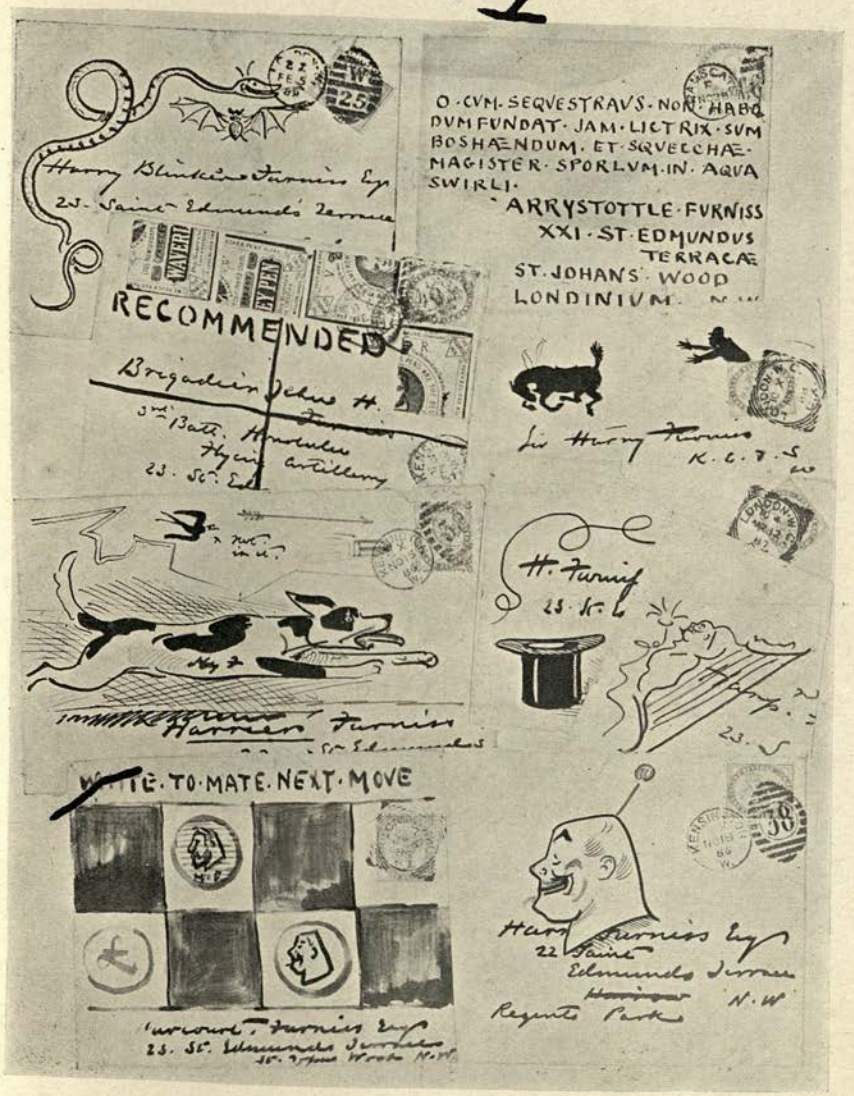
neighbour, and he had better inform him that I would on the first opportunity punch his head. By the same post I wrote for a particular model,—a retired pugilist. As soon as he arrived next morning I placed him at the window of my studio facing the opposite house, now and then sending him down to the front door to stand on the doorstep to await some imaginary person, and to keep his eye on the house opposite. I went on with my work in peace. Presently a note came:

MY FIGHTING DOUBLE.

"DEAR FURNISS,—Your neighbour has sent round to ask me what you are like. He has never seen you till this morning, and he is frightened to leave his house. He implores me to apologise for him."

He departed from the neighbourhood shortly afterwards.

Sad to relate that all Governmental undertakings of an artistic nature, from our most colossal public building or monument to the design of a postage stamp, are fair game for ridicule! The outward manifest record of the Post Office Jubilee—rather the "Post Office Jumble"—was the envelope and post card published by the Government and sold for one shilling. The pitiful character of the design, from an artistic point of view, shocked every person of taste; so I set to work and burlesqued it, strictly following the lines of the genuine article. A glance at my envelope alone, therefore, is sufficient to show the wretched quality of the original. It happened that the postmen's grievances were very prominent at that time. The Postmaster-General and the trade unionists and others were at fever heat, and excitement ran high. This caricature-parody, therefore, was a sketch with a purpose. It was said at one of the meetings that my pencil "may perhaps touch the public sympathy in behalf of the postman more effectually than any language has been able to do." The wretched thing was thought



SPECIMEN OF MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE'S ENVELOPES TO ME.

worthy of an article by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. My skit, it is needless to add, was very popular with the postmen. They showed their gratitude by saving many a misdirected letter. A letter addressed "Harry Furniss, London," has frequently found me, without the loss of a post.

I signed a certain number, which sold at 10*s.* 6*d.* each, and were bought up principally by the members of the Philatelic Society.

Perhaps the publication of this "Post Office Jumble" card was also the cause of the puzzled postmen taking the trouble to

LONDON & COUNTY BANKING COMPANY LIMITED
No. D 93154
COVENT GARDEN BRANCH
London June 30th 1886
Pay
Five pence
Order
36 HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN
LONDON & COUNTY BANKING CO LTD
KENSINGTON
ONE PENNY
THIS DRAFT MUST BE SIGNED ON THE BACK BY THE PARTY TO WHOM IT IS MADE PAYABLE

CHEQUE FOR 5½D. PASSED THROUGH TWO BANKS AND PAID. I SIGNED IT *backwards*, AND IT WAS CANCELLED BY CLERK *backwards*.

decipher and deliver the far more amusing artistic jokes of that irrepressible joker, Mr. Linley Sambourne. By his permission I here publish a page, a selection of the envelopes he has sent me from time to time.

It is bad enough purposely to puzzle the overworked letter-carriers—they are too often tried by unintentional touches of humour emanating from the most innocent and unsuspected members of the public—but I confess that I was once the innocent cause of Mr. Sambourne trying the same thing on with the overworked bank clerk.

I sent my *Punch* friend a cheque, here reproduced, for the sum of 5½*d.*, payable to "Lynnlay Sam Bourne, Esqre," signed

by me backwards, crossed "Don't you wish you may get it and go." Sambourne endorsed it "L. Sam. Bourne," and sent it to his bank. The clerk went one better, and wrote "Cancelled" *backwards* across my reversed signature. It passed through my bank, and the money was paid. This is probably unique in the history of banking.

SIR HENRY IRVING WRITES HIS NAME BACKWARDS.

A propos of writing backwards, in days when artists made their drawings on wood everything of course had to be reversed, and writing backwards became quite easy. To this day I can write backwards nearly as quickly as I write in the ordinary way. One night at supper I was explaining this, and furthermore told my friends that they themselves could write backwards—in fact, they could not avoid doing so. Not of course on the table, as I was doing, but by placing the sheet of paper against the table underneath, and writing with the point upwards. Perhaps my reader will try—and see the effect. For encouragement here are a few of the first attempts on that particular evening.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S ATTEMPT.

MR. J. L. TOOLE'S FIRST ATTEMPT.

A few years ago a banquet was given at the Mansion House to the representatives of French art; several English painters and others interested in art were invited to meet them. Previous to being presented to the Lord Mayor, every guest was requested to sign an autograph album—an unusual proceeding, I think, at a City dinner. Were I Lord Mayor I would compel my guests to sign their names—not on arrival, but when leaving the

MR. J. L. TOOLE'S SECOND ATTEMPT.

Mansion House, and thus possess an autograph album of erratic graphology, and one worth studying. In company with my friend Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the curator of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, I entered the Mansion House, when we were immediately accosted by a powdered flunkey in gorgeous uniform, in possession of the autograph album, who presented a truly magnificent pen at us, and in peremptory tones demanded our life or our signatures. Whitworth Wallis wrote his first, with a dash and confidence. I stood by and admired. "Oh," I said, taking the pen, "that's not half a dash; let me show you mine."

Jeames, in taking the pen from me, looked condescendingly over the page, and with the air of a justice delivering judgment said to me:

"Beaten 'im by hinches, sir. Beaten 'im by hinches!"

Months after that I gave an entertainment one evening at Woolwich. My audience was principally composed of Arsenal hands. On leaving the platform I was taken into the Athletic Club rooms, and asked to sign their autograph book and say a "few words" to the members. The few words consisted of the "record" I had made in the signing match I had with Mr. Wallis at the Mansion House—an incident which was brought to my mind suddenly when I took the pen in my hand. It so happened that Whitworth Wallis, who is a well-known lecturer on art matters, was on that same night lecturing in the North of England, and as he left the platform at the same hour as I at Woolwich, he was, like me, asked to sign an autograph book, and told the very same story to his friends in the North as I was telling under exactly similar circumstances, the same evening, at the same hour, in the South. Neither of us knew that the other was lecturing that night. It is not by any means a usual thing to be asked to sign a club album, and Wallis and I had not met or corresponded since the evening at the Mansion House.

After working many years for the *Illustrated London News*,

I became a contributor to the *Graphic,* and for that journal wrote and illustrated a series of supplements upon "Life in Parliament"; but from this time forward it would be difficult to name any illustrated paper with which I have not at some time or other been connected. For instance, the *Yorkshire Post* a few years ago started a halfpenny evening paper, and sent their manager down to me to ask my honorarium to illustrate the first few numbers with character sketches of the members of the British Association, who were holding their meetings that week in Leeds. This was a happy thought, as the "British Asses," as they are too familiarly called, sent these first numbers of the paper all over the country; the new ship had something to start upon, and is now a prosperous concern. There are various stories about the sum I received for this work. It was a large sum for England, where enterprise of this kind is very rare. I was "billed" all over the town as if I were a Patti or Paderewski, and telegrams were sent to the London papers by the special reporters announcing the terms upon which I was at work; altogether it was a bit of Yankee booming that would have made a Harmsworth or a Newnes green with envy.

CARICATURE.

CHAPTER V.

A CHAT BETWEEN MY PEN AND PENCIL.

What is Caricature?—Interviewing—Catching Caricatures—Pellegrini—The "Ha! Ha!"—Black and White *v.* Paint—How to make a Caricature—M.P.'s—My System—Mr. Labouchere's Attitude—Do the Subjects object?—Colour in Caricature—Caught!—A Pocket Caricature—The Danger of the Shirt-cuff—The Danger of a Marble Table—Quick Change—Advice to those about to Caricature.

If I am asked what is caricature, how can I define it? Ah, here it is explained by some great authority—whom I cannot say, for I have it under the heading of "Cuttings from Colney Hatch," undated, unnamed. Kindly read it carefully:

"The word itself, 'caricature,' is related etymologically to our own 'cargo,' and means, in all Italian simplicity, a *loading*. So, then, the finely analytical quality of the Italian intellect, disengaging the ultimate (material) element out of all the (spiritual) elements of pictorial distortion and travesty, called it simply a 'loading.' After all, 'exageration' only substitutes the idea of mound, or *agger* for *carica*—the heaping up of a mound—for the common Italian word 'load' or 'cartload.' One can easily understand how a cold, cynical, and hating Neapolitan, pushed about by the

police for a likeness much too like, would shrug his shoulders, and say, possibly, the likeness was loaded. But when we look at the character of the loading, there may be anything there, from diabolical and malignant spite up to the simplest fun, to say nothing of the almost impossibility of drawing the real truth, and the almost necessary tendency to exaggerate one thing and diminish another. But if the Italian mind, with a head to be

THE STUDIO OF A CARICATURIST.

chopped off by a despot for a joke, discovered the colourless and impregnable word 'load,' the French *gamin*, on his own responsibility, hit upon the identical word in French, namely, 'charge' —*une charge* meaning both a pictorial or verbal goak or caricature, and a load. When did the word 'caricature' first obtain in the Italian language, and how? When did the word 'charge' acquire a similar meaning in France, and was it or not suggested by the Italian word? But the thing caricature goes back to the night of ages, and is in its origin connected with the subjective risible faculty on the one side and the

objective tendency to making faces on the other. Curiously enough, the original German ideas of caricature appear to have hinged precisely upon the distortion of the countenance, since *Fratze*, the leading word for caricature, signifies originally a grimace. Then we have *Posse*, buffoonery (Italian, *pazzie*), which, without original reference to drawing, would exactly express many of Mr. ——'s very exquisite drolleries, diving as they do into the weirdest genius—conceptions of night and of day, of dawn and of twilight—the mixture of the terrible, the grotesque, the gigantic, the infinitely little, the animal, the beast, the ethereal, the divinely loving, the diabolically cynical, the crawling, the high-bred, all in a universal salmagundi and lobster nightmare, mixing up the loveliest conceptions with croaking horrors, the eternal aurora with the everlasting *nitschewo* of the frozen, blinding steppe. Caricature! What can we English call it?"

What indeed after this? Except in despair we adopt the child's well-known definition—"First you think, and then you draw round the think." I have been more than once asked to deliver a lecture explaining the process. Of course such an idea is too absurd for serious consideration. The comic writer cannot give anyone a recipe for making jokes, nor can a comic actor show you how to grimace so as to make others laugh in this serious country. We are not taught to look at the comic side of things—any humorous element may grow, like Topsy, unaided—nor is the power given to many to explain to others their inventions. Bessemer, the inventor of the steel bearing his name, when he first made his discovery was asked to read a paper explaining his invention to a large meeting of experts. He had his carefully-prepared notes in front of him, but they only embarrassed him. He struggled to speak, but failed. Only the weight of the lumps of metal dangling in his coat-tail pocket kept him from collapsing. Suddenly he dived his hand into the pocket and produced a piece of steel, which he thumped on the table. "Bother the paper! Here is my steel, and I'll tell you how I made it!" So would it be with a caricaturist. After a struggle he would say, "Bother words,

words, words! Here is a pencil, and here is some paper. I'll show you how I caricature."

Personally, I have no objection to being caricatured—I frequently make caricatures of myself. Nor have I any objection to being interviewed—I interview myself. What else are these pages but interviews? I confess I fail to see any objection to a legitimate caricature or a legitimate interview. On the contrary, I look upon interviewing by an experienced and sympathetic writer as invaluable to a public man who is bringing out something novel and of interest to the public at large. It certainly seems to me judicious that he should give his preliminary ideas regarding it to the public first hand, instead of allowing them to leak out in an unauthentic and disfigured form through the fervid imaginations of irresponsible scribes, leading to much misconception.

CARICATURE OF ME BY MY DAUGHTER, AGE 15.

But I do object to the incapable, be he an interviewer wielding the pencil or the pen. To illustrate my meaning I shall take the latter first. The pen in this case did his work in true professional style. He came to interview me, and by doing so to "boom" me for a journal which was about to make a feature of my contributions to its pages. He brought with him a new note-book of remarkable size; an artist with a portfolio, pencils, and other artistic necessities; and a

photographer! The interviewer shall describe the scene in his own words.

The interviewer remarked that the readers of the —— "would be very interested in knowing exactly how the thing (interviewing) was done. How did the ideas come? How did they take shape? And what was the method of work? Neither at these nor at any other questions did Mr. Furniss wince. It must not be forgotten that when he was in America last year he was interviewed, on an average, once a day; and a man who has passed through such an experience as that is unlikely to recoil before any ordinary ordeal; although Mr. Furniss was bound to admit that a combination of interviewer, artist, and photographer had never before got him into his grip. The situation would have had its ludicrous side for anybody who had chanced to peep through the skylight. The spectacle of five men (for the presence of the indefatigable secretary was an indispensable part of the proceedings) all solemnly drinking tea, while a deer-hound kept a wistful eye on the sugar-basin, was unusual, and perhaps a little grotesque—to all save the participants. Seated at his easel in the characteristic position represented in our sketch, Mr. Furniss would now and again ask permission to move his arm towards his cup of tea, and would then bend back to the make-belief work at which he was posing." There is a picture of interviewing! Everything so prepared, so studied, so well described to impress the subscribers of the enterprising journal. The photographer with a wide angle lens took in all that was in my studio—to "make-believe," as the camera

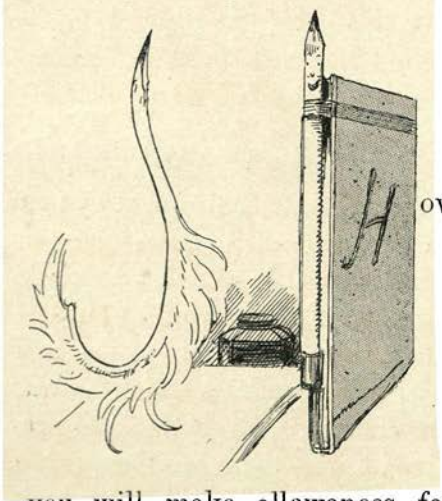
A SERIOUS PORTRAIT—FROM LIFE.

invariably does, that the apartment was six times larger than it really is. But the artist, who *should* idealise if the photographer could not, who so sadly interfered with my enjoying my tea, who was sent to make the most of me to raise the enthusiasm of the readers and to increase the subscriptions, succeeded in doing with his pencil what no interviewer has done with his pen,—he made me wince! Here is a reduction of the serious portrait published.

I have sat down time after time to answer young correspondents' questions about the "system" to adopt for the production of caricature. I invariably end by drawing imaginary caricatures of my correspondent and fail to reply. When interviewed on the subject of caricature, I discourse on the history of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and the technique in the work of Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Holman Hunt, and caricature is therefore driven from our minds.

However, the difficulty was solved in a very unexpected manner. One day, whilst smoking my cigar after lunch, I overheard an interview in my studio, which I here reproduce.

A Pencil of mine was working away merrily shortly after the opening of the Session, when suddenly my favourite Pen flew off the writing-table, where it had been enjoying a quiet forty winks, and alighted on the easel.



ow very awkward you are!" cried the Pencil. "See, you have knocked against and so agitated me that I have actually given Sir William an extra chin."

"One more or less does not matter, does it?" rejoined the Pen. "I apologise, and trust you will make allowances for me, as I am only an artist's Pen, don't you know, and naturally rather uncouth, I fear.'

"Pray take a seat upon the indiarubber, and let me know to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit."

"Well," continued the Pen, "I have flown over here to remind you of your promise to confess to me some of the secrets of caricature."

"Ah, yes," replied the Pencil, "I remember now. I have really been so busy sketching Members of Parliament at St. Stephen's, that I had almost forgotten my promise."

"A poor Pen is out of place in an artist's studio, except to minister to the requirements of the autograph hunter. Well, you need not be jealous. My literary flight is not intended to be a very high one after all. Now you know more about the secrets of the studio than I do; so tell me, is it the custom of H. F. to have a regular sitting for a caricature, after the fashion of the portrait painters?"

"Oh, you are too delightfully innocent altogether," laughed the Pencil, rubbing its leaden head rapidly on a piece of paper, to sharpen its point. "A regular sitting! What do *you* think? No, sir, no, emphatically never. Such an operation would be fatal to the delicate constitution of a caricature, and the result would not be worth the paper upon which it is drawn. It is only in ordinary portraiture that a sitting is required, and upon that point I have a theory."

"Oh, never mind your theories now, old fellow," rejoined the Pen, as it took a sip of ink and prepared to chronicle the reply. "What I want to chat to you about at present is how to catch a caricature."

The Pencil pricked up his ears, and with a knowing wink, said:

"Ah, I see! You want to know secrets. Well, I will tell you 'how it's done.' The great point about a caricature is that it must be caught unawares. A man when he thinks he is unobserved struts about gaily, just for all the world like a hedgehog. All his peculiarities are then as evident as your cousins the quills upon the back of the fretful porcupine. But the moment the man or woman who is about to be caricatured observes H. F. take me in hand, I always notice that he shrivels up and collapses as quickly as one of the insectivora surprised at his feast. But wait a moment: now you ask me, I do

recollect one unfortunate man who, despite H. F.'s protest, insisted upon coming here once to sit for a caricature. He looked the picture of misery, and sat in the chair there, just as if he were at a dentist's. H. F. made a most flattering portrait. Indeed, so much too handsome was it that I could hardly follow the workings of his fingers, I was laughing so."

"'Oh, what a relief!' cried the sitter, when H. F. showed him the drawing. 'You have certainly made a pretty guy of me, but, thank heaven, I am not thin-skinned.'

"'Only thick-headed,' muttered H. F. *sotto voce* to me as he continued to chat with the sitter.

"No sooner had he left the studio than the 'study' was in the fire, and the caricature which afterwards came from the Furniss was drawn entirely from memory.

"The artist is in more evil case when he has absolutely no chance whatever of making the slightest memorandum, for he must trust to memory alone," remarked the Pencil.

"Yet Pellegrini boasted that he always trusted to memory," said the Pen.

"I know he did," replied the Pencil, "and more than once chaffed H. F. for bringing me out. H. F., I know, has the greatest admiration for most of Pellegrini's work, but thinks that 'Ape' certainly had the failing common to all Italian caricaturists of being cruel rather than funny. I may mention too, here, an incident for the truth of which H. F. can vouch, and which illustrates another weakness of the inhabitants of the Sunny South. When the poor fellow was ill a friend of his one day set to work to put his room in order, and in moving a screen was surprised to find behind it a number of soiled shirts. He began to count them over with a view to sending them to the laundry, when Pellegrini starting up exclaimed, 'You fellow! you leave my shirts there, or I am a ruined man. Don't you see they are my "shtock in drade"?' And sure enough upon the huge familiar linen cuffs were numerous notes in pencil—sketches, in fact, from life for coming caricatures. Now, when H. F. intends to trust entirely to memory, I often find that he makes a note in writing after this fashion: 'Like So-and-so,

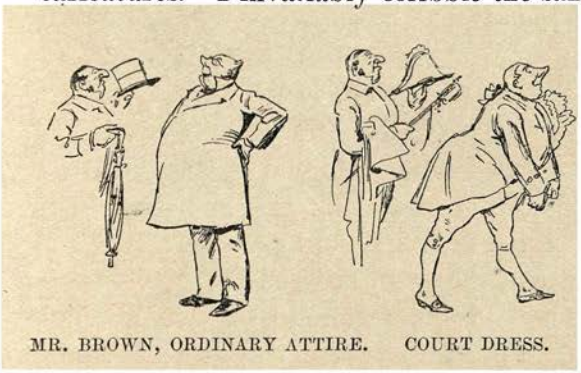
with a difference,'—and the difference is noted. Or 'Think of an animal, a bird, or a fish, and to that add So-and-so, and subtract So-and-so,' and this results in a portrait. For instance, if he saw a man like this, I should not be surprised by his writing a single word as 'Penguin' for his guidance, and so on."

"PENGUIN."

"The old caricaturists, I suppose, had a decided advantage over the moderns in having artistic costumes to depict?" asked the Pen.

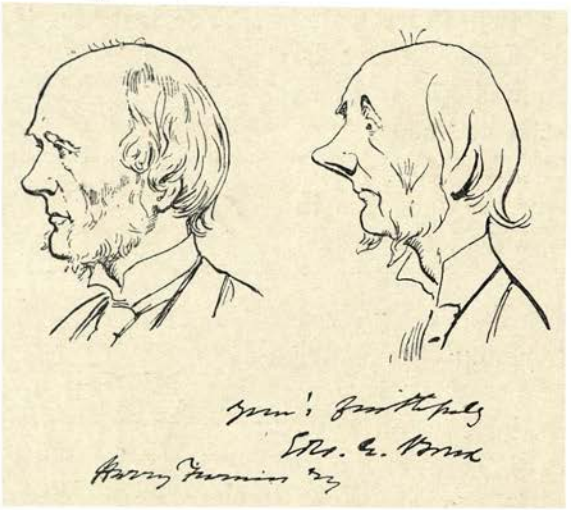
"Of course," replied the Pencil. "Even up to the time of Seymour the tailor made the man, and was, therefore, largely responsible for the caricature. You have only to see Mr. Brown in the ordinary attire of to-day and also in Court dress to appreciate this, and sympathise with me."

"Now here is another point," continued the Pen, "upon which you can throw some light, old fellow. I have often seen letters on the writing-table from people asking H. F. for his recipe for the making of caricatures. I invariably scribble the same reply, 'Find out the chief points and exaggerate them.' Not satisfied with this, some have asked him to explain his *modus operandi*." "I recollect an instance," replied the Pencil. "It was in the studio here. An interviewer called, and asked H. F. to explain the art of caricature. So he took down a volume of portraits from the book-shelves, and opened it at this one. You see it is the head of a man who should be universally respected by us of the grey goose fraternity. 'Well, you see there is not much to caricature,'



MR. BROWN, ORDINARY ATTIRE. COURT DRESS.

said H. F.; 'it is simply the portrait of a kindly, intellectual-looking man, the late Chief Librarian of the British Museum, I remember well," continued the Pencil, brightening up, "H. F. took me in hand, and telling me to knock over the forehead, keep in the eyes, pull the nose, and wipe off the chin, produced a caricature 'on the spot.'"



"I suppose sometimes you find caricatures ready-made, Mr. Pencil?" continued the Pen.

"Of course we do," replied the Pencil. "Nature will have her joke sometimes, nor can we blame her, for it is only by reason of contrast that we admire the beautiful. *A propos* of this, my dear Pen, I may tell you that in county Wexford, in Ireland, there is a certain very beautiful estate, round which runs a carefully-built wall. At a particular point the regularity ceases, and the wall runs on, constructed in every conceivable style, and contrary to all the canons of masonry. There is a legend that the owner of the estate, tired of the monotonous appearance of the wall, ordered that a certain space should be left in it which should be filled up with a barrier as irregular in construction as possible. This was done, and that portion of the wall is called the 'Ha-ha!' because so funny does it look that everyone who passes is observed to laugh. Now is it not much the same in Nature? A

A CARICATURE.

NOT A CARICATURE.

world full of Venuses and Adonises would soon pall. So now and then we find a human 'Ha-ha!' interspersed among them. In that case, I say, the caricaturist's work is already done. He has simply to copy Nature. Yet there are some who actually find fault with H. F. for doing that very thing, saying that his pencil (that's me) is 'unkind,' 'cruel,' 'gross,' and so on. There are many M.P.'s whom he habitually draws without the slightest exaggeration, notwithstanding which, Mr. Pen, there are members of your calling who do not scruple to inform the world that in drawing the Parliamentary 'Ha-ha!' as he is, H. F. is libelling him. There is one M.P. in particular—— No, I shall not give his name or show his portrait. I believe him to be very clever, very interesting, undeniably a great man, and extremely vain of his personal appearance. But he is built contrary to all the laws of Nature, and if H. F. draws him as he is, he is accused of libelling him. If he improves him, no one knows him. Oh, Mr. Pen, you may take it from me that the lot of the caricaturist is not a happy one."

"For the matter of that," put in the Pen, "neither is the painter's. You know Gay's lines:

> "So very like, a painter drew,
> That every eye the picture knew,
> He hit complexion, feature, air,
> So just, the life itself was there.
> He gave each muscle all its strength,
> The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
> His honest pencil touched with truth,
> And marked the date of age and youth.
> He lost his friends, his practice failed,—
> Truth should not always be revealed."

But Gay did not live in the days of Sargent!"

"We are getting on nicely," said the Pen. "Now answer a question which is often put to me—viz., why caricaturists eschew paint?"

"Because," replied the Pencil, "people often seem to forget that in the present day, when events follow each other in quick succession, a subject becomes stale almost before the traditional

nine days' interest in it has expired—that paint is no longer the medium by which a caricaturist can possibly express his thoughts. Of course, I am not referring to mere tinting, such as that in which the old caricaturists had their drawings reproduced, but to colouring in oils, after the manner of the great satirist Hogarth. Some may remember H. F.'s caricature in *Punch* of the late Serjeant-at-Arms, Captain Gosset, as a black-beetle. Now, had he painted a full-length portrait of him, and sent it elaborately framed to the Royal Academy, it would not only have taken him very much longer to execute, but the Captain would not have looked a whit more like a black-beetle than he did in black and white in the pages of *Punch*.

"It must be remembered, also, that in caricature everything depends upon contrast. For instance, in a Parliamentary sketch he can easily make Sir William Harcourt inflate himself to such an extent that he occupies a good third of the picture, but were he to paint a portrait of him of similar proportions it would be necessary to take the roof off Burlington House and bring over the Eiffel Tower to which to hang the enormous frame that would be requisite. Moreover, there would be an additional disadvantage, for it would be impossible to take in the whole figure at once, and it would be necessary to mount the first platform at least to obtain a peep at even the lowest of the series of chins which distinguishes the descendant of kings. However, it is just on the cards that some day he may open a Parliamentary Portrait Gallery, and then I can promise that Sir William will have justice done to him at last. Sixteen yards of 'Historicus' would assuredly be enough to draw the town. But, in point of fact, it would be just as reasonable to ask an actor why he is not an opera singer as well, or to ask an opera singer why he does not dispense with the music and play in legitimate tragedy, as to enquire of a modern caricaturist why he does not work in colours."

The Pencil, after the delivery of this discourse, rolled over to the barber-knife, who trimmed him up.

"There are some people," continued the Pen, "who object to be sketched in any shape or form. I recollect an editor once

challenging H. F. to get a sketch of an interesting man who had defied photographers and artists alike, and absolutely refused to have his portrait taken. You will find a paragraph about this in press-cutting book, marked 'Pritt.' Just read it when I'm being attended to."

"Mr. Pritt, Leeds, is reckoned chief of the Yorkshire anglers. 'A striking peculiarity with him,' a Yorkshire correspondent says, 'is that he never will sit for his likeness. Mr. Harry Furniss, however, the well-known artist of *Punch*, during his recent visit to Leeds, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association, managed to 'take' Mr. Pritt; and the portrait, drawn in characteristic style, appears in the *Yorkshire Weekly* under the heading 'Caught at Last'."

"Yes, that's it. H. F. was invited to dine by this curious and clever individual.

"'Delighted to see you, Mr. Furniss; but *one* thing I must ask you to understand *at once*—I'm not going to be sketched.'

"'I assure you,' he said, 'I shall not sketch you unless you are well aware I am drawing you, and, in fact, willingly give me assistance.'

"'That's very good of you. Now I am happy. I have made up my mind I shall never allow my face to be drawn or photographed, and once I make up my mind nothing in the world will move me.'

"'Indeed!' he replied. 'But, pardon me, you have not always had that antipathy. I am looking at a photograph of you hanging on the wall there, taken when you were a baby.'

"'Oh, ah! Do you detect that? No one knows it to be me. Of course, I was not accountable for my actions at that age.'

"'Ah, how you have altered! Dear me! why, your nose is not that shape now. Here it is Roman; you have a sort of——'

"'Have a—what, eh?'

"'Have you a pencil?' (Taking me out.) 'This will do. Now, your nose is like that.'

"'Is it? But my mouth is the same, isn't it?'

"'Not quite—I will show you.'

"'Of course, my chin isn't as round?'

"'Oh, no! It's more like this. And you have less hair—see here.'

"'Dear me! Of course, one can see who this is. This astonishes me.'

"Someone else coming in at that moment, he quickly pocketed the sketch and me, and, much to his host's chagrin, it was duly published as a portrait of the gentleman from a 'special sitting'—'Caught at Last.'

"This reminds me, by the way, of a portrait which H. F. once drew of the author of 'Happy Thoughts' as a frontispiece to a new edition of that humorous book of books. Our guv'nor's first effort at this portrait was distinctly a failure, and no wonder, for the moment I was produced the editor of *Punch* turned his back upon us, and, with the greatest vigour, commenced writing at his table. Not being so intimate then with Mr. Burnand as we subsequently became, both I and the guv'nor thought him peculiar. But after a considerable time the editorial chair was wheeled round, and with a smile its genial occupant said calmly, 'Well, let me see the result.'

THE EDITOR OF *PUNCH* SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

"'The result is *nil* at present,' replied H. F., 'for I have not yet caught a glimpse of your face.'

"Mr. Burnand looked surprised. 'Dear me!' he said; 'I thought you were making a study of me at work, you know.'

"'All I could see was the back of your head in silhouette. There now—sit just as you are, please. That's exactly the pose and expression which I want to catch. Thanks!' cried the guv'nor, as he rapidly set to work, when suddenly all cheerfulness vanished from Mr. Burnand's countenance, as with a horrified look he pointed to the table by my side, where lay the sketching materials.

"'What's that?' he cried, dismayed.

"'Oh, a lump of bread, useful in touching up high lights,' said H. F.

"'You don't say so! The sight of it quite upset me. I really thought you had brought your supper with you, and intended to work from me all night. I shall never recover my natural expression this evening, so please call again.' And as H. F. closed his sketch-book, the following brief colloquy took place:

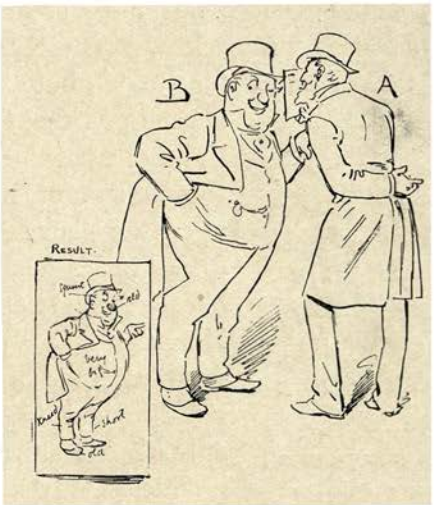
"The editor of 'Happy Thoughts': 'Caught anything?'

"H. F.: 'No.'

"The editor: 'Good evening!'

"And the door closed.

"Frequently a subject has posed for H. F. without being aware of the fact that he was making a sketch. For instance, in his happy hunting ground—Parliament—Brown, M.P., say, comes up to him in the Lobby: 'Ha! I see you are up to mischief—taking someone off.'



"H. F. gives a knowing look, and points to Jones.

"'Ha! ha! I see. I'll talk to him. Ha! ha! and I'll look out for the caricature. Don't be too hard on poor Jones!'

"'Thanks, awfully,' replies H. F. He makes a rapid sketch, nods to Brown as much as to say, 'That'll do,' smiles, and walks off. He has of course never troubled about Jones at all; it's Brown he has been sketching all the time.

"It is utterly absurd to imagine you can escape from the caricaturist.

"H. F. trained himself to make sketches with his hand in his pocket, and worked away with me and his book—or rather cards, which he had specially for the purpose—whilst looking straight into the face of his victim. He manages in this way to

sketch people sitting opposite to him in the train, and sometimes when talking to them all the time.

"You know that without special permission from the Lord High Great Chamberlain no stranger is allowed to pass the door of the English House of Lords, even when it is empty; but when the precious Peers are sitting, the difficulty of making a sketch is too great for description. You are not allowed to sit down, speak, smile, sneeze, or sketch. H. F. once produced me in the House of Lords. Had he drawn a sword instead of a pencil he could not have created greater consternation. Explanation was useless. The officials knew that he was only for 'takkin' notes' for *Punch*, but the vision of a pencil produced an effect upon them the same as if they had caught sight of an infernal machine. But necessity is the mother of invention. It was then he hit upon the plan I have just told you about. He draws in his pocket. Keeping the card against his leg, he sketches quite easily. A pocket Hercules is an oft enough heard-of individual—so why not a pocket artist?

SKETCH ON A SHIRT-CUFF.

"Previous to this he used to make a rapid note on his shirt-cuff; but that is a dangerous practice. Wives might resent the face if it were too pretty, and your washerwoman might recognise a Member of Parliament as her intimate friend. The incident which cured him of using his shirt-cuff for sketching happened at a large dinner, where he was introduced to the wife of a well-known public man, who soon showed she was not altogether pleased by the introduction, and truly at the moment he had forgotten that he had made a sketch of the lady on his shirt-cuff, which he did not take sufficient care to conceal.

"I recollect once on the terrace of the House of Commons he was sketching a lady of foreign extraction, the wife of a gentleman well-known to the Irish Party, with a profile something like this. I made the sketch, unfortunately, on the marble tea-table. When H. F.'s friends were leaving, he found he could not rub this off the table,

and what embarrassed him more was the fact that some Irish Members were bearing down to take possession of the table as soon as we left. I had a rapid vision of our guv'nor floating in the Thames, being hurled over by the infuriated Members from the Emerald Isle; so I quickly transformed the lady into something resembling a popular Member of Parliament at the time, and, as we were leaving, I overheard an Irish Member say, 'Bedad! and Furniss has been dhrawin' that owld beauty, Mundella!'

"MUNDELLA."

"Have you anything new?" asked the Pen. "May I look? I know that St. Stephen's is your happy hunting ground."

"Ah, yes," responded the Pencil, "I know it well. But I can tell you it is not altogether a bed of roses. When we come across Members who have taken liberties with their personal appearance during the recess, H. F. and I resent it, I can tell you."

"Naturally," observed the Pen in a voice of the utmost sympathy, "for it means more work."

"Of course," continued the Pencil. "Now I have always held that model M.P.'s have no right to alter. They are the property of the political caricaturist, and what on earth is to become of him if the bearded men begin to shave and the smooth-faced to disguise themselves in 'mutton-chops' or 'Dundrearys'? Yet they *will* do it. We may draw them in their new guise, but the public won't have them at any price. They want their old favourites, and if they miss a well-known 'Imperial,' a moustache, a pair of dyed whiskers, or other such hall-mark in the picture, or on the other hand find a set of familiar chins concealed beneath an incipient Newgate fringe, a nose and chin which have been accustomed to meet for many a long year suddenly divided by the intrusion of a bristly moustache, or a delightfully asinine expression lost under the influence of a pair of bushy side-whiskers, recognition becomes impossible and the caricature falls flat. The fact is, my friend Pen, it is not only their features,

but their characteristic attitudes which we make familiar, and their political differences cause the artistic effect. To me it is marvellous to note how differently artists draw the same head. Expression of course varies, but the construction of the head must always remain the same. Yet I have seen no less a head than that of Mr. Gladstone so altered in appearance in the work of different artists that I have been forcibly reminded of the old story of St. Peter's skull. A tourist travelling in Italy was shown a cranium at Rome which he was assured was the veritable relic. In Florence he was shown another, and somewhere else he was shown a third. Upon his remonstrating the guide observed, "It is quite right, sir: the skull you saw at Rome was that of St. Peter when he was a boy; that at Florence was his when he was a young man, and this was his skull when he died.'

"Then again, familiarity with the subject is only arrived at by continually watching and sketching a Member. A few years ago I was lying down in my berth in the sketch-book which was in H. F.'s pocket, when I overheard a conversation between him and Mr. Labouchere upon Parliamentary portraits."

"What did H. F. say about them?" asked the Pen. "He ought to know the alphabet of Parliamentary portraiture at all events by this time."

"You're right," nodded the Pencil. "He's drawn a few thousand of them in his time. What did H. F. say? Well, he told Labouchere that he always created a type for each Member, and to that he adheres."

"'Yes,' said the Sage, late of Queen Anne's Gate, 'and when the original turns up, those who derive their impression of a Member from your sketches are disappointed if the two do not exactly tally.'"

"But surely our guv'nor does not sketch direct from life?" asked the Pen, amazed.

"Of course he does," indignantly replied the Pencil. "He whips me out of my bed at all times, but as he pointed out to the Member for Northampton (see how Parliamentary I am getting), it would never do invariably to sketch a man as you see him. 'For instance,' went on H. F. addressing him, 'I

made a sketch of you, Mr. Labouchere, in the corridor of the House of Commons, kneeling on a seat, and had I never seen you before, I should have no doubt used this as a characteristic instead of an accidental attitude of yours.'

"Just fancy what you would have written, my dear Pen, if you had seen in *Punch* one of H. F.'s portraits of Lord Hartington with his hat upon the back of his head instead of over his eyes, or Mr. Gladstone depicted with a Shakespeare collar, or Mr. Cyril Flower without one, or Mr. Arnold Morley smiling, or Mr. Balfour looking cross, or Mr. Broadhurst in evening dress, or Mr. Chamberlain without an orchid in the button-hole of his coat! Yet I venture to say the time has been when Mr. Chamberlain may have had to rush down to the House orchidless, and when Mr. Broadhurst may have worn evening dress. Stranger things than that have happened, I can tell you. I have actually seen the irrepressible smile vanish from the face of Mr. John Morley. But never—no, never, will I believe that the ex-Chief Liberal Whip has ever looked jovial, that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cyril Flower ever exchanged collars, or that Lord Hartington ever wore his hat at the back of his head.

MR. LABOUCHERE.

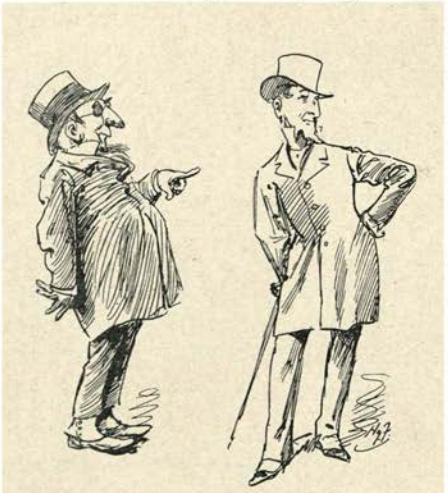
"On the other hand, my dear Pen, you know as well as I do that Lord Randolph Churchill did not wear imitation G.O.M. collars, that Mr. Herbert Gladstone is no longer in his teens, that Mr. Gladstone was not always so wild-looking as H. F. usually represented him, and that perhaps Sir William Harcourt is not simply an elephantine mass of egotism."

"Then why did he draw them so?" enquired the Pen.

"Ah! that is the secret of the caricaturist," laughed the Pencil. "There is something more in politicians, you know, than meets the eye, and the caricaturist tries to record it. You're so captious, my dear Pen. It is not given to everyone to see a portrait properly, however true it may be. Some folks there are who are colour-blind. There are others who are portrait-

blind. Others again are blind to the humorous. An old M.P. came up to H. F. one day in the Lobby of the House of Commons when a new Parliament had assembled for the first time, and said to him, 'Well, you have a rich harvest for your pencil (that was me). I never saw such odd specimens of humanity assembled together before.'

"'That may be so,' replied H. F., 'but mark my words, after a session or two, my comic sketches of the Members—for which, by the way, the specimens you are looking at are merely notes, and which you are now good enough to call faithful portraits—will become so familiar to you that they will cease to amuse you. And you may even come to pronounce them gross libels. In other words, you will find that their frequent repetition will rob them in your eyes of their comic character altogether, just as in the case with the attendants at the Zoo, on whose faces you will fail to detect the ghost of a smile at the most outrageous pranks of the monkeys, although you shall see everyone else in the place convulsed with laughter.'"



THE M.P.
REAL AND IDEAL.

"But surely, Mr. Pencil," argued the Pen, "you lose friends by caricaturing them?"

"Not those who are worthy of friendship," replied the Pencil, with a solemn air. "And those who cannot take a joke are not worthy of it. H. F. is not a portrait painter. It makes the lead turn in my case to witness the snobbishness which exists nowadays among certain thin-skinned artists and writers. The Society grub has eaten the heart out of all true artistic ambitions. An honest satirist has no chance nowadays. He must not draw what he sees, or write what he really thinks about it. Pleasing wishy-washiness is idolised, whilst Hogarth is voted coarse. Great Scott! How this

age of cigarettes and lemon squash would have stirred the pulse and nerved the brush of the greatest of English caricaturists ! "

Then as the Pencil wiped away a tear of regret for the

THE PHOTO.

AS HE REALLY IS.

decadence of English satirical art the Pen jotted down the following lines culled from the old tomb-stone at Chiswick :

"If Genius fire thee Stranger stay,
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear.
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

"When he has not seen a Member, and has no reference to go by, how does he manage ?"

"He does not find photography of much use. Sometimes, if he has to draw a man for some special reason, and has not seen him, a photograph is, of course, the only means possible ; then he generally gets a letter something like this :

"'DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of myself, the only one I possess. It belongs to my wife, and she has reluctantly lent it, and trusts you will take every care of it and return it at once. It was taken on our wedding trip. I may mention that I have less hair at the top of my head and more on my face, and I may seem to some a trifle older.'

"Well, here, you see, H. F. has to use his judgment.

"But to my surprise H. F. received a visit from the original of the photograph shortly after his sketch was published, who came to inform the guv'nor that no one could possibly recognise him in the sketch; and when I saw him in the flesh I quite believed him. You can judge from the sketch how useful the photograph was.

"The second appearance of the new and ambitious M.P. in the pages of *Punch* did not satisfy the legislator either. It was not his face he took exception to, but his boots, like Mr. Goldfinch in 'A Pair of Spectacles.' He lost faith in his bootmaker, squeezed his extremities into patent leather shoes of the most approved and uncomfortable make, and hobbled through the Lobbies doing penance at the shrine of caricature. A caricature, you see, does not depend upon the face alone.

"One of H. F.'s earliest Parliamentary caricatures was a sketch of Mr. Henry Broadhurst, the deservedly popular representative of the working classes. He was Member for Stoke when the sketch was made. There is no affectation about him. Neither the skin that covers his solid frame nor that which encases his active feet is thin. His figure is one of the best known and most characteristic in Parliament. Who is not familiar with the round, determined little head, with the short cropped hair, the square-cut beard, the shrewd expression, the genial smile, the short jacket, the horsey trousers, the round hat, and the thick boots? The figure often appeared in Mr. Punch's Parliamentary Portrait Gallery. When our friend the late William Woodall introduced his fellow-candidate to the electors of Stoke a voice cried out, 'We know 'im! we know 'im! We've seen 'is boots in *Punch!*'

"No one can deny that the potters of Staffordshire are an artistic public.

"The late chief proprietor of the leading paper had the largest feet ever seen in the House of Commons, and a certain noble lord whose name will ever be connected with Majuba carries off the palm for the largest in the Upper House. The new Member for —— will, in due course, owe his Parliamentary fame to the

extraordinary heels of his boots, if nothing else, just as the late Lord Hardwicke's reputation was due to the mysterious shine of his hat.

"But, judging from the illustrated papers, M.P.'s all wear spats, new trousers every day (for they never have a crease), the most beautifully-fitting coats, and white hats with black bands round them. Why are they drawn so?" asked the Pen.

"Excuse the familiar vulgar rejoinder—Ask me another."

"I hear it said that you never caricature women."

"What rot! Have I not worked in illustrating the Members of the Houses of Parliament for years, to say nothing of Judges and—their wives?"

"I mean young women."

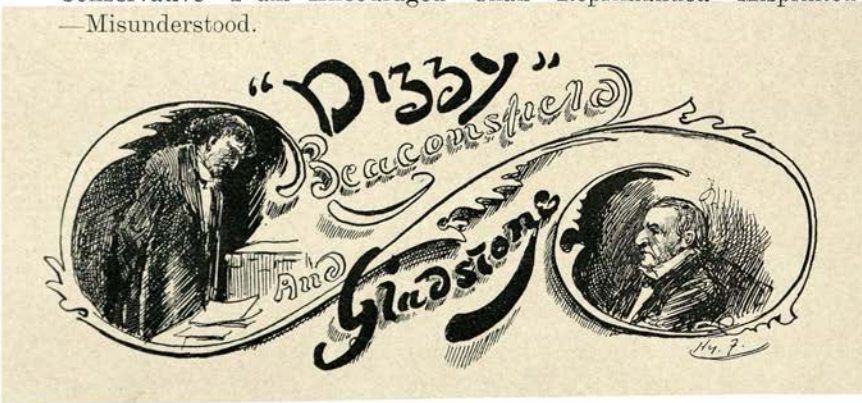
"Oh, really I have no time to answer these questions; here are a bundle of my unpublished caricatures; take them and be off."

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER VI.

PARLIAMENTARY CONFESSIONS.

Gladstone and Disraeli—A Contrast—An unauthenticated Incident—Lord Beaconsfield's last Visit to the House of Commons—My Serious Sketch—Historical—Mr. Gladstone—His Portraits—What he thought of the Artists—Sir J. E. Millais—Frank Holl—The Despatch Boxes—Impressions—Disraeli—Dan O'Connell—Procedure—American Wit—Toys—Wine—Pressure—Sandwich Soirée—The G.O.M. dines with "Toby, M.P."—Walking—Quivering—My Desk—An Interview—Political Caricaturists—Signature in Sycamore—Scenes in the Commons—Joseph Gillis Biggar—My Double—Scenes—Divisions—Puck—Sir R. Temple—Charles Stewart Parnell—A Study—Quick Changes—His Fall—Room 15—The last Time I saw him—Lord Randolph Churchill—His Youth—His Height—His Fickleness—His Hair—His Health—His Fall—Lord Iddesleigh—Sir Stafford and Mr. Gladstone—Bradlaugh—His Youth—His Parents—His Tactics—His Fight—His Extinction—John Bright—Jacob Bright—Sir Isaac Holden—Lord Derby—A Political Prophecy—A Lucky Guess—My Confession in the *Times*—The Joke that Failed—The Seer—Fair Play—I deny being a Conservative—I am Encouraged—Chaff—Reprimanded—Misprinted—Misunderstood.



Some years before Mr. Disraeli quitted the House of Commons upon his elevation to the Peerage, I enjoyed witnessing a very remarkable encounter between him and Mr. Gladstone. It was

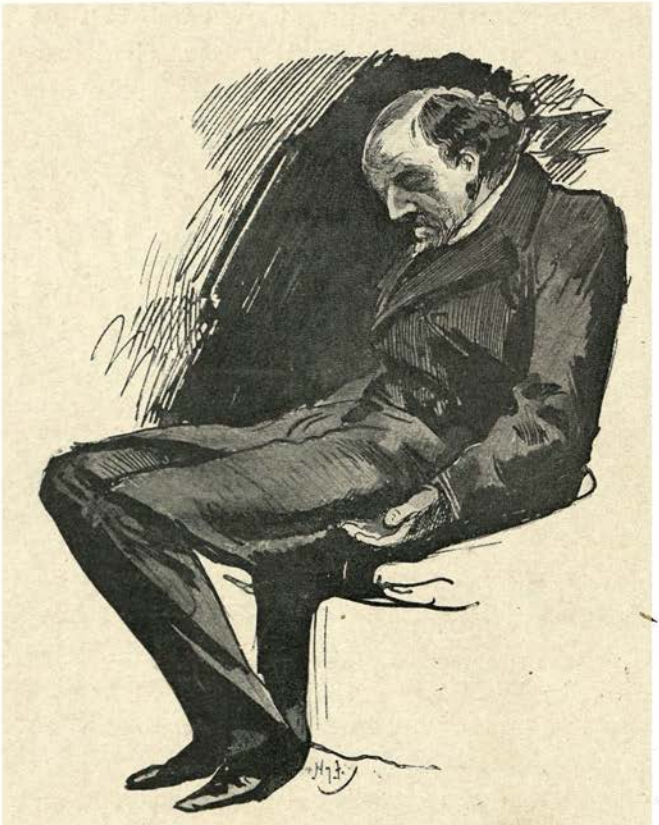
THE INNER LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

one of those passage of arms, or to be more correct I should say, perhaps, of words, which in the days of their Parliamentary youth were so frequent between the great political rivals; and although I am unable to recall the particular subject of the debate, or the exact date of its occurrence, I well remember that Mr. Gladstone had launched a tremendous attack against his opponent. However, notwithstanding the fact that from the outset of his speech it was evident that Mr. Gladstone

1. Dr. Tanner.
2. Rt. Hon. A. Akers-Douglas.
3. Lord A. Hill.
4. G. Cavendish-Bentinck.
5. J. A. Picton.
6. Sir W. H. Houldsworth.
7. Sir Albert K. Rollit.
8. Rt. Hon. H. Chaplin.
9. Sir E. Watkin.
10. T. W. Russell.
11. Rt. Hon. C. R. Spencer.
12. Christopher Sykes.
13. Lord Halsbury.
14. H. Labouchere.
15. T. Sexton.
16. Sir R. H. Fowler.
17. Earl Spencer.
18. Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain.
19. Admiral Field.
20. Sir Frank Lockwood.
21. Rt. Hon. J. B. Balfour.
22. Wm. Woodall.
23. E. Ashmead Bartlett.
24. Baden-Powell.
25. Sir T. W. Maclure.
26. Marquis of Hartington (Duke of Devonshire).
27. Sir R. Temple.
28. } Press.
29. }
30. }
31. }
32. H. W. Lucy (*Toby, M.P.*).
33. Rt. Hon. John Morley.
34. Lord Randolph Churchill.
35. } Press (*Times*).
36. }
37. J. Henniker Heaton.
38. James A. Jacoby.
39. Sir H. H. Howorth.
40. R. Power.
41. C. S. Parnell.

meant war to the knife, that as it proceeded he waxed more and more hostile, and that his peroration was couched in the most vehement terms, Disraeli remained to the finish as if utterly unmoved, sitting in his customary attitude as though he were asleep, with his arms hanging listlessly at his sides. Once only during the progress of the attack he appeared to wake up, when, taking his single eye-glass, which he usually kept in a pocket of his waistcoat, between his finger and thumb, he calmly surveyed the House as if to satisfy himself how it was composed, just as an experienced cricketer eyes the field before batting, in order

to see how the enemy are placed. Then, having taken stock of those present, the eye-glass was replaced in his pocket, and to all appearance he once more subsided into a tranquil slumber. But this was only a feint, for the very instant that Mr. Gladstone sat down up jumped Disraeli. The contrast between his method and that of Mr. Gladstone was very noticeable. Placing one hand artistically upon the box in front of him, and the other under his coat tails, he commenced to speak, and in the calmest manner possible, although with the most telling and polished satire, he aimed dart after dart across the table at Mr. Gladstone. As he proceeded to traverse the speech of his distinguished opponent with the most perfect and effective skill, it soon became evident that in reality he had slept with one eye open. With masterly tact, he had reserved the principal point in his reply to the end, and then, bringing his full force to bear upon it, the conclusion of his speech told with redoubled effect.



LORD BEACONSFIELD. A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Whilst upon the subject of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, I may narrate a remarkable story, although I am unable to

vouch for the accuracy of it, as I cannot remember who was my original informant, nor among my friends in or out of Parliament have I succeeded in discovering anyone who actually witnessed the incident to which it refers. Should it turn out to be an invention, like the champagne jelly of Lord Beaconsfield or the eye-glass of Mr. Bright, I shall no doubt be corrected. But if on the contrary the anecdote be authentic, I may earn some thanks for resuscitating it. In any case I can testify that at the time the story was told to me I had undoubtedly every reason to believe that it was true.

A similar scene to that which I have described above was taking place in the House between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, when the latter in the course of his remarks had occasion to quote a passage from a recent speech made by his rival upon some platform in the country.

Suddenly Mr. Gladstone started up and exclaimed:

"I never said that in my life!"

Disraeli was silent, and, putting his hands behind his back, simply gazed apparently in blank astonishment at the box in front of him. Several seconds went by, but he never moved. The members in the crowded House looked from one to the other, and many imagined that Disraeli was merely waiting for his opponent to apologise. But Mr. Gladstone, who had a habit, which he developed in later years, of chatting volubly to his neighbour during any interruption of this kind in which he was concerned, made no sign. A minute passed, but the sphinx did not move.

A minute and a quarter, but he was still motionless.

A minute and a half of this silence seemed as if it was an hour.

When the second minute was completed, the excitement in the House began to grow intense. Disraeli seemed to be transfixed. Was he ill? Was the great man sulking? What could this strange silence portend?

Two minutes and a half!

Some Members rose and approached him, but Disraeli raised his hand as if to deprecate their interference, and they stole back

to their places conscious that they were forbidden to interrupt. Then, at last, when the second hand of the clock had passed three times round its course, the most remarkable silence which the House had ever experienced within living memory was broken as the Tory leader slowly began once more to speak.

"'Mr. Chairman,'" he said, "'and gentlemen,'" and then word for word he repeated the whole speech of Mr. Gladstone from which he had made his quotation, duly introducing the particular passage which the Liberal leader had denied. Then he paused and looked across at his rival. The challenge was not to be avoided, and Mr. Gladstone bowed. He would have raised his hat did he wear one in the House, which, in the phraseology of the ring, was equivalent to throwing up the sponge. Mr. Disraeli afterwards informed a friend that, working backwards, he had recalled the whole of Mr. Gladstone's speech to his mind. Beginning at the disputed quotation, he recovered the context which led up to it, and so step by step the entire oration. Then he was enabled to repeat it from the outset, exactly as he had read it.

I saw Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Commons on the occasion of his last visit to that chamber in which he had been the moving spirit. I well recollect that morning. There had been an Irish all-night sitting: the House was supposed to be listening to the droning of some Irish "Mimber." The officials were weary, the legislative chamber was untidy and dusty, and many of those present had not had their clothes off all night. Lord Beaconsfield, scented, oiled, and curled, the daintiest of dandies, sits in the gallery, examining the scene through his single eye-glass. Leaning over him stands the ever-faithful Monty Corry—now Lord Rowton. I sat within a few yards of them, and made a sketch which happens to be the most successful study I ever made. The *Academy* wrote of it: "In humour Mr. Harry Furniss generally excels; but his portrait of Lord Beaconsfield on his last appearance in the House of Commons is something else than amusing—it is pathetic, almost tragic, and will be historical;" and columns of flattering notices must be my excuse for confessing in these pages that I myself

THE LAST VISIT OF LORD BEACONSFIELD TO THE HOUSE.

consider it to be the best portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, and in no way a caricature.

A caricaturist is an artistic contortionist. He is grotesque for effect. A contortionist twists and distorts himself to cause amusement, but he is by nature straight of limb and a student of grace before he can contort his body in burlesque of the "human form divine." Thus also is it with the caricaturist and his pencil. The good points of his subject must be plainly apparent to him before he can twist his study into the grotesque; to him it is necessary that the sublime should be known and appreciated ere he can convert it into the ridiculous, and without the aid of serious studies it is impossible for him fully to analyse and successfully produce the humorous and the satirical. Perchance he may even entertain a feeling of admiration for the subject he is holding up to ridicule, for serious moments and serious work are no strangers to the caricaturist.

MR. GLADSTONE. A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

The famous collars I "invented" for grotesque effect, but I always saw Mr. Gladstone without them, for to me his head has

never been, as some suppose, a mere block around which to wreathe a fantastic and exaggerated collar.

"I am told a Japanese artist who wishes to study a particular flower, for instance, travels to the part of the country where it is to be found; he takes no photographic camera, no superb sketching pad or box of paints, but he lives by the plant, watches day by day the flower grow, blossom, and decay, under every condition, and mentally notes every detail, so that ever afterwards he can paint that flower in every possible way with facility and knowledge. I have myself treated Mr. Gladstone as that Japanese artist treats the beautiful flower. I have frequently sat for many many hours watching every gesture, every change of expression. I have watched the colour leave his cheeks, and the hair his head; I have marked time contract his mouth, and have noted the development of each additional wrinkle. I have mused under the shade of his collars, and wondered at the cut of his clothes, sketched his three hats and his historical umbrella. More than that; during a great speech I have seen the flower in his buttonhole fade under his flow of eloquence, seen the bow of his tie travel round to the back of his neck."

Thus I spoke night after night from the platform, and the laugh always came with the collars. It was not as a serious critic that I was posing before the audience, so I could fittingly describe the collars rather than the man. But when I had left the platform and the limelight, and my caricatures, I have had many a chat with Mr. Gladstone's admirers, with regard to the light in which I saw the great man without his collars, and this fact I will put forward as my excuse for publishing in my "Confessions" a few studies that I have made from time to time of the Grand Old Man, as an antidote not only to my own caricatures, but to the mass of Gladstone portraits published, which, with very few exceptions, are idealised, perfunctory, stereotyped, and worthless. Generations to come will not take their impressions of this great man's appearance from these unsatisfactory canvases, or from the cuts in old-fashioned illustrated papers, in which all public men are drawn

MR. GLADSTONE.

"I have seen the flower in his buttonhole fade under his flow of eloquence."

Engraved on wood from an original study.

in a purely conventional tailor's advertisement fashion, with perfect-fitting coats, trousers without a crease, faces of wax, and figures of the fashionable fop of the period. The camera killed all this. But the photographer, although he cannot alter the cut of the clothes, can alter, and does alter, everything else. He touches up the face beyond recognition, and the pose is the pose the sitter takes before the camera, and probably quite different from his usual attitude. So it will be the caricatures, or, to be correct, the character sketches, that will leave the best impressions of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary individuality.

MR. GLADSTONE—CONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT.

I heard Mr. Gladstone express his own views on portraiture one evening at a small dinner-party. My host of that evening had hit on the happy idea of having portraits of the celebrities of the age painted for him by a rising young artist. It was curious to note Mr. Gladstone as he examined these portraits. His manner was a strange comment on the political changes which had taken place, for as he came to the portraits of those of his old supporters who no longer fought under his colours, he would pass them by as though he had not seen them, or if his attention were called to any of them he would seem not to recognise the likeness, and pass on till his eye lighted on some political ally still numbered among the faithful, when he would at once pronounce the portrait excellent, and dwell upon its merits with apparent delight. A portrait of Mr. Labouchere, however, he generally failed to recognise. The portrait represented the Member for Northampton in a contemplative mood, certainly not characteristic of his habitual demeanour in the House.

"I have found," said he, "the artist I have been looking for for years. I have found an artist who can paint my portrait in four hours and a half; he has painted three in thirteen hours; that is Millais."

I was much surprised by this curious criticism on portrait painting. Surely, if the portrait of the great orator is to be painted in four hours and a half, the same limitation, if carried out, would confine the greatest speech ever made to a period of four-and-a-half seconds!

Someone pointedly asked Mr. Gladstone whether he liked Millais' portraits.

"Well," he replied, evading any brutal directness of reply, "I have been very much interested with his energy; he is the hardest-working man I ever saw."

"Do you prefer his result to Holl's?"

"Ah, Holl took double the time, and put me in such a very strained position, nearly on tiptoe. I know my heels were off the ground; it tired me out, and I was really obliged to lie down and sleep afterwards."

"You found Millais charming in conversation?"

"He never spoke when at work; his interest in his work fascinated me."

"Mr. Watts?"

"Ah, there is a delightful conversationalist, and a wonderful artist; he has attempted my portrait often—three attempts of late years—but he has not satisfied himself, and I am bound to say that my friends are of the same mind."

"I well remember," remarked Lord Granville, who was one of the party, "how uneasy poor Holl was before he painted your portrait. He came to me and said, 'I think if you would speak to Mr. Gladstone on some subject that would interest him, I would watch him, and that would aid me very much.'"

In this picture of Mr. Gladstone the late Frank Holl failed to maintain his reputation as an artist of the highest class: that picture of the great Liberal leader was disappointing and altogether unworthy of his name. This was the more unfortunate because, by the exercise of a little forethought, the artist

might easily have avoided that pitfall of portrait-painters, an awkward, constrained, and unaccustomed attitude, which Mr. Gladstone confessed was torturing him, and by a very simple expedient have succeeded in placing Mr. Gladstone in the position which everyone who has seen him in the act of delivering a speech in the House of Commons would have recognised at once as a true and characteristic pose.

Here I have mentioned Mr. Gladstone himself, saying how uncomfortable he felt upon the occasion of Mr. Holl's visit to his house for the purpose of obtaining a sitting; but I should add that the genial artist who was to do the work informed me that he also was no less ill at ease. When Mr. Gladstone enquired how he should sit for the portrait, Mr. Holl, anxious no doubt to secure a natural pose, replied, "Oh, just as you like!" This appeared to disconcert the great statesman somewhat, and he appeared to be ruminating as to what sedentary attitude was really his favourite one, when Holl came to the rescue.

CARICATURE OF THE HOLL PORTRAIT.

"I happened," said Mr. Gladstone, "to be standing at my library table with my hands upon a book, when Mr. Holl said, 'That will do, Mr. Gladstone, exactly,' and the result was that he painted me in that position. But I felt uncommonly awkward and uncomfortable the whole time, and as I have just said, I had to lie down and sleep after each sitting."

Now why was this? It was the very attitude of all others with which we who have studied it so often when the ex-Premier has been standing at the table in the House are so familiar. No artist who had once seen him in that position would have failed to select it as the most favourable and characteristic for the purposes of a historical portrait. And yet the picture, when it was completed, was a failure, and the artist himself knew that it was. The explanation is, I think, very simple, and it exemplifies once more the truth of the formula which defines genius to be "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Frank

Holl undoubtedly had talent, but his omission of an important detail in this picture—a detail which would have probably made all the difference between success and failure—shows once more by how narrow a line the highest art is often divided from the next best, that art of which we have such a plethora nowadays—which just contrives to miss hitting the bullseye of perfection.

When Mr. Holl exclaimed, "That will do, Mr. Gladstone, exactly," he was no doubt impressed with the idea that the great orator was more at ease standing at the table in the House of Commons than in any other position, and he therefore selected it for his picture. But he forgot that upon the table in the House there stands a box on which Mr. Gladstone was always in the habit, when he was speaking, of resting one of his hands, and that if that box was missing he would naturally, although perhaps unconsciously, be sensible that something to which he was accustomed was absent, and that he would therefore be as uncomfortable as a fish out of water. This was actually the case. But if some substitute for the box, of the proper height and size, had been forthcoming, I have not the slightest doubt, from my long and close observation of the habits and movements of Mr. Gladstone in the House, that he would at once have dropped easily into his customary attitude, and that the picture in the hands of so true an artist as Holl would then have been a conspicuous success.

Mr. Gladstone was asked whether he thought the tone of the House had degenerated in recent times. He replied that he did not think so at all, quoting in proof that after the introduction of the first Reform Bill many Members used to express their feelings in cock-crows and other offensive ways. Mr. Gladstone, however, at the time I met him, was getting decidedly deaf, and no doubt much that went on behind him in the House "did not reach" him.

Asked if the "count out" ought to be abolished, Mr. Gladstone said it was too convenient a custom to be abolished, but that he noticed a very important alteration of late years in the mode of conducting it. Years ago he recollected it was

the rule that, when a Member moved that "forty Members were not present, he was obliged to remain in his place while the 'count out' was in progress." "Now," said Mr. Gladstone, "he gets up and rushes out.

"Indeed," continued the veteran statesman, "I understand very little about the rules and regulations of the House now. I am very ignorant indeed; I believe I am the most ignorant man in the House, and I mean to continue so; it is not worth my while to begin now to learn fresh rules."

NOTE OF MR. GLADSTONE MADE IN THE PRESS GALLERY WITH THE WRONG END OF A QUILL PEN.

He told us of a curious incident which happened in the House when he was a young Parliamentary hand. Members did not leave the House for a division, but it was left to the discretion of the Speaker to decide which side was in the majority. He would then order them to walk to the other side of the House, and anyone remaining would of course be counted with the opposite side. Old Sir Watkin Wynn, I believe, was determined to vote against a certain Bill. He had been hunting all day, and rode up to town in time to vote. Arriving in his hunting costume and muddy boots, he took his seat tired out, and soon went fast asleep. The division came on, and his party were ordered to go over to the other side of the House. He slept in blissful ignorance, waking some time afterwards to find to

his horror that he had been counted with those in favour of the Bill.

Mr. Gladstone remarked that it was curious that in the old days the Whips could tell to a vote how a division would go. He recollected well, in 1841, a vote of no confidence in Lord Melbourne was moved. The point was going to be decided by one vote. I shall never forget the "Grand Old Man's" graphic description of that vote. There was an old Member who was known to be to all intents and purposes as dead as a door-nail. The excitement was intense to know if that still breathing corpse could be brought to vote. Mr. Gladstone, with other young Tory Members, stood anxiously round the lobby door watching, and just at the critical moment when the vote was to be taken the all but lifeless body was borne along ignorant of all that was going around him, his vote was recorded, and that one vote sealed the fate of a Ministry.

In Mr. Gladstone's opinion, American humour invariably consisted in dealing with magnitudes. He preferred to hear American stories on this side of the Atlantic. He never had been in America, and never intended going. He expressed himself as apprehensive of the effect on the nervous system of the vibration caused by the engines of a steamer travelling at a high speed, but spoke with admiration of the rapid travelling at sea performed by the Continental mail packets, saying that a few days before, returning from the Continent, he had only just settled down to read when he was told to disembark, for the steamer had reached Dover.

I overheard Mr. Gladstone asking the question: "Why is it that when we get a good thing we do not stick to it?" I fully expected him to launch into some huge political question, such as the "Unity of the Empire" or "Universal Franchise." Instead of this, I was somewhat surprised to hear him proceed: "Now, I recollect an excruciatingly funny toy which you wound up, and it danced about in a most comical way. I have watched that little nigger many and many a time, but lately I have been looking everywhere to get one. I have asked at the shops in the Strand and elsewhere, and they show me other things, but

not the funny nigger I recollect, so I have given up my search in despair."

I noticed that Mr. Gladstone took champagne at dinner, and after dinner a glass of port. Some conversation arising with reference to the history of wines, the old politician seemed to know more on the subject than anyone else at table; in fact, during the whole evening, there was not a subject touched upon on which he did not give the heads for an interesting essay. The only time Mr. Gladstone mentioned Ireland was in connection with the subject of wines, when he dilated upon the beauties of Newfoundland port, which was to be found in Ireland in the good old days.

In one respect Mr. Gladstone was not an exception among the old, for he seemed fond of dwelling upon the great age which men have attained. He seemed to think that the high pressure at which we live nowadays would show its effect on the longevity of the rising generation, and remarked: "You young men will have a very bad time of it."

It is curious that very few statesmen indeed have led the House of Commons in their old age. It may be said that Lord John Russell was the first to do so; Lord Palmerston also was very old before he obtained office. And so chatted the Grand Old Man, in the most fascinating and delightful manner. He was always the same on such occasions, entering into the spirit of the entertainment, and, as was his habit, forgetting for the time everything else. When my old friend William Woodall, M.P. for Stoke (Governor-General of the Ordnance in Mr. Gladstone's Government 1885), gave at St. Anne's Mansions his famous "Sandwich Soirées" to his friends, the spacious ball-room on the ground floor packed with his many friends —a characteristic, polyglot gathering of Ministers and Parliamentarians

of all kinds, musicians, dramatists, authors, artists, actors, and journalists, who sang, recited, and gave a gratuitous entertainment (for some of these I acted as his hon. secretary, and helped to get together a collection of modern paintings on the walls, besides designing the invitations)—I recollect the greatest success was the Grand Old Man. There was "standing room" only, but a chair was provided for Mr. Gladstone in the centre of the huge circle which had formed around the mesmerist Verbeck. Many guests sat on the floor, to afford those behind a better chance of seeing. The Prime Minister, noticing this, absolutely declined to be an exception, and he squatted "à la Turk" on the floor. I confess this struck me as "playing to the gallery." It certainly was playing to the Press, for Mr. Gladstone's attitude on that occasion was paragraphed all over the country, by means of which fact I have here refreshed my memory. In fact, Mr. Gladstone was always *en évidence*. When the great statesman dined with Toby, M.P., I was sitting close to him. He had dispensed with his own shirt-collars, and wore quite the smallest, slenderest, and most inconspicuous of narrow, turn-down collars, assumed for that occasion only. "One of Herbert's cast-offs," someone whispered to me. "That's strange," said another guest to me. "Last night at dinner the pin in the back of Gladstone's collar came out, and as he got excited, the collar rose round his head, and we all agreed that 'Furniss ought to have witnessed what he has so often drawn, but never seen.'"

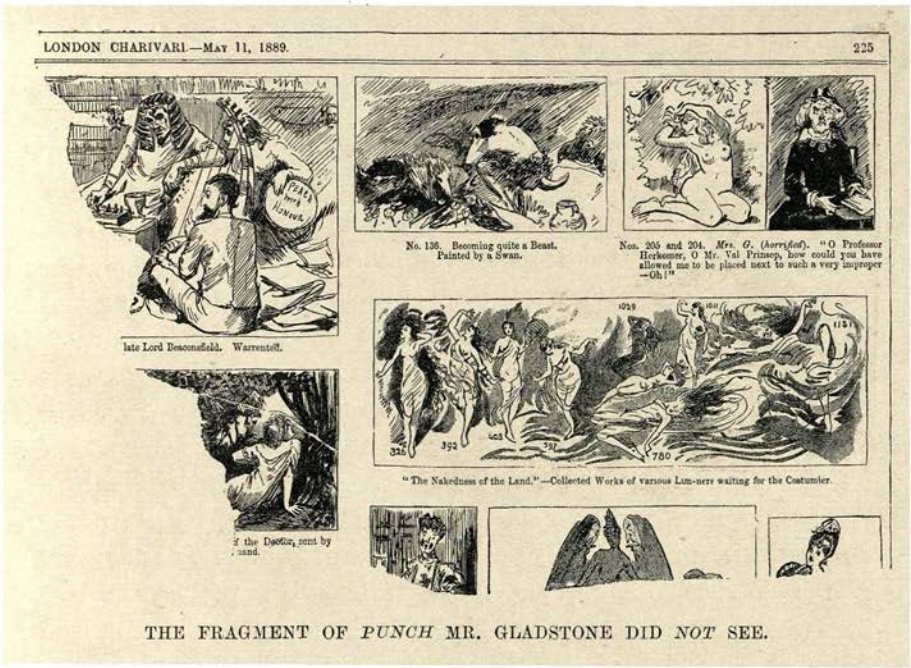
MR. GLADSTONE SITS ON THE FLOOR.

Mr. Lucy has made the statement that Mr. Gladstone was "a constant student of *Punch*," and "knew no occasion upon

which he was not able to join in the general merriment of the public; but hadn't there been enough about the fabulous collars?"

I received an editorial order to bury them, "but before long they were out again, flapping their folds in the political breeze."

Well, I have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone for many years was "a constant student of *Punch*," for during the greater

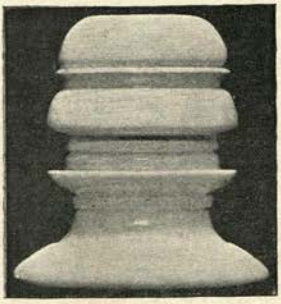

LONDON CHARIVARI.—May 11, 1889. 225
late Lord Beaconsfield. Warrented.
No. 136. Becoming quite a Beast. Painted by a Swan.
Nos. 205 and 204. Mrs. G. (horrified). "O Professor Herkomer, O Mr. Val Prinsep, how could you have allowed me to be placed next to such a very improper —Oh!"
"The Nakedness of the Land."—Collected Works of various Lum-ners waiting for the Costumier.

THE FRAGMENT OF *PUNCH* MR. GLADSTONE DID *NOT* SEE.

portion of his political career he was idealised in the pages of *Punch*, and not caricatured. I doubt very much, however, if he made *Punch* an exception in his latter period, for it is well known that for years he was only allowed to see flattering notices of himself, and all references at all likely to disturb him were kept from his sight. At Mr. Lucy's own house, the night Mr. Gladstone dined with him, a copy of *Punch* was lying on the table, containing a rare thing for *Punch*—a supplement. In this case it took the shape of my caricatures of the Royal Academy, 1889. Just as dinner was announced Mr. Gladstone

saw the paper, and was on the point of taking it up. I handed it to him, but at the same moment slipped the supplement out of the number and threw it under the table, for it contained a caricature of Professor Herkomer's Academy portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, objecting to being placed next to a lady by Mr. Val Prinsep sitting for the "altogether." During dinner Mr. Gladstone mentioned this portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, and expressed great delight with Herkomer's work: it showed her mature age, he said, and as a portrait was very happy and true—he did not say anything about the hanging of it!

Mr. Gladstone was the life and soul of a party, and seemed to enjoy being the centre of attraction wherever he was.



THE GLADSTONE MATCH-BOX.

Mr. Gladstone's portrait has been adopted by others besides caricaturists. It is carved as a gargoyle in the stonework of a church, and the head of the Grand Old Man has been turned into a match-box. The latter I here reproduce. It was shown to me one evening when I was the guest at the Guard Mess at St. James's Palace. A clever young Guardsman, who had a taste for turning, worked this out in wood from my caricatures of Mr. Gladstone, and I advised his having it reproduced in pottery. The suggestion was carried out by the late Mr. Woodall, the Member for the Potteries, and was largely distributed at the time the G.O.M. was politically meeting his match and thought by some to be a little light-headed.

In being shown round the beautiful municipal buildings in Glasgow I found my caricature there accidentally figuring in the marble-work; and the guides at Antwerp Cathedral (as I have mentioned in the first chapter) point out a grotesque figure in the wood carving of the choir stalls which resembles almost exactly Mr. Gladstone's head as depicted by me.

I find a note which I introduce here, as I hardly know where to place it in this hotch-potch of confessions. Is it a fact that

Mr. Gladstone once signed a caricature of himself? In 1896 a Mr. J. T. Cox, of the "Norwich school" of amateurs, procured a slab of a sycamore tree felled by Mr. Gladstone, and on it reproduced in pencil my *Punch* cartoon depicting a visit of the "Grand Old Undergrad" to his Alma Mater, Oxford. This was sent to Hawarden, and returned signed with the following note:

"HAWARDEN CASTLE.

"Mr. Gladstone is obliged to refuse his signature, but Mrs. Drew asked him for it for herself on enclosed—it was so cleverly arranged.

"*May 5th*, 1896."

Here is to me, I confess, a first-he-would-and-then-he-wouldn't, Cox and Box mystery I fail to explain.

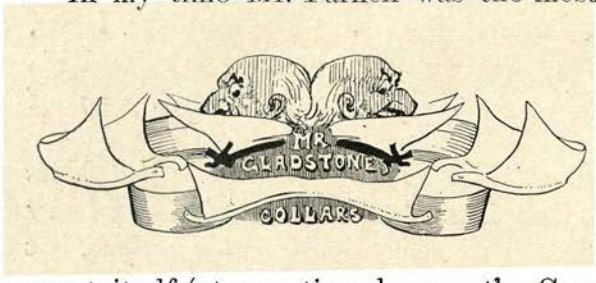
I drew the G.O.M., Mr. Cox drew me, he drew Mrs. Drew, and Mrs. Drew drew Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone refused his signature, and yet he signed it. I think he signed his cut of sycamore, and not my cut at him.

Both as a "special artist" for the *Illustrated London News* in my pre-*Punch* days, and later for various periodicals, I saw and sketched Mr. Gladstone on many important occasions, but towards the end of his career it was sad to see the great man. The *Daily News* once gave me a chance in the following account of Mr. Gladstone during one of these scenes, when Mr. Gladstone, having accidentally mentioned the approach of his eightieth birthday, "the vast audience suddenly leapt to its feet and burst into ringing cheers. Mr. Gladstone was evidently deeply touched by this spontaneous outburst of almost personal affection. He stood with hands folded, head bent down, and *legs quivering.*" The fun of this joke, however, lies in the fact that the "legs" which quivered were the telegraph operators'. The reporter wrote "lips."

So great was the public admiration for the illustrious leader of the Liberal Party that merely to see him was, to the majority of his audience, enough. In later years he could not be heard at public meetings. Penetrating as his voice was, it was absolutely impossible for any but those standing immediately around

the platform to hear him upon such occasions as that of the famous Blackheath meeting, or those at Birmingham or elsewhere; but the masses nevertheless came in their thousands, and were more than repaid for their trouble by catching only a distant glimpse of William Ewart Gladstone.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Gladstone as a politician (and some say that he was no statesman, and others that he was never sincere, while many maintain that he was merely a "dangerous old woman"), all must agree that as a man he was a figure that England might well be proud of. It will be interesting to see what historians will make of him. When the glamour of his personality is forgotten, what will be remembered? His figure, his face—and shall I say his collars?



In my time Mr. Parnell was the most interesting figure in Parliament, and, after Mr. Gladstone, had the greatest influence in the House. Mr. Gladstone was, politically speaking, Parliament itself (at one time he was the Country); but I doubt if even Mr. Gladstone ever hypnotised the House by his personality as Parnell did. There was a mystery in everything connected with the great Irish leader; no mystery hung about Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone in the House was voluble, eloquent, communicative. Mr. Parnell was silent, a poor speaker, and as uncommunicative as the Sphinx. Mr. Gladstone's power lay in his unreservedness; Mr. Parnell's lay in his absolute reserve. His orders were "No one to speak to the man at the wheel," and the man at the wheel spoke to no one. He guided the Irish ship just as he liked over the troubled waters of a political crisis, and not one of his men knew what move would be his next. By this means, so foreign to the Irish character, he held that excitable, rebellious, irrepressible crew in thrall. He made them dance, sleep, roar; he made them obstructionists, orators, buffoons, at his will. He made them everything but friends.

A characteristic story was circulated when Parnell was known as "the uncrowned king." Accompanied by his faithful private secretary, he was walking from the House, when he met one of his colleagues. The satellite saluted his chief and "smiled affably at the private secretary." Mr. Parnell took no notice whatever of Mr. ——, but after a few seconds had elapsed, turned to his companion and said, "Who was that, Campbell?"

"Why, ——" (mentioning the name of the hon. Member), was the reply.

"What a horrible-looking scoundrel!" exclaimed the uncrowned king in his most supercilious manner, and then began to talk of something else.

PARNELL.

He was a study as fascinating to the artist as to the politician, and no portrait ever drawn by pen or pencil can hand down to future generations the mysterious subtlety in the personality of the all-powerful leader.

He was as puzzling to the Parliamentary artist as he was to the politician: he never appeared just as one expected him. When I first made a sketch of him he had short hair, a well-trimmed moustache, shortly-cut side whiskers, a neat-fitting coat and trousers, and well-shaped boots. He then let his beard and hair grow, and his coat and trousers seemed to grow also—the coat in length and the trousers in width; and his boots grew with the rest—they were ugly and enormous. His hat didn't grow, but it was out of date. Then he would cut his beard and hair again, wear a short coat, a sort of pilot jacket, and eventually a long black coat. So that if a drawing was not published at once it would have been out of date.

Some artists have been flattering enough to take my sketches as references for Parliamentarians, but others depended on photographs, and for years I have seen Mr. Parnell represented with the neatly-trimmed moustache and closely-cut side whiskers. *A propos* of this, I may mention here how mistakes often become

perpetuated. John Bright, for instance, was generally represented in political sketches with an eyeglass. This was a slip made by an artist in *Punch* many years ago. But ever after John Bright was represented with an eyeglass—which he never wore, except on one occasion just to see how he liked it.

The effect upon the House when Mr. Parnell rose was always dramatic. He sat there during a debate, seldom, if ever, taking a note, with his hat well over his eyes and his arms crossed, in strong contrast to the restlessness of those around him. When he rose, it seemed an effort to lift his voice, and he spoke in a hesitating, ineffective manner. Neither was there much in what he said, but he was *Parnell*, and the fact that he said little and said it quietly, that what he said was not prepared in consultation with his Whips or with his Party, that in fact he was playing a game in which his closest friends were not consulted, made his rising interesting from the reporters' gallery to the doorkeepers in the Lobby the other side.

Mr. Parnell seemed to have been very little affected by his continued reverses; and perhaps the only visible effect of his loss of power was that the "uncrowned king" of Ireland changed his top-hat to a plebeian bowler, but he did not change his coat. He was always careless about his dress, and his tall, handsome figure looked somewhat ridiculous when he wore a bowler, black frock coat, and his hair as usual unkempt.

The fall of Parnell was one of the most sensational and certainly the most dramatic incident in the history of Parliament.

Mr. Parnell was politically ruined and the Irish Party smashed beyond recovery in the famous Committee Room No. 15, after the disclosures in the Divorce Court in which Mr. Parnell figured as co-respondent. Mr. Parnell had found the Irish Party without a leader, without a programme, without a future. He had by his individual force made it a power which had to be reckoned with, and which practically controlled Parliament. He had been attacked by the most important paper in the world. He had come out of the affair, in the eyes of many, a hero; he

made his Party stronger than their wildest dreams ever anticipated. But his followers little thought that in hiding from them his tactics he had also hidden the weakness which caused his ultimate downfall. Howbeit the Irish Party, whom he held in a hypnotic trance, agreed to stand by him still. Then, suddenly, Mr. Gladstone made his demand for a sacrifice to Mrs. Grundy. His famous letter, written November 24th, 1894, to Mr. Morley, was the death-warrant to Parnellism, and, as it subsequently proved, to Gladstonianism as well.

There was a strange fascination in watching the mysterious Leader of the Irish Party during the crisis, and I took full advantage of my privilege in the House to do so. I was in and about the House early and late, and probably saw more of Mr. Parnell than anyone else not connected with him. It was just before his exposure that I happened to be in an out-of-the-way passage leading from the House, making a little note in my sketch-book on a corner of the building, when Mr. Parnell walked out. He stood close by, not observing me, and was occupied for a minute in taking letters out of the pocket on the right side of his overcoat: they were unopened. He looked at them singly; now and then he would tap one on the other, as much as to say, "I wonder what is in that?" Then he passed it over with the others and put them all into the pocket on the left side of his overcoat, and strolled off to catch his train to Brighton. That incident, as I subsequently found out, was the cause of much of his trouble; for I was informed, when I mentioned it to a great friend of Mr. Parnell's and of mine—Mr. Richard Power—that about that time he had written him important letters which might have saved him if they had been attended to in time.

But those who saw the fallen chief during the sittings in Committee Room No. 15, when, through the letter of Mr. Gladstone to which I have referred, he was denounced, and had to fight with his back to the wall, can never forget his tragic figure during that exciting time. No one knew better than he that the tactics of his lieutenant would be cunning and perhaps treacherous; so this lazy, self-composed man suddenly awoke as

a general who finds himself surprised in the camp, and determines to keep watch himself. Every day he took by right the chair at the meetings. Had he not been present, who knows that it would not have been wrested from him? In the early afternoon I saw him more than once walk with a firm step, with an ashy pale face, his eyes fixed straight in front of him, through the yard, through the Lobby, up the stairs, and into Room 15, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Campbell. The members of his Party, on their arrival, found him sitting where they had left him the night before. I recollect one morning, as he passed where I was standing, he never moved his head, but I heard him say to Mr. Campbell, "Who's that? what does he want?" in a sharp, nervous manner. He never seemed to recognise anyone, or wish them to recognise him. His one idea was to face the man who wished to fight him in the little ring they had selected in the Committee Room No. 15.

TO ROOM 15.

No outsider but myself heard any portion of that debate, for at the beginning of it the reporters, who were standing round the doors outside to hear what they could, were ordered away; and I was left there, not being a reporter, to finish a rather tedious sketch of the corridor. A policeman was placed at either end of this very long passage, and if anyone had to pass that way he was not allowed to pause for a moment at the door of the room upon which the interest of the political world was centred at the moment. Nearly all the time I was there I only saw the policeman at either end, and one solitary figure seated on the bench outside the door. It was the figure of a woman with a kind, homely-looking face, resting with her head upon her hand. She seemed not to be aware of, or at least not interested in what was going on inside; she simply sighed as Big Ben tolled on toward the hour for the dismissal of the

Leader of the Irish Party. She was the wife of a blind Member of Parliament who was taking part in the proceedings, and her thoughts were evidently more intent upon seeing that her husband was not worn out by that strange, long struggle than in the political significance of the meeting.

It was my good fortune to hear what was perhaps the most interesting of the speeches—John Redmond's defence of his chief—and I never wish to listen to a finer oration. Everyone admits that the Irish are, by nature, good speakers, but they are not always sincere. Here was a combat in which there was no quarter, no gallery, and no reporters. The men spoke from their hearts, and if any orator could have moved an assembly by his power and genius, Mr. Redmond ought to have had a unanimous vote recorded in favour of his chief. I am not a phonograph, nor was I a journalist privileged to record what passed, and I have no intention of breaking their trust.

OUTSIDE ROOM 15.

I shall never forget the scene one Wednesday afternoon when Mr. Maurice Healy, brother of "Tim," and one of the Members for Cork, challenged Mr. Parnell to retire and so enable their respective claims to the confidence of the people of Cork to be tested. He tried to drag Mr. Parnell into a newspaper controversy upon this point, but failing to do so repeated in tragic tones his somewhat Hibernian sentiment that Mr. Parnell did not represent the constituency which elected him. Mr. Maurice Healy, a somewhat sickly-looking young man, with a family resemblance to his brother, is much taller than his more famous relative, but lacks the stamina and vivacity of the Member for Longford.

At this moment, when the Irish Party might have been likened to machinery deprived of its principal wheel, it was curious to

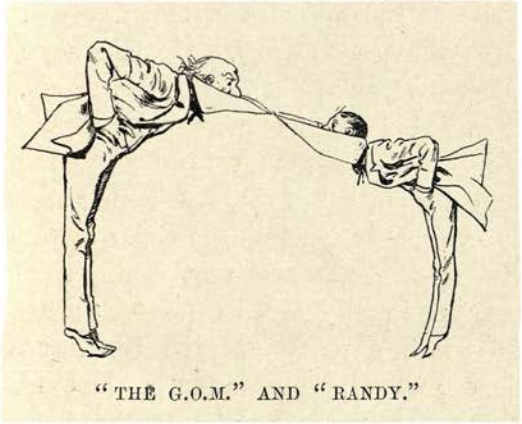
notice how energetic Mr. Parnell became. He tried to cover his position by being unusually active in Parliament; he followed the Chief Secretary for Ireland in the debates upon the Land Purchase Bill, to the obvious discomfort of Mr. Morley, and rather delighted the young Conservatives by twitting the faction which had thrown him over. His speeches, however, were laboured, and, as one of the Irish Members remarked to me in the Lobby, it had a curious effect on them to see Mr. Parnell sit down after making an important speech without hearing a single cheer. And whereas for years he had addressed the House with the greatest calmness, his chief characteristic being his "reserve force," he now changed all this, and one Friday night caused quite a sensation in the House in his attack upon Mr. Gladstone, not so much by what he said as by the manner in which he said it. His excitement was visible to all, and he was observed to be positively convulsed with anger. He also remained, contrary to his previous custom, late in the House.

The last occasion on which I saw Charles Stewart Parnell was a few months before his death. I was in Dublin during the Horse Show week, giving my "Humours of Parliament" to crowded houses in the "Ancient Concert Rooms," and my ancient hotel rooms were at Morrison's Hotel—"Parnell's Hotel," for the "uncrowned king" (at that time deposed) always stopped there—in fact it was said he had an interest in the property. It was late on Sunday afternoon. I was writing in my sitting-room on the first floor, next to Parnell's room, when the strains of national music of approaching bands smote my ear, and soon the hotel was surrounded by a cheering, shouting crowd. Banners were flying, bands were playing, thousands of voices were shouting. Standing in a brake haranguing the surging mass of people was the familiar figure of Charles Stewart Parnell. With difficulty he descended from the brake, and had literally to fight his way into the hotel, while his worshippers clung on to him into the building, till they were seized and ejected by the servants. I went out of my door to see the scene, and in the passage outside, between Parnell's sitting-room and mine, he sat apparently exhausted. His flesh seemed transparent—I could

fancy I saw the pattern of the wall-paper through his pallid cheeks. The next moment, before I was aware, another figure sat on the same seat, arms were thrown round my neck. It was my old Irish nurse, who had come up from Wexford to see me, and had been lying in wait for me.

OUTSIDE MY ROOM.

The first picture I drew for *Punch's* essence of Parliament was a portrait of Lord Randolph Churchill, "Caught on the Hip," to illustrate the following truly prophetic words of Toby, M.P.: "The new delight you have given us is the spectacle of an undisciplined Tory—a man who will not march at the word of command and snaps his fingers at his captain. You won't last long, Randolph; you are rather funny than witty —more impudent than important." That was written at the opening of Parliament, 1891.



"THE G.O.M." AND "RANDY."

I must plead guilty to being the cause of giving an erroneous impression of Lord Randolph's height. He was not a small man, but he *looked* small; and when he first came into notoriety, with a small following, was considered of small importance and, by some, small-minded. It was to show this political insignificance in humorous contrast to his bombastic audacity that I represented him as a midget; but the idea was also suggested from time to time by his opponents in debate. Did not Mr. Gladstone once call him a gnat? and do we not find the

following lines under *Punch's* Fancy Portraits, No. 47, drawn by Mr. Sambourne?

"There is a Midge at Westminster,
A Gnatty little Thing,
It bites at Night
This mighty Mite,
But no one feels its sting."

Two gentlemen of Yorkshire had a dispute about his correct height, and one of them, anxious to have an authoritative pronouncement, wrote to the noble Lord, and received the following reply:

"2, CONNAUGHT PLACE, W.

"DEAR SIR,—Lord Randolph Churchill desires me to say, in reply to your letter of the 21st inst., that his height is just under 5ft. 10in.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"CECIL DRUMMOND-WOLFF, Secretary."

Lord Randolph Churchill was a mere creature of impulse, the spoilt pet of Parliament—what you will—but no one can deny that he was the most interesting figure in the House since Disraeli. He had none of Disraeli's chief attraction—namely, mystery. Nor had he Disraeli's power of organisation, for, although Lord Randolph "educated a party" of three—the first step to his eventually becoming Leader of the House—it cannot be said that at any time afterwards he really had, in the strict sense of the word, a party at all. He was a political Don Quixote, and he had his Sancho Panza in the person of Mr. Louis Jennings. Perhaps nothing can show the impulsive nature of Lord Randolph more than the incident which was the cause of Mr. Jennings breaking with Lord Randolph. Mr. Louis Jennings was, in many ways, his chief's superior: a brilliant journalist, originally on the *Times*, afterwards editor of

MR. LOUIS JENNINGS.

the *New York World*, when, by dint of his energy and pluck, he was the chief cause of breaking up the notorious Tammany Ring; a charming writer of picturesque country scenes—in fact, an accomplished man, and one harshly treated by that fickle dame Fortune by being branded, rightly or wrongly, as the mere creature of a political adventurer.

One afternoon I was standing in the Inner Lobby when Mr. Jennings asked me to go into the House to a seat under the Gallery to hear him deliver a speech he had been requested to make by the Government Party, and one he thought something of. At that moment Lord Randolph came up and said, "I am going in to hear you, Jennings; I have arranged not to speak till after dinner." And we all three entered the House.

Lord Randolph, who had then left the Ministry, sat on the bench in the second row below the gangway, on the Government side of the House. Mr. Jennings was seated on the bench behind, close to where he had found a place for me under the Gallery. He carefully arranged the notes for his speech, and directly the Member who had been addressing the House sat down, Mr. Jennings jumped to his feet to "catch the Speaker's eye." But Lord Randolph, who had been very restless all through the speech just delivered, sprang to his feet. Jennings leant over to him and said something, but Churchill waved him impatiently away, and the Speaker called upon Lord Randolph. Jennings sank back with a look of disgust and chagrin, which changed to astonishment when Lord Randolph fired out that famous Pigott speech, in which he attacked his late colleagues with a vituperation and vulgarity he had never before betrayed. His speech electrified the House and disgusted his friends—none more so than his faithful Jennings, who left the Chamber directly after his "friend's" tirade of abuse, returning later in the evening to make a capital speech, full of feeling and power, in which he finally threw over Lord Randolph. In the meantime, meeting me, he did not hide the fact that the incident had determined him to have nothing more to say to Churchill. And this was the man I once drew a cartoon of in *Punch* on all fours,

with a coat covering his head (suspiciously like a donkey's head), with "Little Randy" riding on his back!

If Samson's strength vanished with his hair, Lord Randolph's strength vanished with the growing of his beard. The real reason why Lord Randolph so strangely transformed himself is not generally known, but it was for the simplest of all reasons—like that of the gentleman who committed suicide because he was "tired of buttoning and unbuttoning." Lord Randolph was tired of shaving or being shaved; hence the heroic beard, which has offended certain political purists who think that a man with an established reputation has no right to alter his established appearance. Still, if he had not vanished to grow his beard, I doubt if he would have survived the winter; and probably he discovered that it was good for any man to escape now and then from what the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson called "the servile life of cities." Perhaps no one received such a "sending off," or was more fêted, than Lord Randolph Churchill. Happening to be a guest at more than one of those festive little gatherings, I heard Lord Randolph say that all the literary food that he was taking out with him to Mashonaland consisted of the works of two authors—one English, and the other French. We were asked who they were. "In Darkest England," suggested one. "Ruff's Guide to the Turf," said another. Both were wrong. And it ultimately transpired that, together with his friends' best wishes for his safe return, Lord Randolph was carrying with him complete sets of the works of Shakespeare and Molière.

LORD RANDOLPH AND LOUIS JENNINGS.

The deafness which attacked Lord Randolph led to his making mistakes, and to others making a scene, particularly when the

noise in the House was so great through the excitement on the Home Rule question. I find a note made then upon this point, alluding to a little incident *à propos* of Lord Randolph Churchill's deafness: "It is really dangerous, considering the high state of feeling in the House, that Members antagonistic to each other should have to sit side by side. During the stormy scene to which I have just alluded, I was sitting in one of the front boxes directly over the Speaker's chair, and, although remarks kept flying about from the benches below, it was difficult to catch the words, and still more difficult to stop the utterer; so I don't wonder that Lord Randolph Churchill—who is rather deaf—should have misconstrued the words, 'You are not dumb!' as 'You are knocked up!' Later on, however, an Irish Member knocked down another one who was opposed to him in politics; and this the Press called 'coming into collision.'"

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

There is little doubt that ill-health was the cause of that querulousness which led to Lord Randolph's curious and fatal move. I recollect being introduced to an American doctor in the Lobby one afternoon when Lord Randolph was at the zenith of his height and fame. Lord Randolph passed close to us, and stood for a few minutes talking to the Member who had introduced the doctor to me. I whispered to the American to take stock of the Member his friend was talking to. He did, and when Lord Randolph walked away he said, "Well, I don't know who that man is, but he won't live five years." It was unfortunate for the reputation of Lord Randolph that the doctor's words did not come true.

Many efforts were made by the friends of Lord Randolph to

bring Lord Salisbury and his lieutenant together again. A deputation of a few intimate friends, ladies as well as gentlemen, called on Lord Salisbury, presumably on quite a different matter, but led up to Lord Randolph. Lord Salisbury, seeing through their object, asked the question, "Have any of you ever had a carbuncle on the back of your neck?"

"No."

"Then I have, and I do not want another."

But perhaps Lord Salisbury saw more than anyone else that Lord Randolph was not the man he once was. It was painful in his latter days to see the Members run out of the House when he rose to speak, and to recollect that but a few years before they poured in to listen to the "plucky little Randy"; and the sympathy of everyone for him was shown in a very marked way by the kindness of the Press when one of the most extraordinary figures in the Parliamentary world had passed away.

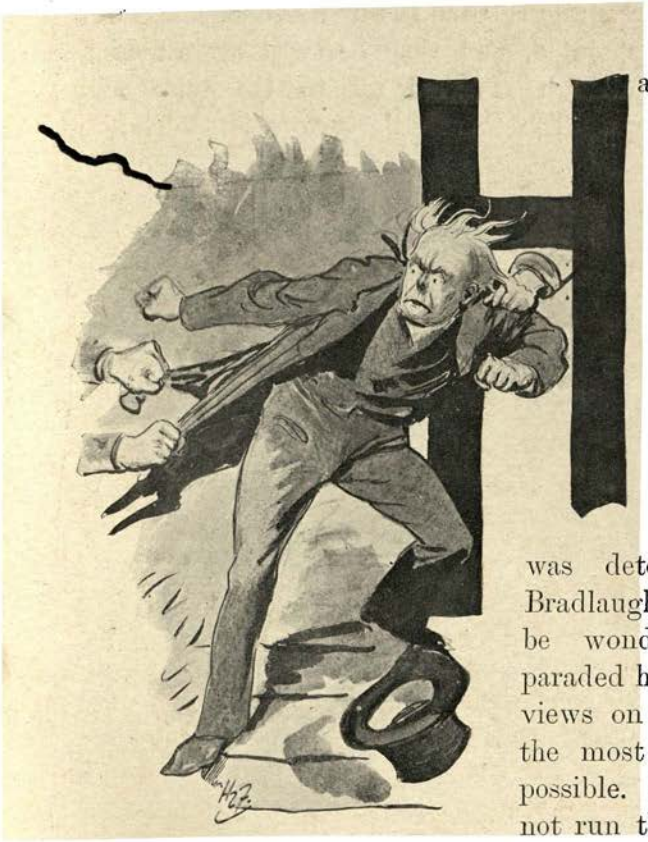
BEHIND THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

Lord Randolph Churchill recalls another familiar figure I caricatured—Lord Iddesleigh, a statesman who will always be remembered with respect. No statue has ever been erected in the buildings of the House of Commons to any Member who better deserves it, and, strange to say, the white marble took

character and style of the man, chilliness, pure, and firm. A country gentleman in politics and out of it, free from flashy party-colour rhetoric.

Sir Stafford Northcote, as he was known in the House of Commons, the gentlest of statesmen, had by no means a peaceful career in politics. He was at one time Mr. Gladstone's secretary, and those who knew him declare that he never lost his respect and admiration for his former master, although time took him from Mr. Gladstone's flock to the fold of Lord Beaconsfield. I recollect on one occasion, when I was seated in a Press box directly over the Speaker's chair, seeing Mr. Gladstone write a memorandum on a piece of paper and throw it across the table to Sir Stafford, who was at that time Leader of the House of Commons; after reading it, Sir Stafford nodded to Mr. Gladstone, and they both rose together and went behind the Speaker's chair. One could easily detect in the manner of the two old friends an existence of personal regard, and their estrangement on political circumstances must have been a matter of mutual regret. Sir Stafford and Mr. Gladstone towards the end, however, did not show that friendliness that had gone on for so many years. This may have been brought about by many causes, not the least of which was the fact that Mr. Gladstone refused to lead the House during the Bradlaugh scene, and left it to Sir Stafford, then Leader of the Opposition. For instance, after the division in which Mr. Bradlaugh was

refused the House by a vote of 383 to 233, the Speaker appealed to the House to know what to do. Mr. Bradlaugh stood at the table and refused to leave it. Mr. Gladstone lay back on the seat of the Government bench motionless, so Sir Stafford took up the leadership of the House, and asked the Prime Minister, whom he facetiously called the Leader of the House, "whether he intended to propose any counsel, any course for the purpose of maintaining the authority of the House and of the Chair." And so it was on many occasions. When Mr. Bradlaugh did rush up to the table of the House, escorted by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Bass, and went through the amusing part of taking the oath, he brought the book which he kissed, and the papers which he signed, and then rushed back into his seat. The House witnessed the scene indescribable by either pen or pencil. But here again Mr. Gladstone refused to lead the House. There had been a division, and Mr. Bradlaugh had once more been refused admission; so Sir Stafford Northcote came forward, as he always did on these occasions, in the mildest possible way and the most gentlemanly manner, which rather added to the effect of his taking the reins left dangling uselessly by the Leader of the House. He said: "Mr. Speaker, I need hardly say that if the Leader of the House desires to rise, I will give him the opportunity; but assuming that he does not, I intend to do so, and as I see no indication of his consent to do so, I shall call the attention of the House to the position in which we stand," and so on. Sir Stafford Northcote was not a man to stand the rough treatment which Members have had in the House during the last fifteen years. Had he been a Member twenty years before that, or even a little more, he would have been more in tone with the "best club in London." He was perplexed by Mr. Gladstone, he was bullied by Lord Randolph Churchill, and he was generally looked upon as an old woman, and eventually he was simply sent up to the other House. It was not until his sad and tragic death occurred that everyone realised that they had lost one of the most able statesmen and one of the finest gentlemen that ever sat in the House of Commons.



ad Mr. Bradlaugh taken the oath with the rest of the Members when first introduced to the House, or had he, after refusing to take it, behaved with less violence, I doubt if he would have made any name in Parliament. The House was determined to fight Bradlaugh, and it is not to be wondered at, for he paraded his atheism, and his views on other matters, in the most repulsive manner possible. But Bradlaugh did not run the risk of fighting down mere prejudice. Had he taken the oath, he would only have won the ear of the House by proving himself a great politician. This he was not, though he was a hard-working one, and a model Member from a constituency's point of view. But the only big question he mastered was his own right to take his seat. Once he got it, he became a respectable and respected Member of Parliament, and nothing more. So, with the wisdom of the serpent, he did not enter the House quietly to fight a wearisome and impossible battle against the inveterate prejudices of the Members. No, Bradlaugh defied the House of Commons; he horrified it, he insulted it, he lectured it, he laughed at it, he tricked it, he shamed it, he humiliated it, he conquered it. He brought to their knees the men who howled at him—as no other man has ever been howled at before—by sheer force of character.

Bradlaugh's bitter struggle would fill a volume. Select Committees were appointed, and they declared against him. Ignoring them, Bradlaugh marched up to the table and demanded to be sworn. The Fourth Party would not let him

BRADLAUGH TRIUMPHANT. *From "Punch."*

touch the Testament. Three days followed of angry debate on Bradlaughism, with more scenes. A new Committee reversed the decision of its predecessor, and said that Bradlaugh might affirm. Two days were consumed in discussing this, and the present Lord Chancellor, then Sir Hardinge Giffard, swayed the

House against the report of the Committee. Nothing daunted, Mr. Bradlaugh the very next day was back at the table of the House, clamouring to be allowed to address the House on his case. A scene of wild confusion resulted, Mr. Bradlaugh endeavouring to speak, the House howling to prevent him. Eventually he was ordered below the Bar—that is, nominally outside the House, although within the four walls. After much acrimonious chatter from all sides, he was allowed to make his speech. His hour had come. He stood like a prisoner pleading before a single judge and a jury of 670 of his fellow-men. His speech was more worthy of the Surrey Theatre than of the "Best Club." It was bombastic and theatrical. He was ordered to withdraw, while the jury considered their verdict. When he was recalled, it was to hear sentence of expulsion passed on him. But he would not depart, and another tremendous uproar took place. Mr. Bradlaugh's well-trained platform voice rose above all others in loud assertion of his "rights," and he continued to call for them all through the House, the Lobbies, the corridors, up the winding stair into the Clock Tower, where he was immured by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The following day he was released after another angry debate, and he quickly returned to the forbidden precincts. Then he was induced to quit, but on the next day he came down to the House with his family, and with a triumphant procession entered the House amid the cheers of the crowd. So the drama went on day after day, like a Chinese play. The characters in it were acted by the leading players on both sides of the House, and the excitement never flagged for a moment until Mr. Bradlaugh was allowed to affirm. He was told that he would vote at his own

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

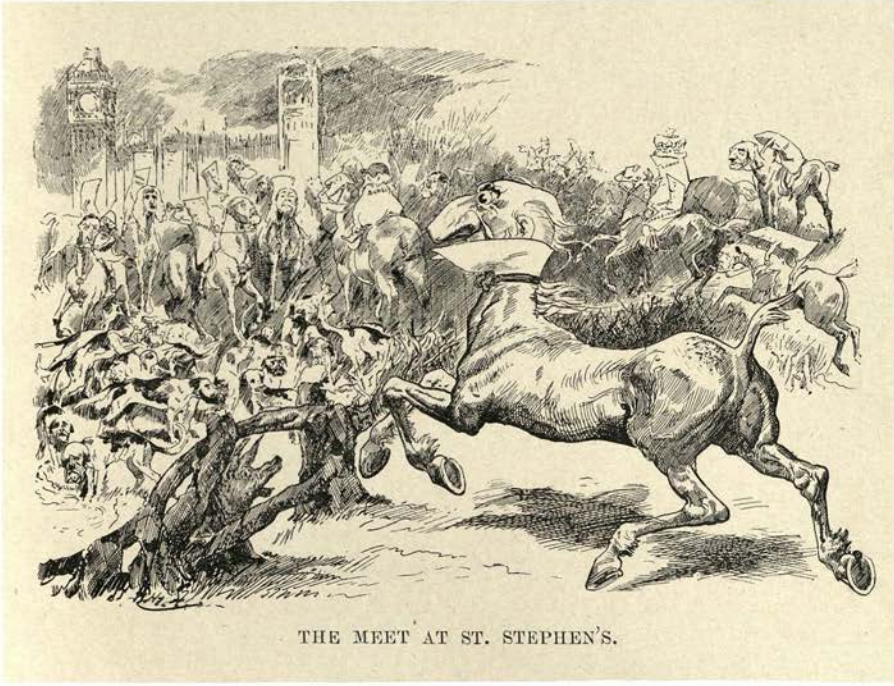
risk. He voted repeatedly, and by so doing incurred a fine, at the hands of Mr. Justice Mathew, of the little round sum of £100,000 (he never had 100,000 farthings), nor could he even open his mouth in the House without savage interruption. Finally, Mr. Labouchere, his colleague, moved for a new writ for the borough of Northampton. Bradlaugh re-won the seat by the small majority of 132 votes, and the Bradlaugh incubus lay once more on Parliament. Then followed the same old cycle of events, the same scene at the table, the same angry religious warfare in debate (Mr. Bright's great oratorical effort will be remembered), the same speech from Mr. Bradlaugh at the Bar, the same division, the same result. Scene followed scene, and scandal scandal for weeks, months, years.

To appreciate Mr. John Bright fully, one must have heard him. Really to comprehend his power and greatness, one must have heard him at his best. Yet the greatness of his oratory lay not so much in what he said as in the beautiful way he said it.

Previous to my having the opportunity of listening to the debates, Mr. Bright had reached that stage a singer reaches who has to all intents retired from the stage, and merely makes an appearance for someone's benefit now and then. In the first two or three years which I recall in these pages Mr. Bright was making his last appearance in grand political opera. He was in the Government, but although he assured the House that "he was not going to turn his back upon himself"—an assertion of his powers as a contortionist I endeavoured to depict in *Punch* the following week—Mr. Bright had practically turned his back upon making great oratorical displays. The Bradlaugh scandal was in 1881 the subject of the hour, and it was whilst appearing for Mr. Bradlaugh's benefit, on the occasion of one of the numerous matinées arranged by the elected for Northampton, that Mr. Bright used the words. But on no occasion in my memory did he rise in a full-dress debate to make one of those grand efforts with which his name will ever be remembered as the great orator.

Statesmanship was not so much to him as speechifying. He

was not a diplomatist such as Beaconsfield, a tactician like Mr. Gladstone, a fearless, dashing debater like Lord Derby the elder, "The Rupert of Debate"; nor had he the weight of Lord Salisbury, nor the æstheticism of Mr. Balfour. But as a mere voice in the political opera he had a charm above them all. In



THE MEET AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

appearance he was commonplace compared with these others I have mentioned. Often the most indifferent-looking horse in the stable or in the paddock is the best in action. You would not give £40 for some standing at ease; but in action, moving to perfection, with fire and speed and staying power, the price is more like £20,000. Mr. Bright never got into his stride at any time or in any event while he came under my observation.

These equine remarks about a great politician bring to mind a protest I received about a drawing of mine, which appeared a year or two ago, representing Mr. Gladstone as a Grand Old Horse, hearing the horn at the meet, cantering towards his companions in so many runs in which he had taken the

lead, and for which his day had gone. The protest came from a Quaker, horrified at my depicting Mr. Gladstone as a gee-gee! as if he had not been so depicted often enough before.

Jacob Bright was the very antithesis to his brother, both in appearance and manner—tall, of a nervous, wiry frame, rigid face, severe expression. He, like others without a spark of humour, was often the means of unconscious merriment. For instance, when Lord Randolph Churchill was Member for Woodstock, Mr. Jacob Bright referred to him as the noble lord "the Member for Woodcock." Sir John Tenniel in the cartoon in *Punch*, and myself in the minor pictures of Parliament in that journal, made full use of the "woodcock," and, therefore, revelling in heraldry, quickly added the woodcock to the Churchill arms.

Half the bores in London clubs are Indian officials returned to us with their digestion and their temper destroyed, to spend the rest of their days in fighting their poor livers and their unhappy friends. The etiquette of Clubland prevents one from protesting. But in the "Best Club" they are not spared. They are either howled at, or left to speak to empty benches.

Perhaps Sir George Campbell, who had been Governor of Bombay, was the most eccentric bore we have ever had in the House of Commons. Sir George has acknowledged that he could not resist the temptation to speak. On one occasion he made no less than fifty-five speeches on the Standing Committee of one Bill. At breakfast in the morning he read in the *Times* his heated, unconsidered interruptions in the House the night before, and he read of the contempt with which they were received—the "Loud laughter," cries of "Order!" "Divide! divide! divide!" and the snubs administered to him by the wearied and disgusted Members. He read after lunch at his club the jeering remarks of the evening Press. He was well aware he was a nuisance to the House, and he resolved as he walked down Whitehall not to open his mouth. But as soon as he crossed Palace Yard and entered the corridors of the House he sniffed the odour of authority and the fever of debate. He, the Great Sir George of India—silent? Never! Whether

there was a question about the bathing-machines on the beach at Hastings, or the spread of scarlet fever at Battersea, or about an old pump at Littleshrimpton, he cared not: he must act his part—that of the Pantaloon in Parliament.

In appearance he was a striking, handsome man, with a strong individuality. A good head, piercing eye, well-shaped nose, and tall, active frame no doubt added to his authority in India. He struck me as a man who had been taken to pieces on his way home to this country, and put together again badly, for his joints were all wrong. Certainly his head was, and he was over wound up. His tongue never ceased, and the worst of it was he had a rasping, penetrating voice, with the strongest Scotch accent. One afternoon in the House this accent led to one of those frequent outbursts of merriment and protest combined—so common when Sir George bored the House, as he was always doing. Sometimes he made over thirty speeches in one evening. A question was asked about the obstructive methods of the irrepressible Sir George, who on this particular afternoon was supported in his boredom by two other bores, the Member for Sunderland and Mr. Conybeare. These three had the House to themselves, and peppered the Government benches with question after question, speech after speech. Sir George alluded to themselves as "a band of devoted guerillas." The weary House, not paying particular attention to every accent, failed to catch most of what Sir George said, as his rasping Scotch accent left them no escape. But the last word was misunderstood, and an outburst of laughter, long, loud, and hearty, followed, and, in a Parliamentary sense, killed Sir George for the day. The House understood him to say "a band of us devoted gorillas."

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Perhaps the neatest rebuke Sir George ever had in the House—or, as a matter of fact, any Member ever had—was administered by that most polished wit, Mr. Plunket (now Lord Rathmore).

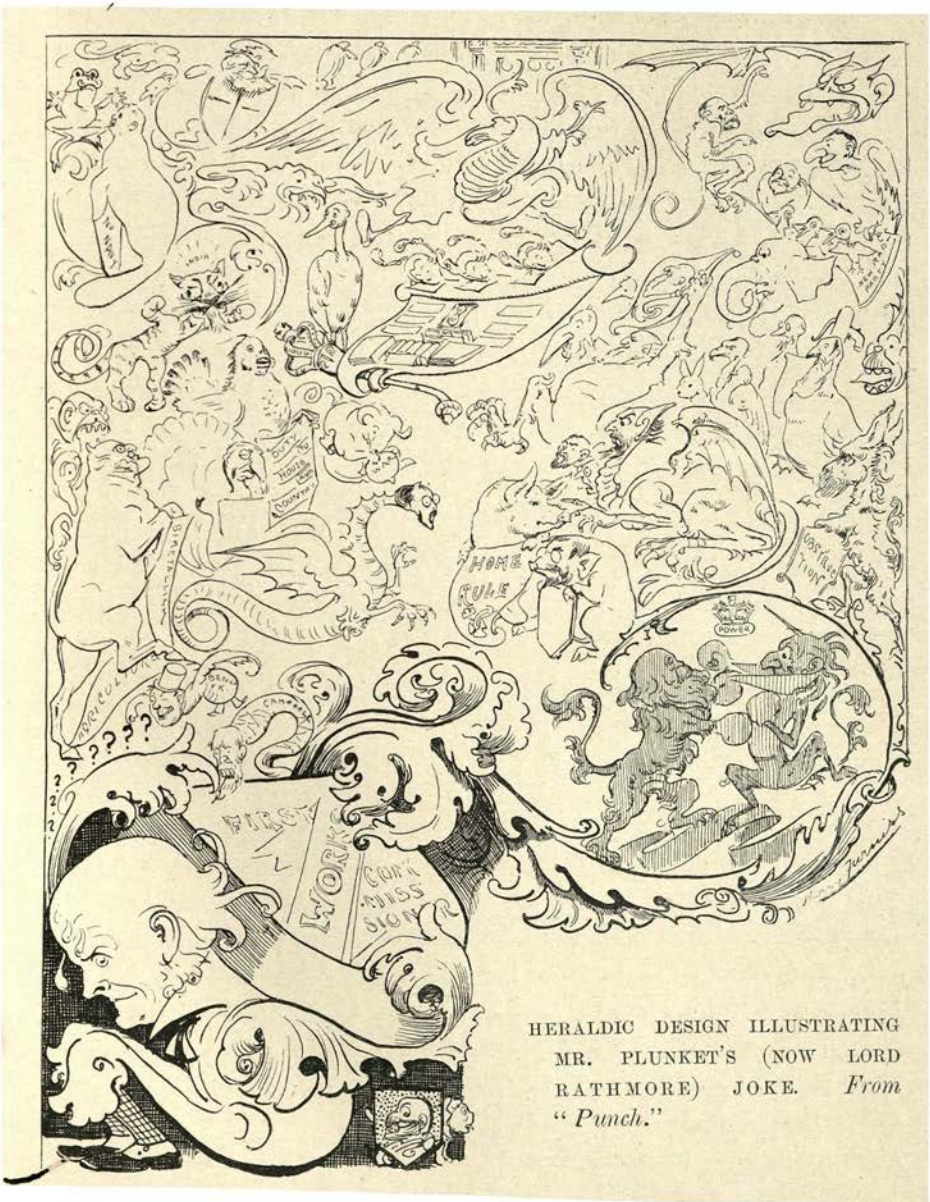
Sir George solemnly rose and asked Mr. Plunket, who happened at the time to be Minister of Public Works, whether he (Mr. Plunket) was responsible for the "fearful creatures" whose effigies adorn the staircase of Westminster Hall. Mr. Plunket rose and quietly replied, in his effective, hesitating manner, "I am not responsible for the fearful creatures either in Westminster Hall or in this House," a retort which "brought down the House" and caused it to laugh loud and long. This I chronicled in a drawing for *Punch* the following week.

The subject of gargoyles recalls another witticism, which, however, has the light touch that failed.

Now there is nothing so disappointing to a humorist as to lead up to an interruption, and then find he is not interrupted. Mr. Chamberlain seldom fails to bring off his little unsuspected repartee, and it is his mastery of this art that make his speeches sparkle with diamond brilliancy, but then these are usually serious, and he can afford a few miss-fires. Mr. Goschen, in the Commons, romped through his "plants" for his opponents; his interruptions were three or four deep, but he was ready for all of them. He may be likened to a professional chess player, playing a dozen opponents at once, and remembering all the moves on the separate boards. But for a humorist to miss fire —after an elaborate joke is prepared—is a catastrophe.

Colonel Sanderson rose on a very important and ticklish occasion to "draw" Mr. Labouchere. The Member for Northampton had been electrifying the House by his free handling of a matter affecting the morality of private individuals, a course of action for which, later on, he was suspended. Colonel Sanderson, alluding to Mr. Labouchere, called him a "political gargoyle." Mr. Labouchere did not, as was expected, rise in a furious state and demand an explanation. The Colonel paused and repeated, "I say the hon. gentleman, the Member for Northampton, is a political gargoyle." No notice was taken by the gentleman compared to the architectural adornment of past days; it was evident that, like the gargoyle in ancient architecture, the remark of the humorous Colonel was some elaboration too lofty to be noticed. A few days afterwards

Mr. Labouchere met the Colonel, and asked him what he meant by calling him a political gargoyle. "Well," said the Colonel,



HERALDIC DESIGN ILLUSTRATING MR. PLUNKET'S (NOW LORD RATHMORE) JOKE. *From "Punch."*

"rather late to ask me; you will find the definition in the dictionary. It is a grotesque gutter-spout." Said Mr. Labouchere,

"You're a very clever fellow, Colonel; that would have been a capital point—if you had made it."

Mr. Farmer Atkinson, who succeeded Sir William Ingram of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Sketch* as Member for Boston, Lincolnshire, was an invaluable "subject" for me during his brief hour upon the Parliamentary stage. Our introduction was peculiar. It so happened that when Mr. (now Sir) Christopher Furness was first returned for Hartlepool, Mr. Atkinson, although of opposite politics, was most anxious to welcome him to Parliament as a companion Dissenter. After diligent inquiries for Mr. Furness, I was by mistake pointed out to him. I suddenly found both my hands clasped and warmly shaken by the mistaken M.P. "Delighted to meet you, Mr. Furness! Allow me to congratulate you. We are both Dissenters, you know,—what a pity we are on different sides of the House!"

MR. FARMER ATKINSON.

"Yes," I replied, "a thousand pities,—you see, you are inside and I am outside."

My introduction to Mr. Christopher Furness a day or two afterwards was in a way similar, but rather more embarrassing.

Perhaps there are not two men with surnames so similar and yet so different in every other way than that great man of business, Sir Christopher Furness, and myself. He has an eye for business, but not one for his surname—I have an "I" in my name, and two for art only. When Mr. Furness was first returned to Parliament, plain Mr., neither a knight nor a millionaire, *then* he asked to see me alone in one of the Lobbies of the House of Commons. He held a note in his hand, *strangely* and nervously,—so I knew at once it was not a bank-note.

"I—ah—am very sorry,—you are a stranger to me, I—a—stranger to the House. This note from a stranger was handed

to me by a strange official. I read it before I noticed the mistake. It is addressed to you."

"Oh, that is of no consequence, I assure you," I said.

"Oh, but it is—it must be of consequence. It is—of—such a private nature, and so brief. I feel extremely awkward in having to acknowledge I read it,—a pure accident, I assure you!"

He handed me the note and was running away, when I called him back. It read:—

"Meet me under the clock at 8.

"LUCY."

"I must introduce you to Lucy."

"No, no! not for worlds."

But I did. Here he is.

There were more "scenes" in Parliament in the few sessions that I have selected to write about in this volume than there were in the rest of the last century put together. This was largely due to the climax of Irish affairs in the House. For effect in debate the English and Scotch Members,—not to speak of the Welsh Representatives,—are failures compared with those Members from across the water. No matter how hard the phlegmatic Englishman, the querulous Scotchman, or the whinings of those from gallant little Wales may try for effect, they have to give way to the Irish in the art of making a scene in the House. Occasionally, as when Dr. Kenealy shook some pepper over the House, and in the case of Mr. Plimsoll—or some other honourable gentleman—who went so far as to hang his umbrella on the Mace, an English Member causes a sensation which might almost excite a pang of envy in the breast of Dr. Tanner or Mr. Healy. No Englishman, however, has exceeded Mr. Bradlaugh in the persistent quality of sensationalism in Parliament, which now is sadly in want of another political phenomenon to enliven its proceedings.

One of the best studies in those days of good subjects for the Parliamentary caricaturist was the figure of that "squat and

leering Quilp," Joseph Gillis Biggar, Member for County Cavan. Mr. Lucy (Toby, M.P.), who acted as Biggar's Boswell, records the interesting fact that when Mr. Biggar rose for the first time in the House (1874) to put a supplementary question to a Minister, Mr. Disraeli, startled by the apparition, turned to Lord Barrington as if he had seen seated in the Irish quarter an ourang-outang or some other strange creature,—"What's that?"

From that moment Mr. Biggar was a continual source of amusement—and "copy." I venture to say that Toby, M.P., has written a good-sized volume about Mr. Biggar's waistcoat alone. What he saw in the waistcoat to chronicle I confess I have failed to see. "A fearsome garment," Mr. Lucy called it, "which, at a distance, might be taken for sealskin, but was understood to be of native manufacture."

JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR.

Mr. Biggar—waistcoat and all—was certainly seen and heard to advantage "at a distance." He was no doubt useful to his Party, acting, as I believe he did, as a kind of good-natured nurse to them, looking after their comfort and seeing they kept in bounds.

Mr. Biggar was always repulsive in both appearance and manner. His unfortunate deformity, his gargoyle-like face, his long, bony hands, large feet, the black tail coat and baggy black trousers, the grin and the grating voice, and the fact that pork was his study before Parliament, made Joseph Gillis Biggar's appearance as ugly as his name. His chief claim to a niche in Parliamentary history is the fact that he originated Obstruction, and showed the manner in which it should be

applied by making a speech occupying four hours of valuable time. He also showed the length to which gross impertinence can be carried to bring the House into contempt. He "spied" His Royal Highness, our present King, one day in the gallery, and by the law of Parliament a Member by suddenly observing that he "spies" a stranger may have the House cleared of all but its Members, including Royalty—worse than that he on one occasion alluded to Mr. Gladstone as "a vain old gentleman."

The nearest approach I ever had to enter into practical politics was a request I received in March, 1892, to become the successor of Lord (then Sir Charles) Russell, as chairman of a local Radical association. In reply I confessed my political creed, and I see no reason to alter it.

MY POLITICAL CONFESSION.

"I have just received your flattering communication asking me to become the chairman of No. 2 Ward of the East Marylebone Liberal and Radical Association. It is the first time my name has ever been associated with Party politics, and I am puzzled to know myself whether I am a Radical, a Tory, a Liberal, or a Liberal Unionist!

"I read the *Times* every morning, and the *Star* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* every evening. I read the sporting papers for their politics, and the political papers for their literary and artistic notes.

"I work sixteen hours a day myself, and would agree to any law prohibiting others in my profession from working more than three hours.

"I am strongly opposed to Home Rule, as the disappearance of the Irish Members (who are invaluable to me in my profession) from St. Stephen's would be a serious loss to me.

"I agree to paying Members of Parliament, but would propose that they should be fined for non-attendance, and for the privilege of speaking too long, too often, or not often enough. These fines, in the majority of cases, would come to three times the amount of the Member's income.

"I am not in favour of capital punishment, and would do away with all judges and trials by jury, leaving the Press to fight out the criminal cases between themselves.

"I believe in free education, free libraries, and a free breakfast-table,

and would propose that free book-stalls and free restaurants should be compulsory on all railways.

"I am strongly opposed to vivisection, and hold that the life of a rabbit is quite as valuable as that of a professor. At the same time I would not countenance any law making it a punishable offence to boil a lobster alive.

"I am a believer in hypnotism, thought-reading, and theosophy (I have been a bit of an amateur conjurer myself).

"Right of public meeting? Certainly. This should be a free country—everyone do as he likes. Football in Hyde Park, and fairs in Trafalgar Square. Equal freedom for all processions—if Booth can stop the traffic, why not Sanger's menagerie?

"As to local option, by all means let all public-houses be closed. (I never enter one.) And all clubs, too, so long as my own are not interfered with.

"I am not at present a member of any political club, but if you wish me to become one I will put up at the Reform, either as a fervent Gladstonian or a red-hot Unionist; I don't mind which, as neither have the slightest chance of getting in now.

"If, after considering these qualifications, you are of opinion that I would be the right man in the right place, I shall be most happy and willing to become your chairman.—Yours, etc."

I regret to have to confess that I once posed as a political prophet. I was encouraged to prophesy the fact that six months before the election of July, 1892, when Mr. Gladstone was confident of "sweeping the country" and coming back with a majority of 170 or so, when both sides predicted a decisive result, and political prophets were cocksure of large figures, I luckily happened to be more successful in my vaticinations than they, giving the Gladstonians a majority of something between forty and forty-five.

The actual majority turned out, six months afterwards, to be forty-two. This encouraged me to write the following letter to the *Times*, and it appeared July 19th :

"*A Parliamentary Prophecy.*

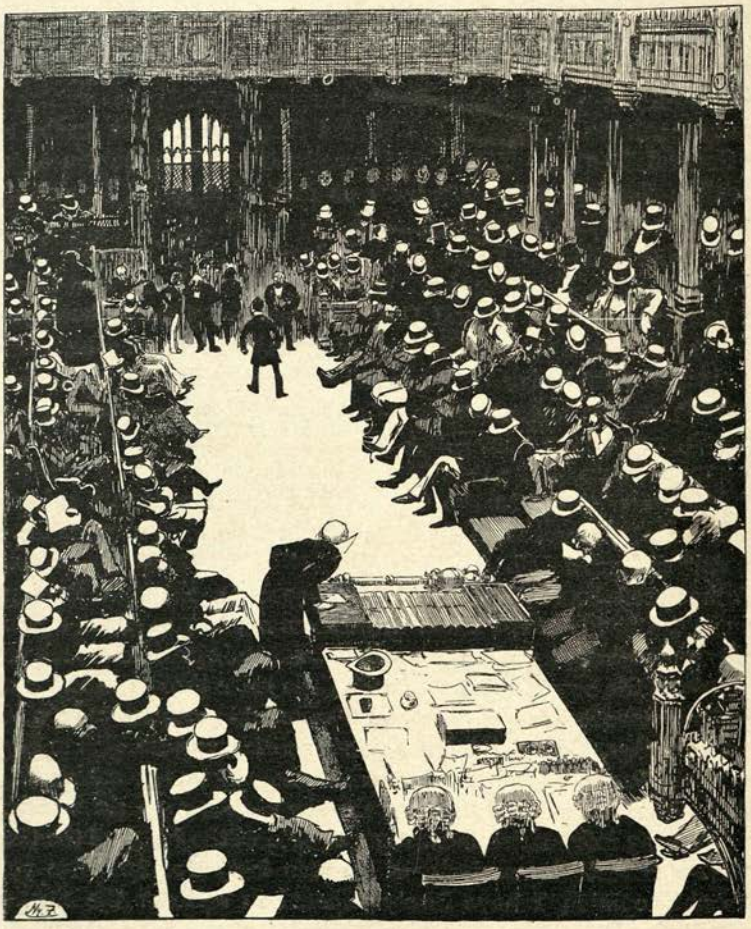
"SIR,—I am surprised that no Parliamentary chronicler has written to the papers to thank the electors of the United Kingdom for the happy result of the General Election. The jaded journalist is the only person to whom the result is pleasing, as he will have no lack of material for descriptive matter in the coming Parliament.

"The Gladstonians are not pleased, because they have barely got a working majority. The Conservatives are not pleased, because they have not got one at all. The Liberal Unionists are not pleased, because they go with the Conservatives. The Irish Nationalists are chagrined, because of the success of five Unionists in Ireland. The Parnellites feel mischievous but unhappy. The Labour representatives mischievous and happy—they are the heroes of the hour—and, although the members of the Labour Party have hitherto been nonentities in the House, they will probably be 'named' several times in the future. But Parliament is a refrigerator for red-hot rhetoric, and such Members will, in time, find respectability and aspirants,* and grow dull.

"A harassed leader, an ambitious Opposition, the balance of power resting in the hands of the Irish, divided amongst themselves, a new and probably noisy party, boredom increased, faddism intensified—such are the ingredients of the new House; and with little spice thrown in in the shape of a revived morality scandal, the new Parliament promises to be a hotch-potch of surprises. I myself take no side in politics, and am glad to say that I have numerous friends in all parties. Perhaps it was in consequence of this that I heard all sides of opinion, thereby enabling me six months ago to weigh all my information correctly and predict the result of the General Election—a Gladstonian majority of between forty and forty-five votes—and to this opinion I have firmly adhered in spite of the fluctuating prospects before the fight. Even on Wednesday, the 6th inst., when the returns pouring in seemed to point to a Government majority, I stuck to my prophecy.

"I am now receiving from my friends (more especially from my Liberal friends) congratulations upon my perspicacity, and, although I am no Schnadhorst, I must now regard myself in the light of a Parliamentary prophet. Having in that capacity chanted my incantations and calculated the number of square feet of Irish linen in one of Mr. Gladstone's collars to be in inverse ratio to the dimensions of his Mid-Lothian majority, and having by abstruse computations discovered the hitherto unknown quantity of Sir William Harcourt's chins, I can safely predict that there will be

* See page 212.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM TOBY'S PRIVATE BOX

another General Election within the space of thirteen months, and that the result of the same will be the return of the Unionists with a majority of fifteen.

"Yours truly,

"HARRY FURNISS.

"Garrick Club, London, July 19."

The regret I felt was not caused by any failure of my prediction contained in the last paragraph in that letter, but that the whole of it was taken seriously. Editorial leaders appeared in

the principal papers all over the kingdom. Letters followed, discussions took place, and politicians referred to it in their speeches. "Mr. Harry Furniss has taken the public into his confidence, as one who is thoroughly acquainted with Party politics, though he takes no personal interest in them. Men who can thus truthfully describe themselves are excessively rare, as far as we know. It is usually the person who does not understand politics who takes no interest in them. A man who understands politics, but does not concern himself to take sides, is in the position of the looker-on who sees most of the game," was truthfully written of me *à propos* of this letter—but why *à propos* of this letter? Why not of my serious work instead? No, my "airy persiflage" was only a cloak. I was seriously and instantaneously accepted as a serious political prophet, and otherwise criticised:

"*To the Editor of the 'Times.'*

"SIR,—In a letter signed by Mr. Harry Furniss, which appeared in the *Times* of the 21st inst., the writer concluded by predicting that there would be another general election within thirteen months, and that the result would be a Unionist majority of fifteen.

"Mr. Furniss is evidently fond of odd numbers, but may I point out to him, and to many other political prophets who have fallen into the same trap, that the fulfilment of his prediction is an impossibility?

"In a House of 670 Members, or any other even number, if divided into two parties, the majority (in the sense he uses the word—viz., the difference) must always be an even number. It is true that the division lists sometimes show a majority which is an odd number, but in such a case an odd number of Members must have been absent from the division. Mr. Furniss must prophesy either fourteen or sixteen.

"The English language is so defective that the word 'majority' is used to mean 'the greater number,' and also 'the difference between the greater number and the less.' Cannot a new word be invented to replace 'majority' in one or other of these meanings, and so avoid the use of the same word for two distinct ideas?

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE R. GALLAHER,

"Fellow of the Institute of Bankers.

"44, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C."

I suppose F.I.B. stands for "Fellow of the Institute of Bankers." Anyway, before I had time to reply to the courteous captious critic the *Times* published the following:

"*Political Prophecy.*

"SIR,—In endeavouring to correct Mr. Furniss your correspondent Mr. Gallaher has forgotten that, although the House of Commons consists of an even number of Members, one of those Members will be elected Speaker; and that consequently, if all the Members were on any occasion to attend, the majority would be an odd, and not an even number. There is therefore no necessity for Mr. Furniss to alter his prophecy at present.

"Your obedient servant,

"FAIR PLAY."

Other correspondents, less technical but strongly political, accused me of being "an inspired Conservative spy." Others that I was an oracle worth "rigging." And the Irish and Radical Press questioning my impartiality, I published this letter:

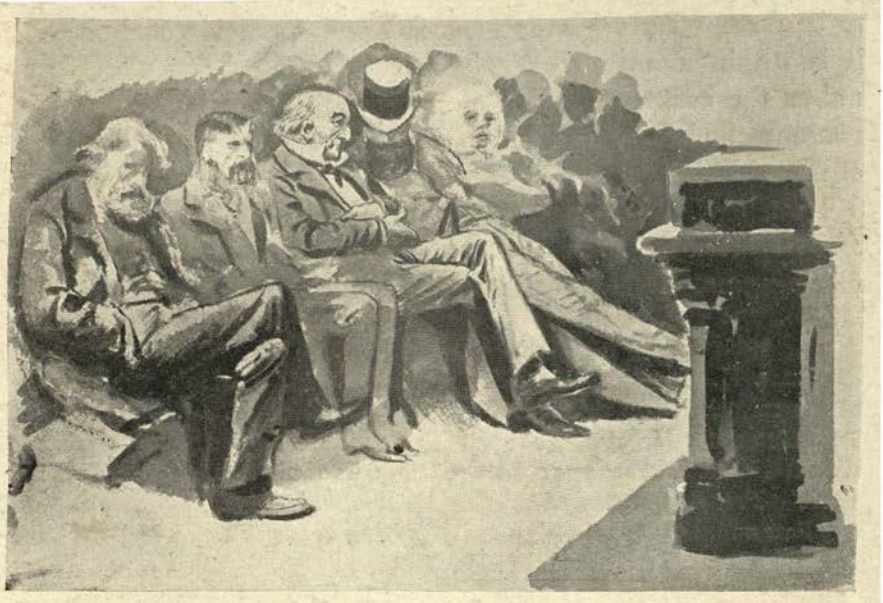
"*To the Editor of the 'Manchester City News.'*

"SIR,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in your issue of July 23rd, stating that I am a Conservative, an assertion which has highly amused those who know me well, for I am one of the strongest of Radicals in some things and the hottest of Tories in others. I earnestly advocate the claims of the working man, and sometimes I feel myself a Whig of the old school. Whether I am a Tory, a Liberal or a Radical, troubles me very little, but as you seem to take a kind interest in my political opinions I should have preferred you to have styled me an Independent, which I understand means nothing.

"HARRY FURNISS.

"Garrick Club, London."

But neither "Independent." nor humorous would the partisan Press allow me to be. Certainly I was applauded by some for having held steadfastly to my prophecy, despite temptations which would have made Cassandra succumb. I was flattered by being held up as an exception among the prophets. From Mr. Gladstone to Mr. T. P. O'Connor politicians had prophesied and were hopelessly wide of the mark. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham that week, said, "The gravity of the weighty man of the House of Commons, gentlemen, is a thing to which there is no parallel in the world," and oh! so serious!



THE GOVERNMENT BENCH—BEFORE HOME RULE.

A rough Sketch made in the House.

Mr. W. E. Forster. Mr. Gladstone. Mr. John Bright.
Lord E. Fitzmaurice. Lord Hartington.

"Prophets—at any rate political prophets—are chiefly distinguished from other people by being always dull and nearly always wrong. To-day, however, appears a brilliant exception to the almost universal rule," wrote one paper, and yet continued, "Mr. Furniss is simply within his own ground as one of the shrewdest and best trained of living observers, when he describes the newly-elected House of Commons as thoroughly discontented with itself. But we wish that Mr. Furniss had carried his prediction into the regions of counsel, and had been able to read in 'Mr. Gladstone's collars,' or in the 'unknown quantity of Sir William Harcourt's chins,' and whatever else serves him for his Stars, what is to be the outcome of a situation in which no party is able to obtain a working majority. If Mr. Furniss is right, the question of 'how is the Queen's Government to be carried on?' will assume a practical importance which it never had before; and unless he himself, as a thoroughly non-party man, can be induced to undertake the formation of an administration of similarly fortunate persons, one does not see what is

to be done. Party government is based upon big majorities it is within measurable distance of breaking down altogether unless the country will make up its mind to stand no more nonsense, and to prefer what is really a party to a conglomerate of fads and factions."

I was beginning to feel like a man who had started a story and forgotten the point of it. The only "comic relief" was the following note from the Editor of *Punch*:

"21st July, 1892.

"*Vates et Vox Stellarum.*

"DEAR H. F.,—'Respectability and aspirants.' Didn't you squirm at the misprint? Is that setter-up-of-type still alive? Je m'en doute. The reference to Harcourt's *chins* will *get you liked* very much. You dated it from the Garrick, but you didn't put the time of night when you wrote it. 'P.S.'—*Post Supperal*, eh?

"Farewell, O Prophet!—but 'why *didn't you say so before?*'

"Allah il Allah Ari Furniss is His Prophet!

"Yours ever,

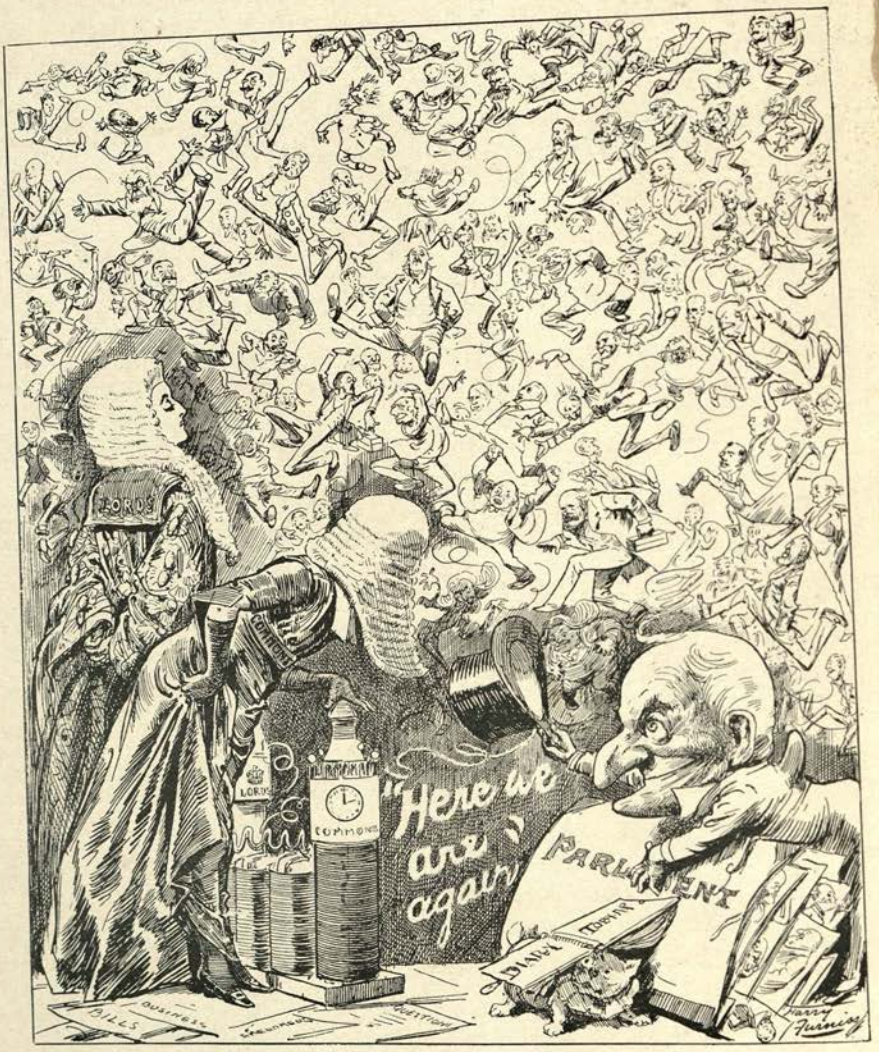
"F. C. B.

"*Advt.*—'LIKA JOKO'! Parliamentary Prophet!! Prophecies sent out on shortest notice. Terms, ——. Reduction on taking a quantity."

Yes! I did squirm at the misprint, which, however, was rectified in the next issue:

"*A Parliamentary Prophecy.*—In Mr. Harry Furniss's letter under this title in the *Times* of yesterday the word 'aspirates' should be read instead of 'aspirants' in the following passage: 'The Labour representatives feel mischievous and happy—they are the heroes of the hour—and, although the members of the Labour Party have hitherto been nonentities in the House, they will probably be 'named' several times in the future. But Parliament is a refrigerator for red-hot rhetoric, and such members will, in time, find respectability and aspirants, and grow dull."

I wish I had followed the example of Mr. John Morley, who announced a couple of months before the election that he had written down his General Election tip and placed it in a sealed envelope; but so far as I have heard, he never risked his reputation for prophecy—he refrained from publishing the secret. That grave and weighty right hon. gentleman scored as the humorist, and I failed as a prophet in my second attempt.



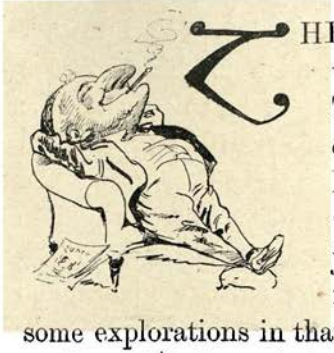
REDUCTION OF ONE OF MY PARLIAMENTARY PAGES IN *PUNCH*.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER VII.

"PUNCH."

Two *Punch* Editors—*Punch's* Hump—My First *Punch* Dinner—Charles Keene—"Robert"—W. H. Bradbury—du Maurier—"Kiki"—A Trip to the Place of his Birth — He Hates Me — A Practical Joke—du Maurier's Strange Model—No Sportsman—Tea—Appollinaris—My First Contribution — My Record — Parliament — Press Gallery Official—I Feel Small—The "Black Beetle"—Professor Rogers—Sergeant-at-Arms' Room—Styles of Work—Privileges—Dr. Percy—I Sit in the Table—The Villain of Art—The New Cabinet—Criticism—*Punch's* Historical Cartoons—Darwen MacNeill—Scenes in the Lobby—A Technical Assault—John Burns's "Invention"—John Burns's Promise—John Burns's Insult—The Lay of Swift MacNeill—The Truth—Sir Frank Lockwood—"Grand Cross"—Lockwood's Little Sketch—Lockwood's Little Joke in the House—Lockwood's Little Joke at Dinner—Lewis Carroll and *Punch*—Gladstone's Head—Sir William's Portrait—Ciphers—Reversion—*Punch* at Play—Three *Punch* Men in a Boat—Squaring up—Two Pins Club—Its One Joke—Its One Horse—Its Mystery—Artistic Duties—Lord Russell—Furious Riding—Before the Beak—Burnand and I in the Saddle—Caricaturing Pictures for *Punch*—Art under Glass—Arthur Cecil—My Other Eye—The Ridicule that Kills—Red Tape—*Punch* in Prison—I make a Mess of it—Waterproof—"I used your Soap two years ago"—Charles Keene—Charles Barber—*Punch's* Advice—*Punch's* Wives.



THE first representative of Mr. Punch with whom I came into contact was the late Tom Taylor, at that period the tenant of the editorial chair. To this meeting I have referred on a previous page, when I mentioned that Mr. Taylor had just returned from the wilds of Connemara and strongly advised me to make some explorations in that little-known district for the purpose of making sketches of the "genus *homo* indigenous to the soil,"

which I did a week or so prior to my setting foot in the busy haunt of men on murky Thames.

Tom Taylor was, I believe, one of the best of men, and the possessor of one of the kindest hearts; but although he certainly professed to take an interest in me (probably owing to the fact that it was to a relative of mine that he was indebted for his first introduction to literature), the fact remains that whenever I sent him a sketch I used to receive one of his extraordinary hieroglyphical missives supposed to be a note courteously declining my efforts, notwithstanding that I was often flattered although not enriched by subsequently seeing the subjects of them appear redrawn under another name in the pages of *Punch*.

AGE 26, WHEN I FIRST WORKED FOR PUNCH.
From a Photo by] [*C. Watkins.*

It was not until Tom Taylor had passed away that Mr. Punch would deign to give me a chance. I had then been seven years in London hard at work for the leading magazines and illustrated papers, and I may truly say that my work was the only introduction I ever had to Mr. Burnand.

When I first entered the goal of my boyish ambition—that is to say, the editorial sanctum of Mr. Punch—I had never met the gentleman who for a number of years afterwards was destined to be my chief, and I fully expected to see the editor turn round and receive me with that look of irrepressible humour and in that habitually jocose style which I had so often heard described. I looked in vain for the geniality in the editor's glance, and there was a remarkably complete absence of the jocose in the sharp, irritable words which he addressed to me.

"Really," said he, "this is too bad! I wrote to you to meet me at the Surrey Theatre last night, and you never turned up. We go to press to-day, and the sketches are not even made."

"I don't quite understand you," I replied, "for I never heard from you in my life, and I don't think that you ever saw me before."

"But surely you are Mr. ——?" (a contributor who had been drawing for *Punch* for some weeks). "Are you not?"

"No," I said. "My name is Furniss, and I understood that you wanted to see me."

This was in 1880, and from that period up to the time of my resignation from the staff of *Punch* I certainly do not think that I have ever seen Burnand's face assume such a threatening and offended expression as it wore that day.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH THE EDITOR OF *PUNCH*.

I was then twenty-six. Strange to say, Charles Keene and George du Maurier were exactly the same age when they first made their *début* in *Punch*, but not yet invited to "join the table."

As I was leaving my house one summer evening a few years afterwards, the youngest member of my family, who was being personally conducted up to bed by his nurse, enquired where I was going.

"To dine with Mr. Punch," I replied.

"Oh, haven't you eaten all his hump *yet*, papa? It *does* last a long time!" And the little chap continued his journey to the arms of Morpheus, evidently quite concerned about his father's long-drawn-out act of cannibalism.

The first feast to which I was bidden was not one of the ordinary or office description, but a banquet given at the "Albion" Tavern, in the City, on the 3rd of January, 1881, to celebrate the installation of Mr. Burnand as the occupant of the editorial chair. And on my invitation card I first sketched my new

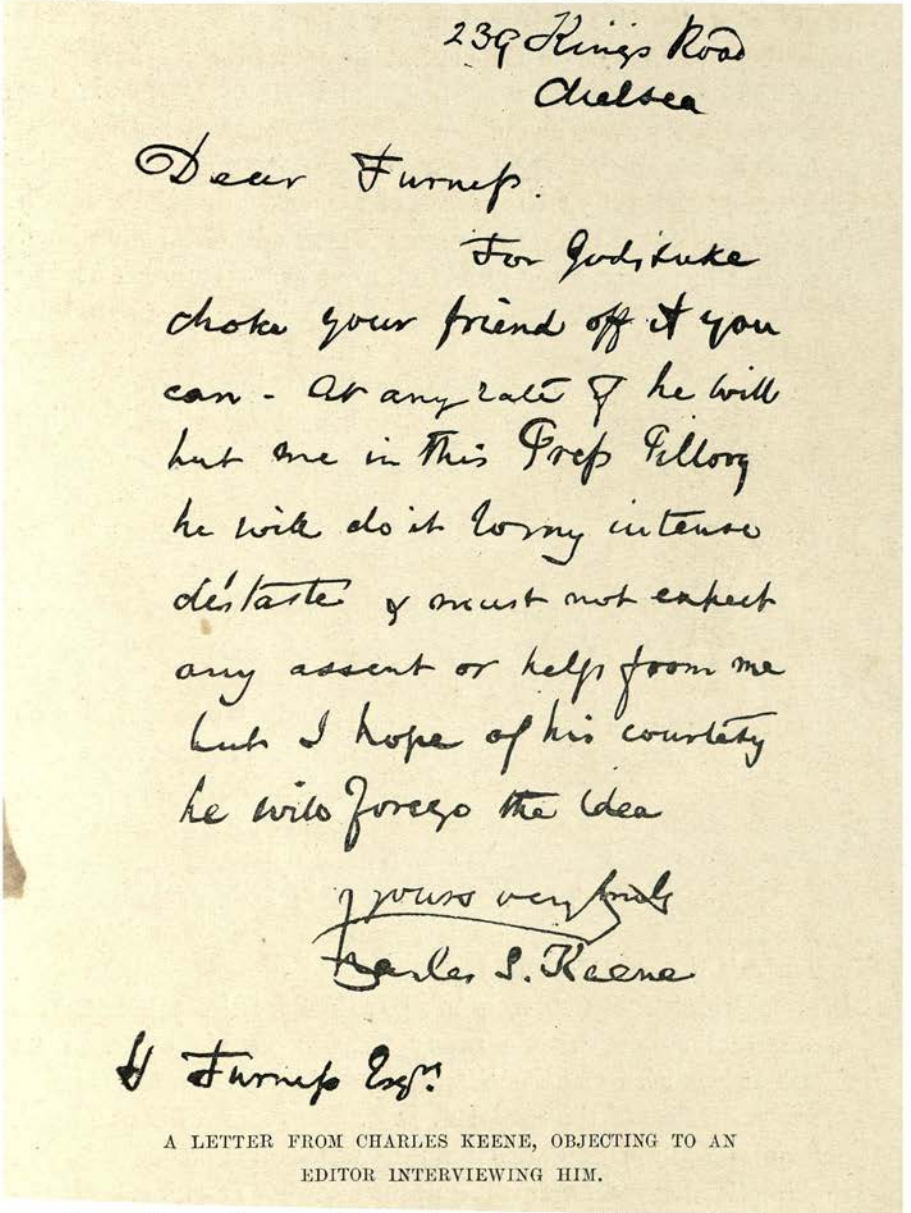
friends, the *Punch* staff, and a few of the outside contributors who were present, conspicuous among whom was George Augustus Sala, the honoured stranger of the evening. That he should be so struck me as peculiar, for it was an open secret that Sala wrote and illustrated that famous attack (nominally by Alfred Bunn), "A Word with *Punch*," a most vulgar, vicious, and personal insult which had given much offence years before; a clear proof of Mr. Punch's forgiving nature. That grand old

HE Proprietors of Punch
REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF
Company at DINNER. on Tuesday. the
25th inst., at Seven o'clock. At the
ALBION TAVERN, 153. Aldersgate Street
10, Bouverie Street, Jan. 3rd, 188
Black gloves!

MY FIRST INVITATION FROM *PUNCH*.

man of *Punch*, Tenniel, I made an attempt to sketch as he was "saying a few words," but on this particular occasion it was my *vis-à-vis* Charles Keene who interested me more than any other person present. He wore black kid gloves and never removed them all during dinner—that puzzled me. Why he wore them I cannot say. I never saw him wearing gloves at table again, or even out of doors. Then he was in trouble with his cigar, and finally I noticed that he threw it under the table and stamped upon it, and produced his favourite dirty Charles the First pipe, the diminutive bowl of which he filled continually with what

smokers call "dottles." He was then apparently perfectly happy, as indeed he always looked when puffing away at his



239 Kings Road
Chelsea

Dear Furnes.

For Godsake
choke your friend off if you
can - At any rate if he will
have one in this Prep Pillory
he will do it wormy intense
distaste & must not expect
any assent or help from me
but I hope of his courtesy
he will forego the idea

Yours very truly
Charles S. Keene

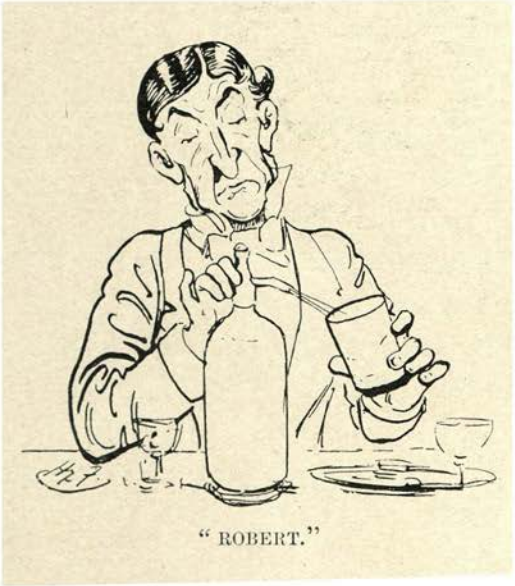
H Furnes Esq.

A LETTER FROM CHARLES KEENE, OBJECTING TO AN EDITOR INTERVIEWING HIM.

antique clay. Years afterwards, when sketching a background for a *Punch* drawing in the East End, I noticed some labourers

returning from working at excavations, laughing over something they had found in the ground; it was a splendid specimen of the Charles clay pipe, longer than any I have seen. I bought it from them to present to Keene, but he was ill then, and soon after the greatest master of black and white England ever produced had passed away.

After Keene the strangest character present was Mr. Deputy Bedford—"Robert" in the pages of *Punch*—an undertaker in the City, and one of the most humorous men within its boundary. I recollect introducing my wife to him at some function at the Mansion House—not as Robert, but as Mr. Deputy Bedford. She expressed her pleasure at meeting one of the City dignitaries, and he offered to show her over the treasures in the Mansion House. "There's a fine statue for you! Don't know who did it, but we paid a thousand pounds for it. And that one over there, which weighs half a ton less, cost twice as much. Oh! the pictures are worth something, too. That portrait cost £800; I don't know what that one cost, but the frame is cheap at £20. Yes, fine gold plate, isn't it? Old designs? Yes, but old or new, boiled down, I should think £80,000 wouldn't be taken for the pile!" And so on, and so on, with a merry twinkle in his eye and an excellent imitation of what outsiders consider City men to be.



"ROBERT."

My caricature of the genial E. L. S. (Sambourne) is not good, but quite as kind as Sala's remarks were on that occasion in chaffing Sambourne for turning up in morning costume. In the bottom right-hand corner of the card is a note of the late Mr. W. H. Bradbury, one of the proprietors of *Punch*, the kindest

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

From a pen and ink drawing by himself, the property of the Author.

and the best host, the biggest-hearted and most genial friend, I ever worked for. He has his eye, I notice, on a gentleman making an impromptu speech—the sensation of the evening—referred to by Mr. M. H. Spielmann in "The History of *Punch*." Next to that irrepressible orator is Mr. Lucy, "Toby, M.P., as I saw him first.

I note on this card an attempt to sketch du Maurier, the "Thackeray of the pencil." By the way, I was certainly the first to apply that term to him—in my first lecture, "Art and Artists." He was some distance from me at the banquet when I made these notes.

It is a curious fact that I really never had a seat allotted to me at the *Punch* table. I always sat in du Maurier's, except on the rare occasions when he came to the dinner, when I moved up one. It was always a treat to have du Maurier at "the table." He was by far and away the cleverest conversationalist of his time I ever met,—his delightful repartees were so neat and effective, and his daring chaff and his criticisms so bright and refreshing.

For some extraordinary reason du Maurier was known to the *Punch* men as "Kiki," a friendly sobriquet which greeted him when he first joined, and refers to his nationality. In the same way as an English schoolboy calls out "Froggy" to a Frenchman, his friends on the *Punch* staff called him Kiki, suggested by the Frenchman's peculiar and un-English art of self-defence.

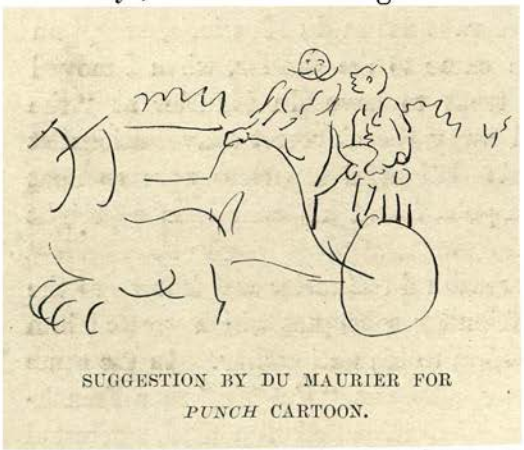
Du Maurier took very little interest in the discussions at the table; in fact, he resented informal debate on the subject of the cartoon as an interruption to his conversation, although he once suggested a cartoon which will always rank as one of the most historical hits of Mr. Punch—a cartoon of the First Napoleon warning Napoleon the Third as he marches out to meet the Germans in the War of 1870.

At times he might enter into the artistic treatment of the cartoon; and I reproduce a sketch he did on the back of a *menu* to explain some idea in connection with the cartoon which appeared the following week in *Punch*.

Du Maurier's extremely clever conversation struck me the

moment I joined the staff of *Punch*. As I went part of his way to Hampstead, we sometimes shared a cab, and in one of these journeys I mentioned my conviction that he, in my mind, was a great deal more than a humorous artist, and if he would only take up the pen seriously the world would be all the more indebted to him. He told me that Mr. James had for some time said nice things of a similar character.

About ten days afterwards I received a letter saying that my conversation had had an effect upon him, and that he was starting his first novel. So perhaps the world is really indebted to me, indirectly, for the pleasure of reading "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby;" the fact being that he had, with Burnand and myself, just visited Paris—the first time he had set foot in the gay city since his youth. Many things he saw had impressed him, and "Peter Ibbetson" was the result. How interesting it was to watch him in Paris, the place of his birth, standing, the ideal type of a Frenchman himself, smiling and as amused as a boy at his own countrymen and women. "So very un-English, you know!" Then, as we drove about Paris, he stood up in the carriage, excitedly showing us places familiar to him in his young days, and greatly amused us by pointing out no fewer than three different houses in which he was born! We three were the guests of Mr. Staat Forbes at Fontainebleau during the same trip, and du Maurier's sketches of our pleasant experiences on that occasion appear in *Punch*, under the heading "Souvenir de Fontainebleau," in three numbers in October, 1886. In the drawing of our *al fresco* dinner, "Smith" is our host, I am "Brown," du Maurier "Jones," and Mr. Burnand "Robinson."



SUGGESTION BY DU MAURIER FOR *PUNCH* CARTOON.

Three years afterwards du Maurier re-visited Paris with most

of the staff to see the Paris Exhibition, 1889. In my sketch "En Route—Mr. Punch at Lunch," du Maurier is speaking to Mr. Anstey Guthrie, who, "for this occasion only," called du Maurier the Marquis d'Ampstead.

Du Maurier had a little of the green-eyed monster in his bosom, although he lived to laugh at all when he himself became the greatest success of any man in his sphere.

When I made my hit with my Exhibition of the "Artistic Joke," du Maurier, to my surprise, turned sharply round to me one night in the cab and said, "My dear Furniss, I must be honest with you—I hate you, I loathe you, I detest you!"

"Thanks, awfully, my dear fellow! But why?"

"Ah!" he said, "your success is too great. When I get the return you send me in the morning, showing me the number of people that have been to your Exhibition, the tremendous takings at the turnstiles, the number of albums subscribed for, the number of pictures you have sold, I cannot work. I go on to Hampstead Heath to walk off my jealousy; when I come in to lunch I find your first telegram, telling me you have made £80 that morning. I walk out again, and looking down upon London, although I shake my fist at the whole place, my wrath is for you alone. I come in to tea to find another telegram—you have made £100! How can I sit down and scratch away on a piece of paper when you are making a fortune in a week?"

DU MAURIER'S SOUVENIR DE FONTAINEBLEAU.
From "Punch."

This nearly took my breath away.

"My dear du Maurier," I replied, "I feel hurt—seriously,

irrevocably. I shall always feel degraded in your eyes. Of course you are the victim of a practical joke."

Du Maurier pulled from his pocket one of my supposed returns. It was an imitation of printing, with the amounts filled in. "This is the kind of thing I get every morning."

"Why, of course, it is written, not printed. That is the work of the irrepressible practical joker. But it makes no difference, du Maurier; if you thought that I would be such a cad as to send you these returns, I cannot see how we can ever be great friends."

Although as du Maurier believed for a time I had the necessary vulgarity of the "bloated millionaire," to use his own words, we were never much more than acquaintances—although very pleasant acquaintances—and I believe du Maurier reciprocated the kind feeling I had towards him. Du Maurier rarely forgave a satirical thrust at his expense. His dislike for Mr. Whistler on this account is well known to all the early readers of "Trilby," and he often related with unconcealed glee a remark he once made to Whistler. It appears they had not met for a long period, during which du Maurier with his satirical pictures on the æsthetic craze, published in *Punch*, and Whistler with his "symphonies" and "harmonies" on canvas, exhibited in the Law Courts, had both increased their reputation.

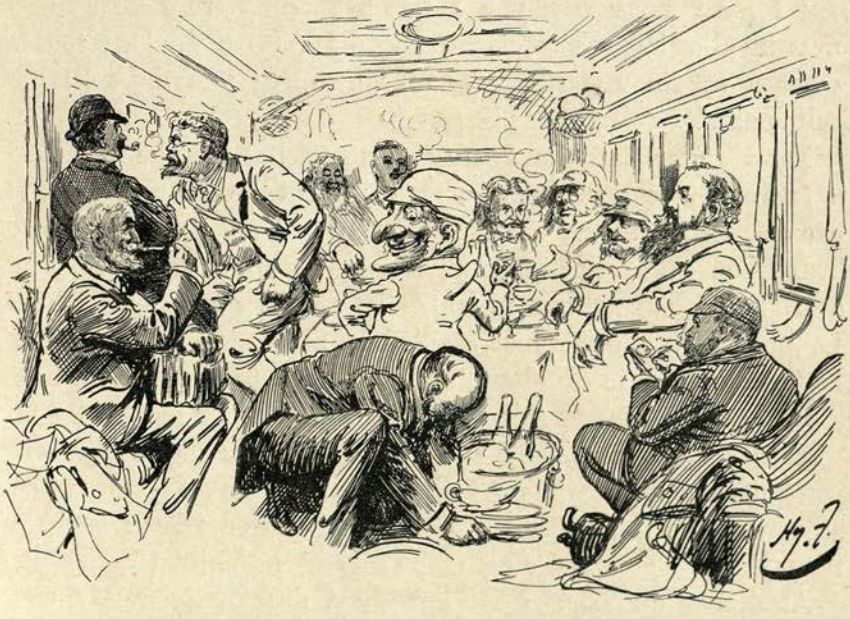
"Hullo, Kiki!" cried Whistler. "I'm told that your work in *Punch* is the making of some men. You have actually invented Tomkins! Why, he never would have existed but for you! Ha! ha! how on earth did you do it?"

"Look here, Jimmy, if you don't look out, by Jove, I'll invent you!"

How Kiki—du Maurier—carried out his threat in "Trilby," and what resulted from it, all the world knows.

By the way, the mention of "Trilby" reminds me of a story about Mr. du Maurier's own Trilby which is perhaps worth recording. Du Maurier for some years lived on the top of Hampstead Heath, rather inaccessible for models. But more than once friends asked him to take a sitting from some lady or another, as he, drawing fashionable ladies, was different, perhaps,

from painters using models for costumes or, as du Maurier would say, for the "altogether." In this way a model was introduced to him, and, to his surprise, she drove up to his house in a hansom, and he heard her asking one of the servants for change of a sovereign to pay the cabman. She did not sit very well, so after a short time Mr. du Maurier told her that he only drew from models for part of the day, and, rather apologetically, said he



PUNCH STAFF RETURNING FROM PARIS.

(*The original hangs on the wall of Mr. Punch's dining room.*)

of course did not pay for the whole of the usual day's sitting. And she said :

"Oh, thanks! I am only too pleased to sit for a short time. But would you kindly ask one of your servants to fetch me a hansom?"

This made the artist more than ever miserable, and he said :

"Excuse me, but perhaps you are not aware we only pay a modest amount for sitters ; in fact, I generally pay five shillings for two hours—aw——"

"You don't mean to say you are really going to give me five shillings? Oh, how kind of you! It will just pay half my cab fare home. I didn't know I was going to be so lucky." And she vanished, leaving the artist more bewildered than ever.

Some time afterwards, in Hyde Park, he was surprised to see a carriage beautifully appointed pulled up to where he was standing, and a lady lean out and say:

"I have never seen you before to thank you for your kindness in allowing me to sit for you. I was so anxious to see what a studio was like. Thanks, awfully; you must let me call again."

Du Maurier had the faculty of unaffected fun, he had also a feeling for caricature in portraiture, but he did not care to exercise either to any extent in *Punch*. I recollect Sir Henry Thompson—the celebrated physician—showing me a copy of a book he had written, in which he speaks of hospital life in London. Du Maurier had studied in a London hospital when he first arrived in England, and he wrote to Sir Henry, then a stranger to him, to ask him if the wretch in his book who wheeled off the remains of the corpses from the dissecting-room was the same man he knew and loathed years ago. The sketch accompanying this query Sir Henry had pasted in the book in triumph. "There is the man," he said, "to the life!"

At dinner du Maurier ate sparingly, drank moderately, and smoked cigarettes. He avoided champagne, preferring the wine of his country—claret; and after dinner, in place of coffee, he had a huge breakfast-cup of tea, and, like the soap advertisement boy, he was not happy till he got it.

Mentioning an advertisement suggests that it may interest some to know du Maurier drew the label for a most popular mineral water. It is safe to predict that not one person in the tens of thousands looking at it yearly would connect du Maurier with it. It is that elaborate and rather inartistic design on Appollinaris water, for which he received fifty guineas from his friend—one of the proprietors. Anyone following his work in *Punch* must have noticed that he was a hypochondriac.

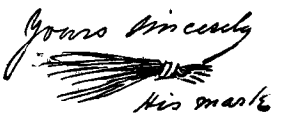
JAPANESE STYLE: A BALLET FROM *PUNCH*.

Hypochondriasis was a disease with him, he was always thinking of his health, and I fear that sudden burst of popularity following the success of "Trilby," in place of bracing him up, made him dwell somewhat more upon his state of health, and hastened the end.

I recollect his telling me years ago he was advised to take horse exercise for his health's sake, so he hired a hack and started in the direction of Richmond Park. Arriving at the well-known windmill, and before descending the beautiful slopes on the other side, he took out his watch and, opening the case, put out his tongue to see what effect the ride had had on his health. The horse moved, and he found himself the next moment on the ground.

He gave up horse exercise after that!

My first contribution to *Punch* appeared in the number dated October 30th, 1880. "Punch," as a policeman, commanded the removal of the newly-erected "Griffin" in the place of Old Temple Bar: "Take away that Bauble!" The much-abused "Griffin" is the work (but after the design of Horace Jones) of an old friend of mine, the late C. B. Birch, R.A., a clever sculptor and a capital fellow. He sent me "his mark" of appreciation, but I may say he was the last man to use the instrument of torture suggested by his name.



I then "did the theatres" with the editor—no mistake this time—and a very pleasant time it was. My first "social" drawing appeared in the second number in the following December, illustrating Scotch "wut" manufactured in London.

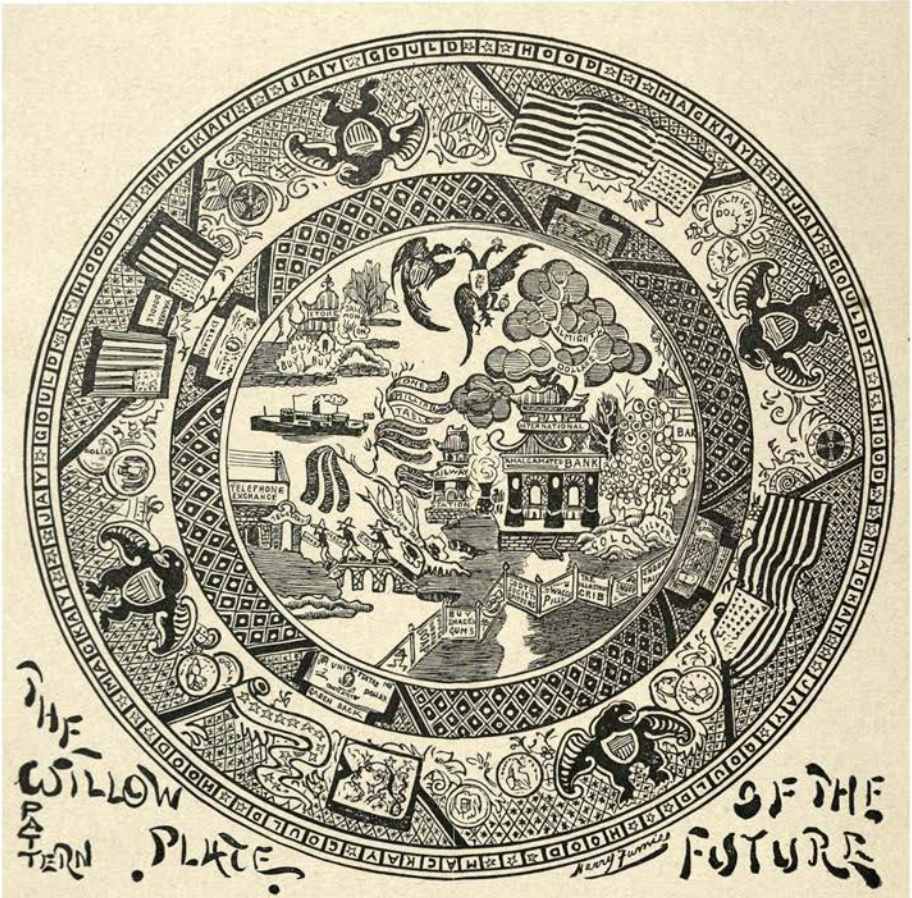
Two Scotch rustics outside an eating-house. One points to a card in the window on which is "Welsh Rabbit, 6d."

Hungry visitor (ignorant of the nature of this particular delicacy): "Ah, Donal, mon, we ken weel hev the Rawbit fur saxpence. We ken get twa Bawbees fur the Skeen when we get bock to Glasgow!"

The Scotch is certainly new, if the joke is not.

An Irish joke followed, and then in the Almanack I illustrated

a hit at the style of ladies' dress of the period; in fact, at that time I drew for *Punch* quite a number of social subjects dealing with the æsthetic craze. Besides illustrating various social subjects and caricaturing the Academy and the new plays, I was illustrating the "Essence of Parliament." As Mr. M. H. Spielmann



CHINESE STYLE. FROM A DRAWING ON WOOD. *PUNCH.*

in "The History of *Punch*" says truly, "I romped through *Punch's* pages." I open a number of *Punch* published only eighteen months after my first contribution appeared, and two years previous to my joining the staff, and find no fewer than eleven separate subjects from my pencil; and I may say that up to the last I probably contributed more work to *Punch*

than any other artist ever contributed in the same number of years, Leech not excepted. I do not claim that this was wholly due to artistic merit, but to a business one. I never refused to draw a subject I was asked to do, I never was at a loss for a subject, and I was never late. It was to this facility I owe the good terms on which the editor and I worked so pleasantly and for so long. Being accustomed to work at high pressure for the illustrated papers and magazines since boyhood, I confess that *Punch* work to me was my playtime.

I contributed over two thousand six hundred designs, from the smallest to the largest that ever appeared in its pages (the latter were published in the Christmas Numbers, 1890 and 1891), and I was not in receipt of a salary, but was paid for each drawing at my full rate. I have reason to think I drew in the time more money from *Punch*, proportionately, than any other contributor in its history in a like period. I read from time to time accounts of the remuneration men like myself receive. Of course these statements are invariably fiction, as in fact is nearly everything I have read outside Mr. Spielmann's careful analysis of *Punch* concerning myself and my friends.

I deal with my Parliamentary confessions, personal and artistic, in other chapters; I shall in this merely touch upon a few points in connection with *Punch*. The greater portion of my Parliamentary work, however, appeared in other periodicals, but it is probably by *Punch* work in this direction most of my readers identify me. I was fortunate, in the twelve years I represented *Punch* in Parliament with the pencil, in having the exceptional material for work upon Mr. Gladstone at his most interesting period, Parnell's rise and fall, Churchill's rise and fall, Bradlaugh's rise and fall, and a host of others strutting their brief hour on the political stage. Where are they now? Mr. Chamberlain alone interests the caricaturist. Parliament itself is dull, the public is apathetic, and everything appertaining to politics is flat and unprofitable. Yet as far back as 1885, in the figure "Punch," I asked for some new character, the familiar faces were getting worked out!

I had attended some sessions of Parliament before I made

the acquaintance of the official presiding over the Press Gallery. The Press Gallery is, as all know, directly over the Speaker. The front row is divided into little boxes where the representatives of the leading papers sit. The others are seated above them against the wall. These members of the Press look like

FAMILIAR FACES.

Mr. Punch (Cartoonist-in-Chief). "OH, I KNOW ALL YOU OLD MODELS. I WANT SOME NEW 'CHARACTER'!"

a row of aged schoolboys very much troubled to write anything about Parliament to-day. Their monitor sits by the seat near the door, which in former days was in the middle of the Gallery.

I shall never forget my first experience of this Press Gallery official. He was big, and fat, and greasy; in evening dress,

and he wore a real gold chain with a badge in front like a mayor or sheriff. He awed me—recollect I am now speaking of the day I attended as a comparatively new boy, and I trembled in his presence. There was no seat vacant except the one next to him. He sleeps! Nervously I slip into the seat. He wakes, and looks down at me.

"H'm! What are you?" is his sleepy remark.

"*Punch*," I reply.

"Ticket?"

"Left at home."

"Bring it next time."

"Certainly," say I, relieved. He slumbers again. I strain over to see who is speaking. This wakes the gentleman with the real gold chain again. He gazes down upon me. I feel smaller.

HE SLEEPS.

"What are you?"

"*Punch*."

"Eh! Where's ticket?"

"Left at home."

"Bring it next time. Saves bother, young fellow."

"Certainly," I reply, and, encouraged by his familiarity, I venture to ask, "Who is that speaking?" I just got the question out in time, for he was dozing off again.

"New Member," he replied, and, half dozing, he goes on, more to himself than to me: "One more fool! Find his level here! All fools here! Stuff you've been givin' them at your College Union. Rubbish! Yer perambulator's waitin' outside. Oh, follow yer Dad to the Upper House, an' look sharp about it." He mumbles. I well recollect the youthful Member, so criticised, labouring through his maiden speech. The eldest son of a

Peer, with a rather effeminate face, Saxon fairness of complexion, and with an apology for a moustache, it struck me that if petrified he would do very well as a dummy outside a tailor's establishment. Yet this youthful scion of a noble line has a good record. He carried off innumerable prizes at Eton, was a double first at Oxford, President of the Union, and a fellow of his college; one of the University Eight, and of the Eleven; distinguished at tennis, racquets, and football; hero of three balloon ascents; great at amateur theatricals; a writer upon every possible subject, including theology, for the leading magazines; member of sixteen London clubs; married a titled heiress, and is only thirty years of age.

"HERE, I SAY, WHAT ARE YOU?"

Some of his college friends sit in the Strangers' Gallery to hear their late President make his first great effort in the real Parliament. The effect disappoints them. Their champion is "funky." When the Oxford Eight were behind at Barnes Bridge, it was "Dolly's" muscle and nerve that pulled the crew together and won the race. When at Lord's the match was nearly over, and the Light Blues had won all but the shouting, "Dolly" went in last man and rattled up fifty in half an hour and won

"*PUNCH*," I REPLIED.

the match. When at the Oxford Union he spoke upon the very question now before the House—namely, whether a tax should be imposed upon periwinkles—his oratory alone turned the scale, and gave his party the victory. Yet now his speech upon the periwinkle problem has certainly not impressed the House. Men listened for a time and then adjourned to dinner, and his splendid peroration, recognised by his friends as the same which he had delivered at the Oxford Union, failed to elicit a single cheer.

Curiosity, however, induced his supporters to remain and hear the reply. The next speaker was a contrast to their hero, and a titter went round among Dolly's friends in the Gallery. He was a type of the preaching Member. No doubt a very worthy soul, but hardly an Adonis to look at, nor a Cicero to listen to. Still he is sincere, and with his own class effective; and sincerity, after all, is the most valuable, and I may add the most rare, quality in the composition of an ordinary Member of Parliament.

My neighbour, the Usher, at this point opens his left eye, which takes in at a glance the Opposition side of the House, and breaks out in this style:

"All right, little 'un! Keep wot yer sayin' till Sunday. Yer sermon's sending me to sleep. Forcing taxation on the winks of the 'ungry Englishman will raise the country to revolt. Tommy rot! Here endeth the first lesson, thank goodness!"

The soliloquising official rolls off his seat chuckling along the Gallery. Envelopes are handed to him by the reporters. He rolls back to the door, opens it, gives the copy to the messengers waiting for it, and rolls back once more into his seat. In doing so he spies me.

I feel smaller.

"Here, I say, what are you?"

"*Punch.*"

"Where's ticket?"

"Left at home."

"H'm! Don't forget it again."

"Certainly not."

I say nothing more, as I am too interested in his running commentary of the proceedings. A grunt. Shake down:

"Old Waddy, is it? Another sermon. Blow black plaster. Tell that to the juries, and use it again in chapel. Yer a good friend to us—get a count soon. Ah, I thought so. Joey Biggar up to count and snuff."

"Have a pinch?" he said to me.

"Thanks." I sneeze.

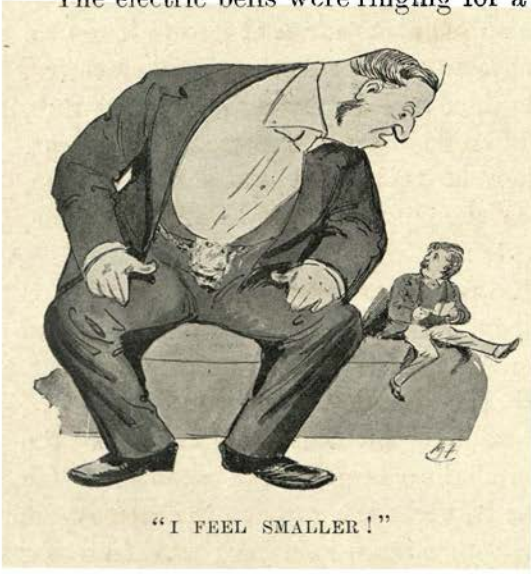
"What are you?" asked the man of the golden badge, looking down at me. I met his query as before.

Same demand.

Same reply.

Same promise.

The electric bells were ringing for a "count out." He opened both eyes to watch if forty Members came in. They did; and three times forty.



"I FEEL SMALLER!"

"Torment 'em! Keep me here all night, I see."

Samuel Banks Waddy —Pleader, Preacher, Parliamentarian (as he is designated in a work on M.P.'s) — continues preaching. He is followed by the Leader of the House. My soliloquising friend continues:

"Ah, Old Morality—as Lucy calls ye—up at last. Move the closure, now then, that's right; speak of yer dooty to the House and Country. Set the Rads laughing, shut yer own mouth, and sit down. Oh lor! 'Ere's the Grand Old Muddler up. We're getting 'usky, old 'un; both of us have 'ad too much of this job. We're very much alike, Gladdy and me—both great eaters and great sleepers."

Mr. Gladstone was telling the House all about black plaster, and gave three points why it should not be used in public hospitals. With the third point he landed a blow at Home Rule,

and his ingenuity in doing so brought forth a derisive cheer from the Irish benches, which roused my neighbour.

I looked up at him smiling, as much as to say, "Just like the Old Parliamentary Hand."

"What are you?" he growled.

"*Punch.*"

"Ticket?"

Same reply and promise.

Appeased, he continued:

"Words, words, words—no 'ed no tail. Oh, of course you remember the introduction of white plaster—3rd of June, 1840—why didn't you say half-past two o'clock? More convincing. No doubt you got into some scrape and 'ad to use it. Won't you catch it from the old woman in the Gallery when you get home if you say so! Can't 'ear yer, thank goodness. Scribblers will take down any rot you talk. They want *me*, I suppose. Blowed if the country wants you."

Again he rolls out of his seat, collects the reporters' copy, and gives it to the attendants.

"Who are you? Ah, *Punch*. Don't forget yer ticket."

Again he dozes.

"'Icks Beach up! 'Ave all the Board of Trade chaps up, capping each other. Funny thing—Board of Trade chap says anything, all the Board of Traders must have a word in. Same with Local Government Board—new man says anything, old 'uns put in a word for theirselves, just to keep the place warm for them to return. Board!—I'm bored—joke there for Lucy. Thought the Irish lot couldn't keep quiet much longer. Tanner up,—ought to know more about plaster than politics. Rum fellers, these doctors in the House; leave their patients at 'ome, and come here to try ours—'nother good joke for Lucy—make his 'air stand on end. Tanner sticking to the plaster—now then, young Tories, jeer 'im down. The Doctor's goin' it. Order! order! That's right, Brand, turn 'im out,—wouldn't stand 'im in any place else. City Fowler's bellowing,—scene a-brewing,—good copy for these quill-drivers."

Dr. Tanner had recited some harrowing tale about black

plaster being used in his native town by a hospital surgeon on the scratched face of some old woman who had joined "the boys" in a street fight, although she protested that pink suited her complexion.

"It was a base Saxon trick!" roared the infuriated Member for Cork County. "On a par with the mane, dirty doings of puppets and spalpeens like the Mimbers opposite."

"Order! order!" cried the Speaker. "The hon. Member must withdraw that expression."

"I'll not withdraw anything except by adding that they're all liars on the Tory benches."

"The hon. Member must withdraw."

The Doctor "exits" with a flourish, glares at the Conservative benches below the gangway, and hisses at them:

"Better order a ton of plaster, for you'll want it after I meet ye outside."

Mr. Labouchere and two or three Irish Members rise at once.

My neighbour sneers.

"Oh, sit down, ye rubbishy lot! Labby,—better keep yer jokes for yer paper. Bless me if Conybeare ain't left standing! Now for an hour of boredom."

"He *is* a bore," I remark.

"Yes, I've stood Kenealy and Wharton, but this bore I can't. I'll chuck it up. Kenealy did his best for the Claimant, and was amusing at times; and Wharton,—well, he had good snuff, and his hat was a treat; but this Conybeare is a bore and nothing else."

So he went on.

The "descendant of kings," Sir William Harcourt, rose to pulverise Torydom and put an end to the Government and everything in general, when the Speaker rose and said that the question before the House was whether black sticking-plaster could be used in public hospitals.

"Oh, that's right, he wants putting down; too much of the grand Old Bailey style. Make yer fortune in plush and knee breeches as a prize flunkey; platform stuff won't do for us. What are you?" I feel smaller!

"*Punch.*"

"You take Harcourt off with the chins?"

"Yes."

"Shake hands!"

We were friends ever afterwards.

One day when I arrived,—actually with my Gallery ticket,—a fresh pleasant official sat in my old friend's place, wearing his gold chain and badge. "Should this meet the eye" of his predecessor, soliloquising in the retirement of his suburban home, I trust it will not disturb the serenity of his well-earned repose, for he was a capital fellow, and I can answer for much good sense in his "official utterances."

"I FEEL SMALLER!"

If a politician were not a caricature by nature, I made him one. Mr. Gladstone's collar I invented—for the same reason a journalistic friend of mine invented Beaconsfield's champagne jelly — for "copy." When Members suggested nothing new, I turned my attention to officials. The Sergeant-at-Arms in that way became known as the "Black Beetle."

I watched Captain Gosset from the Press Gallery walk up the floor of the House in court dress, his knee-breeches showing off his rather bandy legs, elbows akimbo, and curious gait; his back view at once suggested the beetle, and as the Black Beetle he was known. This, I was assured, gave offence, so that I was rather anxious to see how I should be greeted when Professor Thorold Rogers took me into the Sergeant's presence, after I had been drawing him as the "Beetle" for some time.

The late Professor Thorold Rogers was for many years a familiar Bohemianish figure in Parliament. He had a marked

individuality, a strong head and a rough tongue, an uncouth manner, sloppy attire, and his conversation was anything but refined. Still he was kind and amusing, and, for a Professor in Parliament, popular. Professors are not liked in St. Stephen's, and never a success; and as a politician Professor Thorold Rogers was no exception to this rule. It was he who introduced me to the Sergeant-at-Arms' room, that *sanctum sanctorum* of the lively spirits of Parliament. Perhaps I ought correctly to call it Captain Gosset's room, for although Captain Gosset was the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Sergeant-at-Arms was by no means Captain Gosset. An anecdote will illustrate this.

THE BLACK BEETLE.

A friend of mine, a well-known journalist, travelling abroad during the Recess, fell in with Captain Gosset, and they became companions in their journey. A few days after they arrived home my journalistic acquaintance was in the Inner Lobby of the House of Commons as the Sergeant-at-Arms was passing through, and he called out, "How are you, Captain Gosset? Any the worse for your journey?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. You are mistaken."

"Nonsense, Captain! Why, we travelled together. I am——"

"That may be, but—— Oh, I see, you are thinking of that fellow Gosset. Sir, I am the Sergeant-at-Arms!" And he strode off with the greatest dignity.

I was agreeably surprised when I was introduced to the "Black Beetle."

"Here is Harry Furniss, Gosset (not Sergeant, I observed); "now give it to him."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Furniss. You see how I appreciate your work." And he pointed to a row of black beetles, cut out of *Punch* and pasted on the wall, the rest of the wall being covered with interesting and dignified portraits of Members. Here was Gosset at twelve o'clock at

night. At twelve noon he would be Sergeant-at-Arms, with power to take me to the Clock Tower.

This room is still the Sergeant-at-Arms' office, but in it are no portraits, no black beetles—on paper; there may be some living specimens, for aught I know, haunting the old room in search of the lively company, the pipes, and the huge decanters. The present Sergeant-at-Arms is as unlike a black beetle as he

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS' ROOM. *From "Punch."*

is unlike the Bohemian Gosset. But I shall be surprised if, when the courteous and universally appreciated Sergeant-at-Arms retires, and the present Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Gosset, takes his place, we shall not see the old room again the most entertaining spot in the Houses of Parliament.

When Professor Rogers was escorting me to the famous room, he implored me to leave politics outside of it,—as if I ever talked politics in the House! "Rule is—no politics, so don't forget it."

"Ah," he said, as soon as he sat down, "why aint you in the House, Tom, vilifying and misrepresenting the Irish as I heard you this afternoon! Disgraceful, I say, disgraceful!" and he thumped the table.

"No politics, Professor," "Dick" Power remarked.

"Oh, indeed, my noble Whip; that comes well from a beater to a beaten gang. Why aint you at your post,—the door-post, ha! ha!—and rally your men and overthrow these damned Tories? Oh, yes, King-Harman, your good looks do not atone for bad measures."

CAPT. GOSSET, LATE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS. *From the "Illustrated London News."*

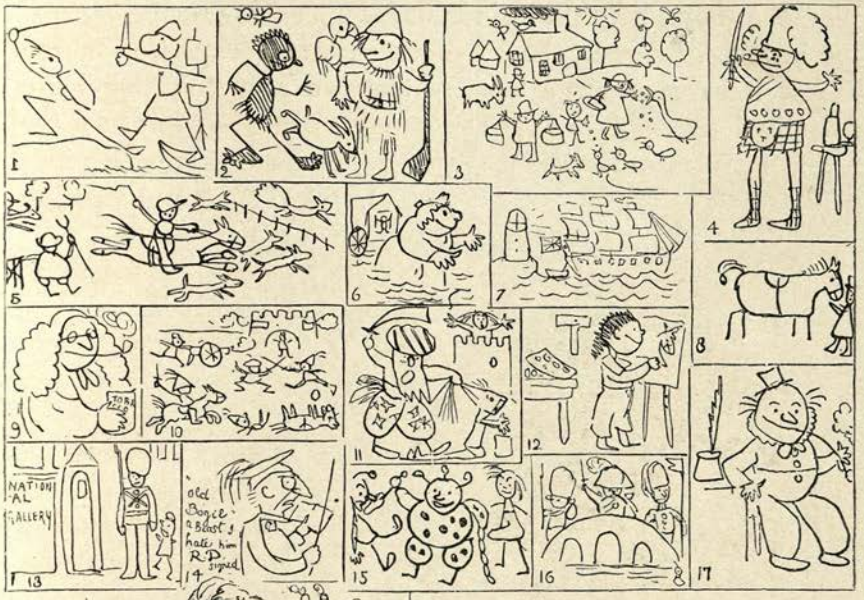
"No politics, Professor," all cried.

"Come, Furniss, come away, they're all drunk here. I'll tell you my last story on the Terrace. These Tories destroy everything."

Such was my introduction to this select little club in Parliament, in which, with the exception of the Professor, all forgot politics, and the best of the Tories, Home Rulers, Radicals, and officials were at peace. I was always on most friendly terms with my "Black Beetle," a proof that caricature leaves no unkind sting when the victim is really a man of the world and a jolly good fellow. Surely nothing could be more offensive to an official in high office than to be continually represented as a black beetle!

When I did not "invent" a character, such as the "Beetle," I adopted for a change various styles of drawing. For even the work of a caricaturist becomes monotonous if he is but a master of one style and a slave to mannerisms. To avoid this I am Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, and at times "Childish"—a

specimen of each style in *Punch* the proprietors have kindly allowed me to republish in these pages. There is really very

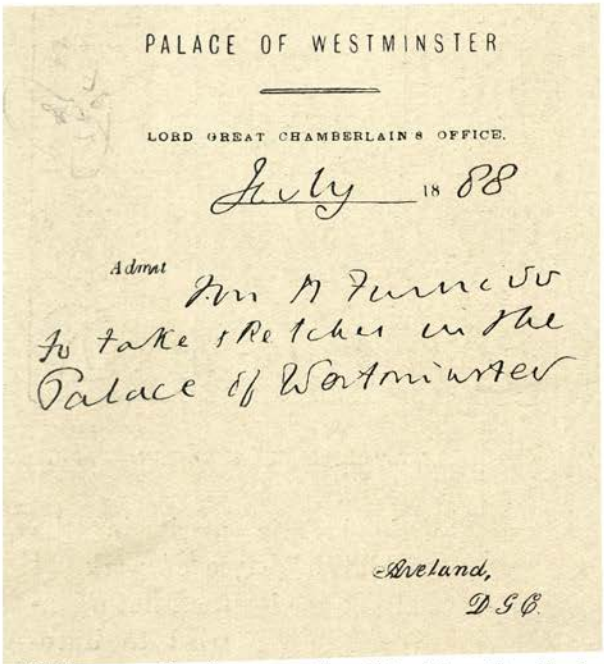


MY "CHILDISH" STYLE IN *PUNCH*.

little artistic merit in the "Childish" style of work. I did not use it often, but whenever I did I tried to introduce some "drawing" as well. Here, for instance, are my Academy skits—drawn as if by a boy, but the figures of the teacher and pupil are in drawing. By the way, these different styles, I am glad to see, are still kept alive in the pages of *Punch* by new—if not younger—hands. This year's (1901) Academy skits and other drawings, I notice, are signed

"'Arry's Son," but they are not—as might be thought—by one of my own boys.

During most of the time I enjoyed a privilege which belonged to no one else, not excepting Members, for even Members must, like schoolboys, keep "within bounds." They are not permitted, for instance, to enter the Press Gallery, or the portion of the House reserved to the Press; neither can Press-men enter the Members' rooms at will. The public, being ignorant of the stringent rules of St. Stephen's, cannot understand the obstacles there are to seeing the House. One instance will suffice to show the absurdity of the rules. The ex-Treasurer of the House of Lords, whose acquaintance I had, and whose offices were in the corridor by the Select Chamber, could not take anyone into the House, even when it was empty, without a written order. Although armed with a Gallery Ticket, and also on the "Lobby list," *i.e.*, the right to enter the Inner Lobby, I was not free to make any sketches of the House itself, inside or out. Requiring to get such material for the elaborate interiors and exteriors I use in my Lecture-Entertainment, "The Humours of Parliament," I boldly bearded the highest official in his den, and left with this simple document. Aladdin's key could not have caused more surprise than this talisman. The head of the police, the Sergeant-at-Arms himself, could not interfere. "The Palace of Westminster" includes the House of Commons, so I made full



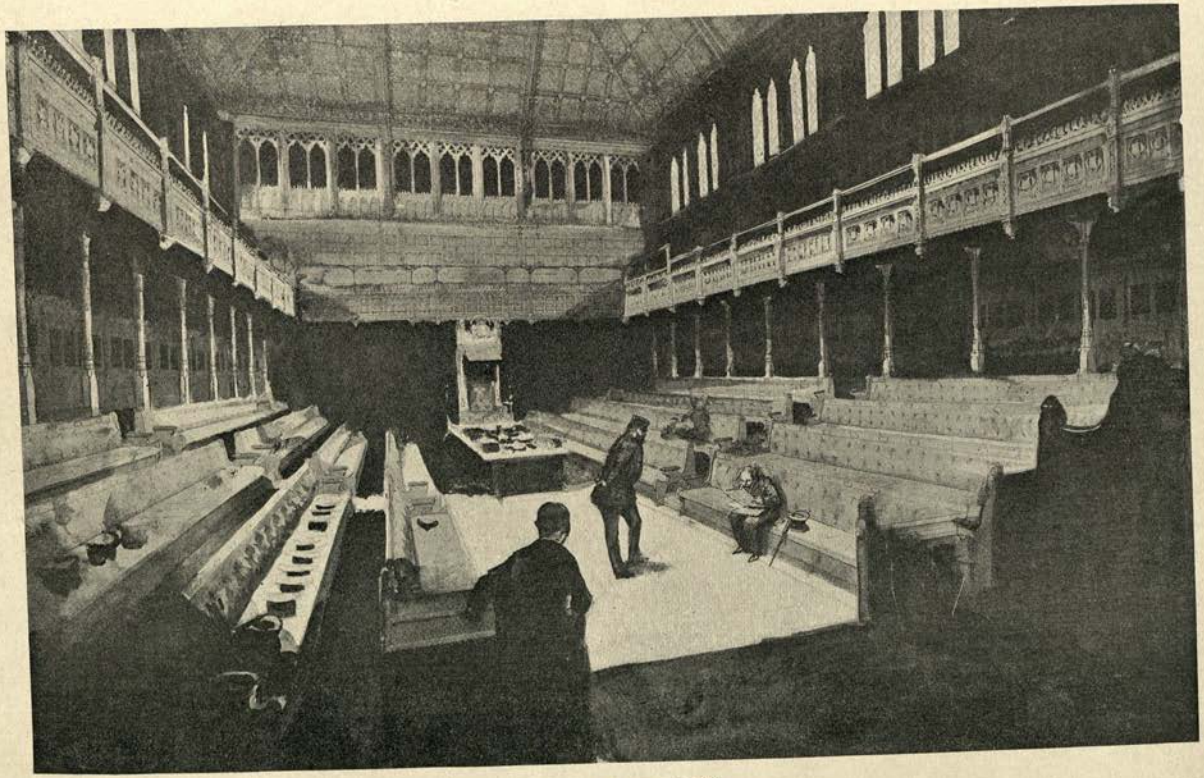
PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.

July 18 88

Admit Mr H Furniss
To take Sketches in the
Palace of Westminster

Breland,
D G C



I SKETCH THE HOUSE.

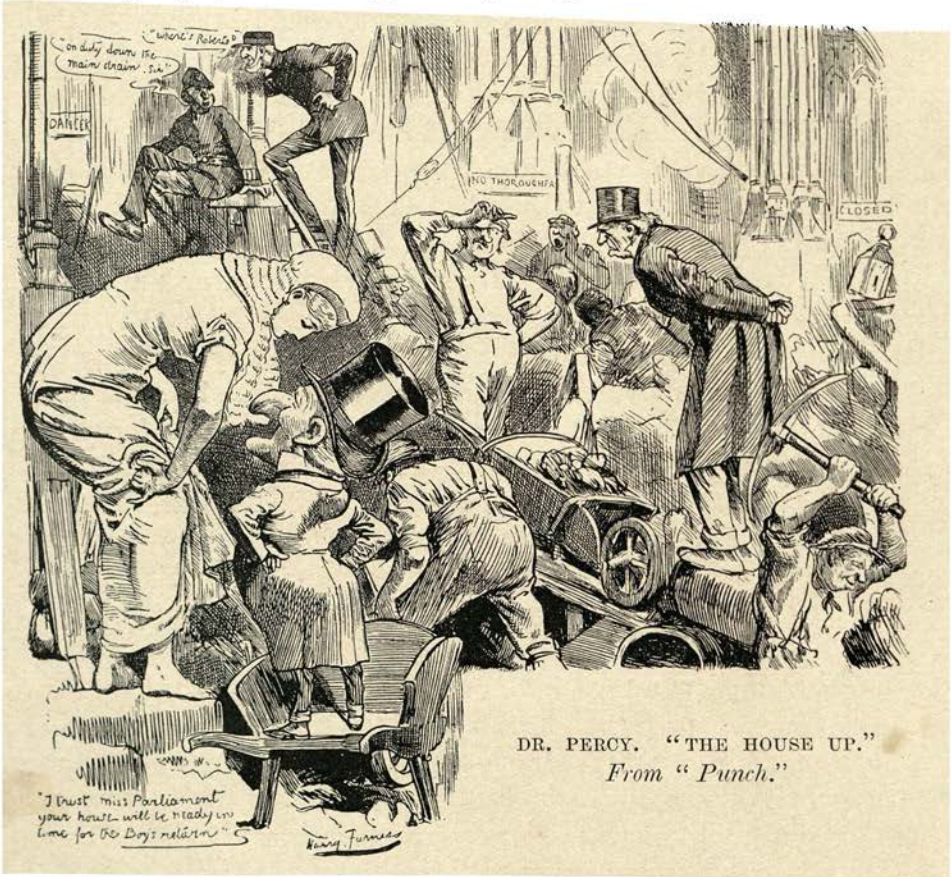
use of my unique opportunity, and possess material invaluable for my Parliamentary work.

I had facilities in another way. At one time the Engineer-in-Chief was a friend of mine, Dr. Percy. Few men were better known in and about the House than this popular official engineer of the Palace of Westminster. To begin with, he was over six feet high, and had a voice that would carry from the Commons to the House of Lords. He had to be "all over the place"—under the House, over the House, and all round the House. He was as well-known in the smoking-room of the Garrick Club as he was in the smoking-room of the Commons, and it was when I joined the Garrick I made his acquaintance. He was also an art *connoisseur*, and had a very fine collection of water-colours. The first time I saw the Doctor was years before on a steamer on the Rance, between Normandy and Brittany. I made a sketch of his extraordinary features, so that when he entered the Garrick Club I recognised the original of my caricature. We frequently walked down to the Houses of Parliament together after dinner, and more than once he invited me behind the scenes and under the stage of Parliament, through the "fog filter" and ventilating shafts, when he was wont to indulge in a grim, saturnine humour appropriate to his subterranean subject. As he opened the iron doors for us to pass from one passage to another, close to and above which the benches are situated,—for the whole House is honeycombed for ventilating purposes,—he pretended that long experience enabled him to discriminate between the odours from different parts of the House, and declared that he could tap and draw off a specimen of the atmosphere on the Government benches, the Opposition side, or the Radical seats, at will.

"There, my boy! eh? Pretty thick, aint it? That's the Scotch lot. Now hold your nose. I open this door and we get the Irish draught. Ugh! Come on, come on quickly—mixture of Irish, working-men M.P.'s, and Rads. Kill a horse!"

The table of the House, which Mr. Disraeli erroneously described as "a solid piece of furniture," is in reality—like so many arguments which are flung across it—perfectly hollow;

and one evening when I arrived with Dr. Percy and found that in consequence of the winding-up speech of Mr. Gladstone in a great debate the Press Gallery was full and all the seats under the gallery were occupied, Dr. Percy kindly allowed me to sit *inside the table.* I was sorely tempted to try the effect of inserting my pencil through the grating which forms the side


"Where's Roberts?"
"on duty down the main drain, Sir."
DANGER
NO THOROUGHFA
CLOSED
"I trust this Parliament your house will be ready on time for the Boy's return"

DR. PERCY. "THE HOUSE UP."
From "Punch."

of the table, and tickle the shins of the right hon. gentleman. Anyway, I looked straight into the faces of the Ministers and those on the front bench, and not only heard every word, but the asides and whispers as well.

I only once caricatured Dr. Percy in *Punch* (December, 1886), after there had been a sort of earthquake in the Inner Lobby of the House, and the tessclated pavement was thrown up. I made

a drawing, "The House up at last." Dr. Percy "is personally directing the improvements." It is interesting to know that some of the pavement taken up on that occasion is laid in the hall of an hon. Member's house in the country, not far from West Kirby, Cheshire.

MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. MR. GOSCHEN.
From "Punch."

THE VILLAIN OF ART.

One frequently hears the remark, "Caricature is so ugly." Well, certainly pure caricature is the villain of art, and the popular draughtsman, like the popular actor, should, to remain popular in his work, always play the virtuous hero. If the leading actor *must* play the villain, he takes care to make up inoffensive and tame. So the villain caricaturist need not be

"ugly"—but then he cannot be strong. Nor is it left to an actor—unless he be the star or actor-manager—to remain popular by being tame and pretty in every part. So is the caricaturist, if he is not the star, liable to be cast to play the

MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. "ALL HARCOURTS."
From "Punch."

villain whether he likes it or not, and if he is a genuine worker he will not shrink from the part, merely to remain popular and curry favour with those deserving to be satirised.

Now in *Punch*, as I was cast for it, I played the villain's part. In doing so I was at times necessarily "ugly," and therefore to some unpopular. I confess I felt it my duty not

to shrink from being "ugly," although whenever I could I introduced some redeeming element into my designs—the figure of a girl, allegorical of Parliament or whatever the "ugly" subject might happen to be—but in some of my *Punch* drawings this relief was impossible. For instance, the series of "Puzzle Heads," in each of which a portrait of the celebrity is built up of personal attributes, characteristics, or incidents in the career of the person represented, could not but be unpleasant pictures. Some subscribers threatened to give up the paper if they were continued; others became subscribers for these Puzzle Heads alone. It is ever so. The old saying, "One man's meat is another's poison," is as applicable to caricature as to anything else. It is impossible to please all tastes when catering for the large public, unless an editor is satisfied to be stereotyped and perfunctory; but Mr. Punch has made his name by his strength, not his weakness, and it may be safely inferred that no Tory thinks less of him for having used all his talent in attacking Benjamin Disraeli year after year as no man has been attacked before—or since—in his pages.

In looking through the volumes of *Punch* one is apt to forget that the strong situations and stirring events by which a caricaturist's hit is made effective at the time of publication fade from one's memory. The cartoon in all its strength remains a record of an event which has lost its interest. One cannot always realise that the drawing was only strong because the feeling and interest at the time of its conception demanded it. Allowance should therefore be made for the villain's ugly caricature, if it is a good drawing, prophetically correct, and therefore historically interesting.

Perhaps no cartoon of mine in *Punch* caused such hostile criticism as "The New Cabinet" (August 27, 1892). It gave great offence to the Gladstonians. The Radical Press attacked me ferociously, and as I think most unfairly, for they treated it politically and not pictorially, and severely reprimanded Mr. Punch for publishing it. Had it been a Conservative Cabinet the Tory Press would not have resented it or allowed narrow-minded party politics to prejudice their mind in such trivial

matters. *Punch* is supposed to be non-political. Its present editor is impartial. Mr. Punch's traditions are Whig, and somehow or other a certain class of its readers at that particular crisis was strongly opposed to the two sides of a question being treated. Yet I venture to say two-thirds of the readers of *Punch* are Conservatives, and should therefore be amused. It is impossible to treat a strong political subject—such as the meeting of that particular Cabinet caricatured by me—without offending some readers by amusing others, unless, as I say, the subject is treated in a colourless manner. This particular cartoon hurt because it hit a strong situation in a truthful and straightforward manner, and subsequent events proved it to be a correct conception. Yet at the time no name was too bad for me, and as these are my confessions, let me assure the public that had the Cabinet been a Conservative one I would have treated it in exactly the same way; and it is my firm conviction that had such been the case I would have given no offence either inside or outside of Mr. Punch's office.

My readers will sympathise with me. I am to draw political cartoons without being political; I am to draw caricatures without being personal; I am to be funny without holding my subject up to ridicule; I am to be effective without being strong—in fact, I am to be a caricaturist without caricature! On the other hand, no cartoon I ever drew for *Punch* was more popular. Non-politicians were good enough to accept it as an antidote to the usual caricatures, and those papers on the other side of politics were extravagantly complimentary, and I received a large sum for the original for a private collection. I allow the following leaderette from the *Birmingham Post* to illustrate the point, and at the same time to describe the cartoon. The same paper, I may add, comments on the principal cartoon in *Punch* that week—drawn by Tenniel—as showing that *Punch* "thinks little of the prospects of the present Government":

"'Mr. Punch' is in 'excellent fooling' this week. Rarely has he, even he, more happily burlesqued a political situation than in Mr. Harry Furniss's cartoon of 'The New Cabinet.' Not a word of explanation accompanies the picture: it is good wine, needing no bush, and making very merry.

A glance suffices to seize its meaning, for it expresses a thought that has flitted, at one time or another, through everyone's mind. The big moment has come when Mr. Gladstone is to reveal to his colleagues the secret he has hitherto withheld from them, not less than from the electorate—to submit to them, masterly, succinct, complete, the scheme which, with unexampled courage and sublimest modesty, they have defended on trust, for which they have sacrificed their personal independence without knowing why, and as to which, painful to remember, they have sometimes blundered into confident and contradictory conjecture. We can picture the subtle excitement

THE NEW CABINET.

REDUCTION FROM ENGRAVING IN *PUNCH*.

—in one Minister of joyful expectation, in another of horrid misgiving —under which they have come together. Well, Mr. Gladstone unfolds the fateful document, and lo! it is a blank sheet. Paralysis and grim despair fall upon the spirits of the assembly; face to face with a nightmare reality, not a man amongst them has strength to say, 'This is a dream.' At the head of the table, his elbows resting on the parchment, and an undipped quill actually split upon it in his angry grasp, sits the Premier, a never-to-be-forgotten picture of impotent ill-humour. The task with which the Cabinet is confronted, for him as for the rest, is impossible and yet inexorable. In the candle-flame, by an effect of hallucination natural at

such a moment, the face of Mr. O'Brien seems to limn itself out, implacable and contemptuous; and there is a fearsome shadow on the blind—the massive head of Lord Salisbury. The candle, marked '40,' is the majority, which dwindles while the Ministers are sadly musing; and over the mantelpiece, behind the Premier's chair, mutely reproachful, hangs a picture of the great Cabinet of 1880. It is distinctly the best thing Mr. Furniss has done."

That impression was shared by my private friends as well, even those on *Punch*. My dear friend Mr. E. J. Milliken, a strong Radical, and a most active member of the staff, in a reply to a letter of mine, in which I intimated that I was afraid my cartoon would give offence, replied in a most flattering spirit.

I had to play the "villain" in another scene in the same political drama, "Mr. Punch's Historical Cartoons" (1893), in which the same Cabinet is shown in Mr. Gladstone's room in the "Bauble Shop"—the House of Commons. Those Radicals who had not joined the Unionists again took offence. Those Radicals who had become Unionist wrote to congratulate me. From one well-known and powerful personality, a historical name in the publishing world, I received the following:

"February 23rd, 1893.

"Your cartoon p. 95 delights us all. I have looked at it twenty times and seen fresh points in it. Nothing for years, I should say, has so entirely caught the very spirit of a great crisis.

"We shall owe something to you for this felicitous exposure of Gladstone's insane Bill. Alas! the miners and the brickies, the costermongers and the dust-cart drivers, have now the power. The middle class has been out-numbered, and if it were not that some labouring men and artisans have hard heads enough to comprehend the position we should be landed in a pretty pickle next September.

"It is a pity traitors' heads are nowadays their own copyright."

A "copyright" in heads is a good suggestion, and coming from a publisher too! But apart from "traitors," there are others known to a caricaturist. The House of Commons at one time was rich in them. Some such works of art suffer in being

translated. Indeed, what the poet "Ballyhooley" wrote of one might apply to others:

"DARWIN MACNEILL.

"Darwin MacNeill, all the papers are hot on you,
Darwin MacNeill, they are writing a lot on you.
What in the world sort of face have you got on you?
Send us your photograph, Darwin MacNeill.
Surely you must be both lovely and pure!
Have you got fatures that nothing can cure?
Let's have the first of it,
Let's know the worst of it:
Is your face only a caricature?
Here's a health to you, Darwin MacNeill,
Let penny canes all your enemies feel;
Show me the crature would slander a fature
Of the beautiful Mimber for ould Donegal.

"Our childhers are dull, and we wish to be brightening them
Send us your picture and we'll be enlightening them,
Maybe 'twill only be useful for frightening them;
Still let us have it, dear Darwin MacNeill.
Shut up the slander and talk they are at,
Show us the head you've got under your hat;
True every particle, genuine article,
Send us your picture in answer to that.
Here's a health to you, etc.

"I hear that the Queen she has simply gone crazy, man;
Says she to Gladstone, 'Get out, you old lazy man!
Cannot you see that I'll never be aisy, man,
Till I've a portrait of Darwin MacNeill?'
When of that picture she first got a sight,
She held it up, so they say, to the light,
Looked at the head of it, then all she said of it,
'I'm of opinion that Darwin is right.'
Here's a health to you, etc.

"There's just arrived now, to give great content to us,
A lovely picture, which someone has sent to us.
We know the worst now, for there has been sent to us
What's called a portrait of Darwin MacNeill.
If it's a likeness, I just tell you what,
That you have acted in ways you should not.
Don't try a turn of fists
On with the journalists;
Thrash those who gave you the head you have got.

But here's a health to you, Darwin MacNeill!
Only just manage new fatures to steal,
Then show me the crature would slander a fature
Of the beautiful Mimber for ould Donegal."

This "Pen Portrait," by Mr. Robert Martin, refers to a matter of much regret to me. I have to confess my sorrow that I was the means of making a Member of Parliament ridiculous! The innocent item came in the ordinary course of my work for *Punch*. I was sent an incident to illustrate for the Diary of Toby, M.P., which, when published, was used as an excuse to "technically assault" me in the Inner Lobby of the House of Commons.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [August 26, 1893.

REDUCTION OF PAGE IN *PUNCH*, SHOWING THAT MY CARICATURES WERE—IN THIS CSAE—PUBLISHED TOO LARGE.

Perhaps in the circumstances I may be pardoned if I confess a secret connected with these Parliamentary caricatures. For some years I provided a page drawing and some small cuts in every number during Parliament—the latter were generally sketches of Members of Parliament. These single portraits were supplied in advance, and engraved proofs sent in a book to Mr. Lucy to select from week by week. The following letter is worth quoting in full as a characteristic letter from the Editor, typical of his light and pleasant way of transacting business with his staff:

"DEAR H. F.,—"Please keyindly see that H. L. (not 'Labby,' but 'Lucy') has all your parliamentarians whom you (as your predecessor Henry VIII. did) have executed on the block sent to him, as he found himself unprovided up to the last moment and so wrote to me in his haste.

"(?) Fancy portrait. Our artist, H. F., as Henry VIII. taking off his victims' heads on the block, eh? "Yours, "F. C. B."

To this rule, however, there were exceptions. This particular caricature was one of them: it was drawn at the last moment to illustrate a particular passage in Mr. Lucy's Diary of Toby, M.P. Here it is:

"'Look here, Bartley,' said Tommy Bowles; 'if you're going on that tack, you must come and sit on this side. When I saw MacNeill open his mouth to speak, I confess I thought I was going to be swallowed whole. You sit here; there's more of you.'"

REDUCTION FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING, SHOWING THAT I GAVE INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CARICATURE TO BE "REDUCED AS USUAL."

Now had I shown "Pongo," as he was familiarly called in the House, in the act of swallowing "Tommy Bowles," I might have produced a most objectionable caricature. I made, however, a smiling portrait of the genial Member. I was away at the time recovering from a long illness: the sketch was made in the country, and sent up to the *Punch* engraver's office. By some mistake there, it was not reduced in size in reproduction as others had been; therefore in the paper it was apparently given extra importance—I had nothing to do with that. That Mr. Lucy's reference to Mr. MacNeill is not a caricature can be judged by anyone reading the passage I had to illustrate, given above. The notion that the drawing was *purposely* produced on a larger scale than usual, so as to give this special caricature prominence, is disproved by the fact that the caricature of the gallant and genial

Admiral Field I drew exactly under the same conditions appears on the same page also far too large. Therefore it is a mistaken idea that this particular portrait was intentionally offensive, or different from others.

It was really the combination of circumstances, if anything, that called special attention to that particular page in *Punch*, and gave rise to

A SCENE IN THE LOBBY.

I shall, in describing the curtain rising on this historical incident, borrow Mr. Lucy's own account of the way in which the Member approached me after he had seen my illustration to Mr. Lucy's clever Diary of the Week :

"It was shortly after seven o'clock that Mr. Harry Furniss strolled into the Lobby. He had been suffering from a long and severe sickness, dedicating this the first evening of his convalescence to a visit to the scene of labours which have delighted mankind. Over the place there brooded an air of ineffable peace. The bustle of the earlier hour of meeting was stilled. The drone of talk went on in the half-empty House within the glass doors. Now and then a Member hastily crossed the floor of the Lobby, intent on preparations for dinner. One of these chanced to be Mr. Swift MacNeill, a Member who, beneath occasional turbulence of manner, scarcely conceals the gentlest, kindliest disposition, a gentleman by birth and training, a scholar and a patriot. The House, whilst it sometimes laughs at his exuberance of manner, always shows that it likes him. Mr. Furniss, seeing him approach with hurried step, may naturally have expected that he was making haste to offer those congratulations on renewed health and reappearance on the scene of labour that had already been proffered from other quarters. What followed has been told by Mr. Furniss in language the simplicity and graphicness of which Defoe could not have excelled."

Mr. Lucy refers to the following account I wrote at the time :

"On my return to continue my work in Parliament for

Mr. Punch after my severe illness, I found the jaded legislators yearning for fresh air, and even the approaching final division on the Home Rule Bill had failed to arouse more than a languid interest. I felt this depression when I entered the Lobby, its sole occupants being the tired-out doorkeepers and the leg-weary policemen. I really believe a swarm of wasps would not have roused them to activity, for I noticed a bluebottle resting undisturbed upon the nose of one of Inspector Horsley's staff. Even the Terrace was dusty, and the Members rusty and morosé. One of the Irish Members had selected as his friend Frank Slavin, the well-known prize-fighter, who had an admiring group round him, to whom no doubt he was relating the history of his many plucky battles.

WHAT HAPPENED.

"The stimulating effect of this may have been the cause for the assault upon me in the Inner Lobby, which has afforded the stale House some little excitement, which has been the salvation of the silly season. So many papers have given startling accounts of this attack upon me, some stating that I was caned, others that I was pummelled, shaken like a dog, and so on, that I am glad to take the opportunity of giving a clear statement of what really occurred. I was standing close to the doors of the Inner Lobby, talking to Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, when Mr. Swift MacNeill interrupted us by asking me, 'Are you the man that draws the cartoons in *Punch*?' 'That depends upon what they are,' said I. 'I refer to one,' said the excited Member, 'that has annoyed me very much.' 'Let me see it,' I replied. Mr. MacNeill then drew out his pocket-book and showed me a cutting from the current number of *Punch*. 'Yes,' I said, 'that is from a drawing of mine.' 'Then ye're a low, black-guardly scoundrel,' melodramatically exclaimed the usually genial Member. Taking two or three steps back, he hissed at me, with a livid face, a series of offensive epithets too coarse for

publication. Having exhausted his vocabulary of vulgarity, a happy thought seemed to strike him. 'I want to assault you,' he said, and forthwith he nervously and gingerly tapped me as if he were playing with a hot coal. He then danced off to Members who were looking on, crying, 'This is the scoundrel who has caricatured me; witness, I assault him!' and he recommenced the tapping process which constituted this technical assault. Knowing that Mr. MacNeill is a very excitable subject, and at once detecting that this assault was a 'put-up job,' I was determined to remain perfectly cool; and, truth to tell, the pirouetting of the agitated Member hugely amused me, particularly as the more excited he became, the more he resembled the caricature which was the cause, or supposed to be the cause, of this attack. I treated the hon. Member exactly as the policeman treated the bluebottle—with perfect indifference, not even troubling to brush away the trifling annoyance. But when in the midst of its buzzing round me I moved in the direction of one of the officials, it flew away. Then appeared what I had been anticipating, and the real cause of the insult transpired. Dr. Tanner came up to me just as I recollect Slavin approaching Jackson in their historic fight. He showered the grossest insults upon me, and I was surrounded at once by his clique, who were anxious for the scene which must have occurred had I, like Jackson, been the first to let out with my left. But here again was I face to face with a chronically excited Member, backed up by his friends, and I refused to be drawn into a brawl. But the secret of the real cause of this organised attack upon me was revealed to me by Dr. Tanner, who at once informed me that it was the outcome of my imitations of the Irish Members in my entertainment, 'The Humours of Parliament,' which I have given for two seasons all over the country. This was my

DR. TANNER.

offence; my caricature of Mr. Swift MacNeill the excuse for the attack."

Mr. MacNeill's "technical assault" was a very childish incident. He merely touched the sleeve of my coat with the tip of his finger, and asked me if I would accept that as a "technical assault." This mysterious pantomime was subsequently explained to me, and meant that I was to take out a summons—but I only laughed. At the moment Mr. MacNeill was pirouetting round me at a distance, Mr. John Burns came on to the scene, and chaffed Mr. MacNeill, drawing an imaginary picture (for Mr. Burns was not in the Lobby) of a real assault upon me. A gentleman connected with an evening paper, who happened to enter with Mr. Burns, failed to see Mr. Burns's humour, and thereupon took down in shorthand Mr. Burns's imaginary picture as a matter of fact. It was published as a fact, and, for all I know or care, some may still believe that I was assaulted!

ASSAULT ON ME IN THE HOUSE.
WHAT THE PRESS DESCRIBED.

When I read that I had been treated like a cur, I was rather amused; but when I read a statement in the papers from a man like John Burns saying that he saw me "taken by the lapels of the coat and shaken like a dog, and then taken by the ear and shaken by that," I thought the joke had been carried far enough. Determined to have this cock-and-bull story contradicted at once, I went down to the House and saw Mr. John Burns, who expressed to me his regret that he should have invented the story, and he left me to go to the writing-room, and promised I should have from him a written contradiction.

After waiting a considerable time, a message was brought to

me that Mr. Burns declined to keep his promise. I therefore wrote these particulars and sent them off to the Press. At the same time Mr. Burns, who had been closeted with some Radical journalists, wrote an offensive note—which was shown me, and which I advised him to publish.

Poor Mr. MacNeill! Well may he say, "Save me from my friends!" The Press put on their comic men to make copy at his expense. If I were to publish it all, it would make a volume as large as this. By permission I publish the following lay from the *St. James' Budget* (September, 1893):

"THE LAY OF SWIFT MACNEILL.

(*Picked up in the Lobby.*)

"Have ye heard, have ye heard, of the late immortal fray,
When the lion back of Swift MacNeill got up and stood at bay,
When the lion voice of Tanner cried, 'To Judas wid yer chaff!'
An' the Saxon knees were shaking, though they made believe to laugh.

"'Twas widin the Commons' Lobby, in the corner by the dure,
There was Misther Harry Furniss a-standing on the flure,
When up to him came stalking, like O'Tarquin in his pride,
The bowldest of the bowld, MacNeill, wid the Docther by his side.

"Then the valiant Swift MacNeill from his pocket he took out
A picther very like him, an' he brandished it about,
An' he held it up to Furniss for his Saxon eyes to see,
An' he asked of him, 'Ye spalpeen, is this porthrait meant for me?'

"'Tis your likeness, as I see it,' was the answer that he got,
An' the wrath of Misther Swift MacNeill then wax'd exceeding hot,
An' he cast the picther from him, an' he trod it on the ground,
An' he took an' danced an Irish jig the artist's form around.

"'Ye spalpeen,' thus again he spoke, 'ye most obnoxious fellow!
Ye see that I'm a lion, yet ye've made me a gorilla;
If your Saxon eyes are blinded to the truth of what I say,
Go and borrow for a moment the glasses of Tay Pay.

"'They will show ye that our seventy are Apollos one and all,
That we're most divinely lovely an' seraphically tall;
They will show ye we're all angels—though for divils I'll allow,
'Tis the black ones ye'll be seeing where the lost to Redmond bow.'

"Then Misther Swift MacNeill, just to lave his meaning clear,
Wid flowers of Irish eloquence filled Mr. Furniss' ear;
An' he also shook wid passion, an', moreover, shook his fist,
An' the Docther an' his blackthorn stood all ready to assist.

"Misther Furniss smiled serenely, an' the only word he spoke
Was to say it seemed that Misther Swift was slow to see a joke,
But for all his jokes an' blarney, things were looking like a fight,
When a minion of the Spayker was seen to be in sight.

"Then Apollo Swift MacNeill from his dignity got down,
An' he withered Misther Furniss wid a godlike parting frown,
An' he stalked along the Lobby wid his grand O'Tarquin stride,
An' the other Mimbers followed him, an' went the House inside.

"An' there they still are threading on the necks of Saxon slaves,
An' nightly wid their eloquence they're digging Saxon graves;
An' my counsel to the artist who their fatures would porthray,
Is to thry and see their beauty through the glasses of Tay Pay."

This manufactured "scene," coming as it did in the silly season, was made to serve instead of the Sea-Serpent, the Toad-in-the-Rock, the Shower of Frogs, and other familiar inventions for holiday reading. Unfortunately the poor Members of Parliament obliged to remain in St. Stephen's had to suffer far more than I did through the eccentricity of Mr. Swift MacNeill. Several of them complained to me that he lured them into the corridors and corners of the House, and then vigorously set to work to demonstrate practically how he assaulted me, or how he imagined he assaulted me, to the discomfiture and consternation of the poor M.P.'s.

JOHN BURNS.

I should like to explain why this "technical assault" on me was not made a matter of discussion. I did intend a friendly Member should have brought it before the Speaker, and in that way published the truth of the matter and exposed the stupid inventions of Burns & Co. With that object I had an interview with the Speaker, and he implored me not under any circumstances

to have it brought before the House. He was already tired, at the end of a trying session, and did not want any personal questions discussed, which invariably led to protracted scenes. For that reason, and for that reason only, it was not mentioned in Parliament, notwithstanding it was really a much more serious affair than was imagined. It was a deliberately organised conspiracy. When I was leaving the Lobby, after my amusing interview with Mr. MacNeill, in which he told me that I was "technically assaulted," Chief Inspector Horsley took me down a private passage, and informed me that he had been

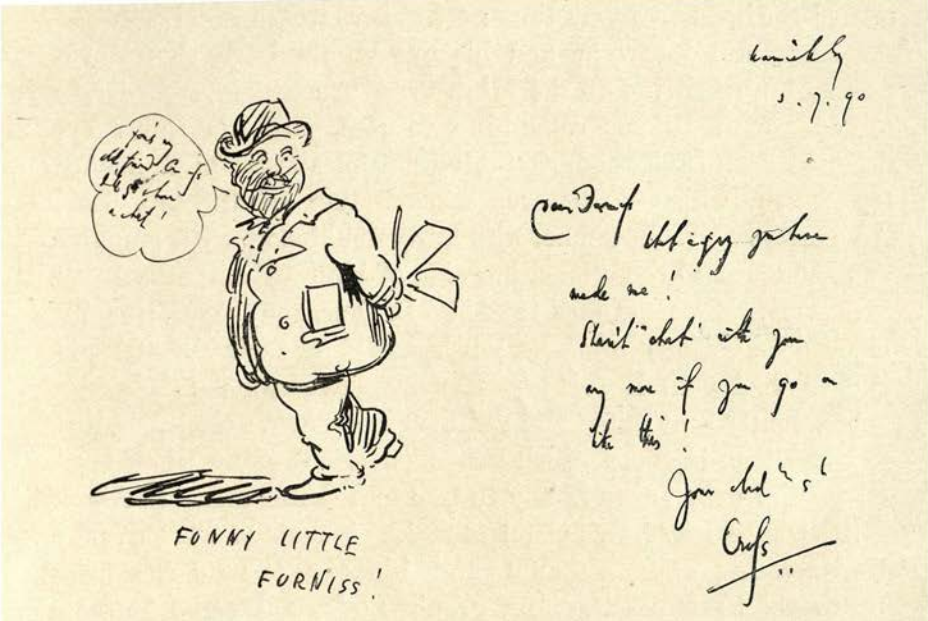
NOTE FROM SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, AFTER READING THE BOGUS ACCOUNT OF THE "ASSAULT."

looking for me, as he had discovered there was a conspiracy to attack me, and at that moment nine or ten Members from Ireland were in the passage downstairs, out of which I would have in the ordinary course gone through, lying in wait for me. So I left with him by another door.

In this I was not more to blame than other caricaturists, but I was more in evidence, and was selected to be "technically assaulted," so as to force me to bring an action, in which all papers, except those supporting the Irish Party, would have been attacked and discussed, and their influence if possible injured for purely political purposes. An aggrieved person, smarting

under a gross injustice, does not "technically assault" the aggressor. Had Mr. McNeill tried it on with me, weak and ill as I was, I think I had enough power to oblige him; as it happened, I only saw the humour of the thing.

One of the most amusing sketches I received was this from Sir Frank Lockwood. Lockwood and I frequently exchanged caricatures, as shown by the clever sketches I introduce here and there in these pages. Sometimes he sent me some chaffing



LETTER SUPPOSED TO COME FROM LORD CROSS.
(LOCKWOOD'S JOKE.)

note written in a disguised hand, and disguised drawing; but the latter experiment, although it failed to deceive, certainly entertained me greatly. Here is a letter supposed to be from Lord Cross, a favourite subject of mine when he was in the Lower House. Seldom a week passed but I made his nose shorter and his upper lip longer, made his head stick out, and his spectacles glisten. Did he object? No, no! "Grand Cross" is a man of the world; nor was he ever a mere notoriety-seeking political adventurer. I once met him at dinner, and we chatted over my caricatures of him, and I recollect his saying, "A man

is not worth anything if he is thin-skinned, and certainly not worth much if he cannot enjoy a joke at his own expense."

Sir Frank Lockwood whiled away the weary hours in Parliament to his own amusement and those around him, but he was not aware perhaps that what he did was seen from the Ladies' Gallery. The ladies got a birdseye view of his caricatures in progress. One in particular was the cause of much amusement, not only to the ladies, but to the Members. My lady informant related the incident to me thus : "I always watch Mr. Lockwood sketching, and I saw he had his eye on the burly figure of a friend of mine sitting on the Ministerial bench. Mr. Gladstone turned round to say something to him, and his quick eye detected Mr. Lockwood sketching. The artistic Q.C. handed the sketch (which I saw was a caricature of the late Lord Advocate) to Mr. Gladstone, who fairly doubled up with laughter, and handed it to those on either side of him. Eventually it was sent over to Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Balfour, and they thoroughly enjoyed the caricature of themselves, as did all their Tory friends. But *we* had seen it first!" It may have been this sketch subsequently sent to me and redrawn in *Punch*.

I recall an incident which happened one evening when I was on watch in the Inner Lobby to find and sketch a newly-elected M.P., who, I heard, was about to make his maiden speech, and it was most important I should catch him. Just as I was going up to the Press Gallery, Sir Frank Lockwood came into the Lobby and offered to get me a seat under the Gallery where I could see the new M.P. to advantage. The new M.P. was "up," so Lockwood went into the House to fetch me the Sergeant's order. I waited impatiently for his return ; a long time passed ; still I waited. A smiling Member came out of the House, and I asked him if he had seen Lockwood. "Oh, rather," he replied, smiling still ; "I've just been sitting by him, watching him make a capital caricature of a chap making his maiden speech." When the Member had finished his speech, Lockwood ran out, and cheeringly apologised to me for his absent-mindedness. "So tempting, you know, old chap, I couldn't resist sketching him!"

Sir Frank Lockwood was perhaps the most favourable modern

specimen of the buoyant amateur. Possessing a big heart, kindly feeling, a brilliant wit, and a facile pen, he treated art as his playfellow and never as his master. And in the spirit in which his work was executed so must it be judged. The work of an amateur artist possessing a distinct vein of humour is, in my opinion, far more entertaining than that of the professional caricaturist, the former being absolutely spontaneous and untrammelled by the conscientiousness of subsequent publication, of correct draughtsmanship, made only from impressions of the moment, and not the effort (as in the case of many a professional humorist) of having to be funny to order.

SIR F. LOCKWOOD.

An excellent example of the amateur at his best is to be found in the drawings of Sir Frank Lockwood. No one would resent less than Lockwood himself having the term "amateur" applied to his work; indeed, he would, I am sure, have felt proud to be classed in the same category as several of our most popular humorous artists.

Circumstances connected with a curious coincidence concerning a caricature (what alliteration!) are worth confirming.

One morning I was taking my usual horse exercise round the ride in the inner circle of Regent's Park, before that spot, once the quiet haunt of the horseman, became the noisy ring of the cyclist. At that time a few cycling beginners used the circle for practice, and their alarming performances were gradually depleting the number of equestrians. One of these novices came down the hill, having an arm round the neck of his instructor, and one leg on the pedal, the other in mid air. He was unable to steer the machine, and as I cantered up, the performer's hat, which had been over one eye, fell off, disclosing the features of Professor Bryce. The next moment the machine, its rider and his instructor, were "all of a heap" on the ride up which my horse was cantering. I had just time to jump my horse on to the path

and thus save my own neck, and the life of the energetic Member of Parliament, who I noticed later in the day, when sitting in the Press Gallery, was on the front Opposition bench, next to Sir Frank Lockwood, quite unconcerned. I made a rough sketch of the incident of the morning, and sent it down to my brother Two Pins, Sir Frank, with a request that his friend Bryce should in future select some other spot to practise bicycling. This was handed to Lockwood just as he was leaving the House, strange to say, on his way home to dress for a dinner at Professor Bryce's. Lockwood mischievously placed the sketch in the pocket of his dress coat, and at the dinner led up to the subject of cycling, suggesting at the same time that his host ought to try it.

LEWIS CARROLL'S SUGGESTION, AND MY SKETCH OF IT IN *PUNCH*.

"Well, strange to say, Lockwood, I've been seriously thinking of it, but I don't know how one should begin."

"Don't you?" cried Lockwood from the other end of the table. "What do you say to this, nearly killing my friend Harry Furniss!" And my caricature was produced and handed down from guest to guest, to the chagrin of the host. That was Lockwood's version of the coincidence.

Suggestions for *Punch* came to me from most unexpected quarters, but were rarely of any use. Lewis Carroll—like every one else—got excited over the Gladstonian crisis, and Sir William Harcourt's head to Lewis Carroll was much the same as Charles the First's to Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield," for I find in several letters references to Sir William.

"*Re* Gladstone's head and its recent growth, couldn't you make a picture of it for the 'Essence of Parliament'? I would call it 'Toby's Dream of A.D. 1900,' and have Gladstone addressing the House, with his enormous head supported by Harcourt on one side, and Parnell on the other."

This suggestion is the only one I adopted. Strange to say, neither Gladstone, Parnell, nor Lewis Carroll lived to see 1900.

"Is that anecdote in the papers *true*, that some one has sent you a pebble with an accidental (and not a 'doctored') likeness of Harcourt? If so, let me suggest that your most *graceful* course of action will be to have it photographed, and to present prints of it to any authors whose books you may at any time chance to illustrate!"

This is the "anecdote":

"Someone found on the seashore the other day a pebble moulded exactly on the lines of Mr. Furniss' portrait of Sir William Harcourt."

Other notices were in verse. This from *Vanity Fair* is the best:

"For Fame, 'tis said, Sir William craves,
And to some purpose he has sought her;
His face is fashioned by the waves:
When will his name be 'writ in water'?"

NATURE'S PUZZLE PORTRAIT.

I lay under a charge of plagiarism. Nature had "invented" my Harcourt portrait, and had been at work upon it probably before I was born; the wild waves had by degrees moulded a shell into the familiar features, and when completed had left the sea-sculptured sketch high and dry on the coast. I now publish, with thanks, a photo-reproduction of the shell (not a pebble) as I received it: it is not in any way "doctored." It is a large, weather-beaten shell.

There is no doubt but that at one time Lewis Carroll studied *Punch*, for in one of his earliest letters to me he writes:

"To the best of my recollection, one of the first things that suggested to me the wish to secure your help was a marvellously successful picture in *Punch* of a House of Lords entirely composed of Harcourts, where the figures took all possible attitudes, and gave all possible views of the face; yet each was a quite unmistakable Sir William Harcourt!"

Again he refers to *Punch* (March, 1890) :

"A wish has been expressed in our Common Room (Christ's Church, Oxford), where we take in and bind *Punch*, that we could have 'keys' to the portraits in the Bishop of Lincoln's Trial and the 'ciphers' in Parliament" (a Parliamentary design of mine, "The House all Sixes and Sevens"). "Will you confer that favour on our Club? If you would give me them done roughly, I will procure copies of those two numbers, and subscribe the names in small MS. print, and have the pages bound in to face the pictures. The simplest way would be for you to put numbers on the faces, and send a list of names numbered to correspond."

Yet a few years brought a change (October, 1894) :

"No doubt it is by your direction that three numbers of your new periodical have come to me. With many thanks for your kind thought, I will beg you not to waste your bounties on so unfit a recipient, for I have neither time nor taste for any such literature. I have much more work yet to do than I am likely to have life to do it in—and my taste for comic papers is *defunct*. We take in *Punch* in our Common Room, but I never look at it!"

Hardly a generous remark to make to a *Punch* man who had illustrated two of his books, and considering that Sir John Tenniel had done so much to make the author's reputation, and *Punch* had always been so friendly ; but this is a bygone.

PUNCH AT PLAY.

ell, Sir John, the Grand Old Man of *Punch*, the evergreen, the ever-delightful Sir John, has earned a night's repose after all his long day of glorious work and good-fellowship. "A great artist and a great gentleman" : truer words were never spoken. It seems but yesterday he and I took our rides together ; but yesterday he and I and poor Milliken—three *Punch* men in a boat—were "squaring up" at Cookham after a week's delightful boating holiday on the Thames.

"There sat three oarsmen under a tree,
Down, a-down, a-down—hey down!
They were as puzzled as puzzled could be,
With a down;
And one of them said to his mate,
'We've got these mems in a doose of a state,'
With a down derry, derry down!

"Oh, they were wild, these oarsmen three,
Down, a-down, a-down—hey down!
Especially one with the white puggree,
With a down;
For it's precious hard to divide by three
A sum on whose total you can't agree,
With a down derry, derry down!

"They bit their pencils and tore their hair,
Down, a-down, a-down—hey down!
But those blessed bills, they wouldn't come square,
With a down;
'Midst muddle and smudge it is hard to fix
If a six is a nine or a nine is a six,
With a down derry, derry down!

"A crumpled account from a pocket of flannel
Down, a-down, a-down—hey down!
With dirt in dabs, and the rain in a channel,
With a down,
Is worse to decipher than uniform text,
Oh, that is the verdict of oarsmen vext,
With a down derry, derry down!

"A man in a boat his ease will take,
Down, a-down, a-down—hey down!
But financial conscience at last will wake,
With a down;
Then Nemesis proddeth the prodigal soul
When he finds that the parts are much more than the whole,
With a down derry, derry down!

"Those oarsmen are having a deuce of a time,
Down, a-down, a-down—hey down!
The man in the puggree is ripe for crime,
With a down.
Now heaven send every boating man
For keeping accounts a more excellent plan,
With a down derry, derry down!"

So pencilled poet Milliken. "The man in the puggree" is Sir John—ripe for many years to come, and when he has another banquet, may I be there to see.

The Two Pins Club was a *Punch* institution.

Original notice of

"THE TWO PINS CLUB.

"There are Coaching Clubs, Four-in-hand Clubs, Tandem Clubs, and Sporting Clubs of all sorts, but there is no *Equestrian Club*.

"The object of the present proposed Club is to supply this want.

"The Members will meet on Sundays, and ride to some place within easy reach of town: there lunch, spend a few hours, and return.

"Due notice will be given of each 'Meet,' and replies must be sent in to the Secretary by Wednesday afternoon at latest. When it is considered necessary, Luncheon will be ordered beforehand for the party, and those who have neglected to reply by the time fixed, and who do not attend the Meet, will be charged with their share of the Luncheon.

"There will be other Meets besides those on Sundays, which will be arranged by the Members from time to time.

"The title of the Club is taken from the names of the two most celebrated English Equestrians known to 'the road,' viz. :—

"'DICK TURPIN'

AND

"'JOHN GILPIN.'

"The Members of 'THE TWO PINS' will represent all the dash of the one and all the respectability of the other.

"The original Members at present are :—

MR. F. C. BURNAND.
MR. JOHN TENNIEL.
MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.
MR. HARRY FURNISS.
MR. R. LEHMANN.

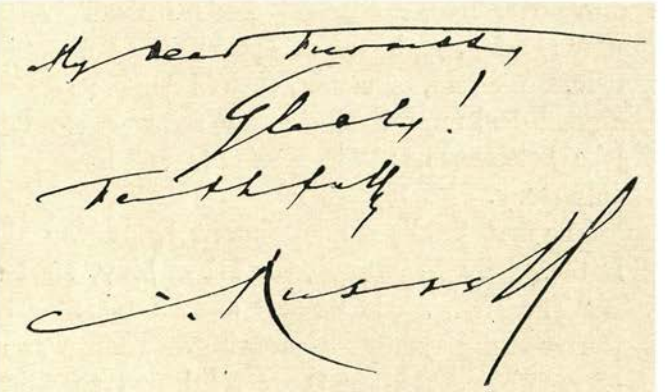
"It is not proposed at first to exceed the number of twelve. The other names down for invitation to become members are—

MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.
MR. JOHN HARE.*
SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., M.P.

"We hope you will join. The eight Members can then settle a convenient day for the first Meet, and inaugurate the TWO PINS CLUB.

"* N.B. No hounds."

The Two Pins Club was started in 1890, and flourished until its President, Lord Russell, was elevated to the Bench. My only claim for distinction in connection with it rests on the fact that I was the only member who, except when I was in mid-Atlantic on my return from the States, never missed a meet.



LORD RUSSELL'S ACCEPTANCE TO DINE WITH ME.

Were the Club now a going concern, I would, of course, refrain from mentioning it, but as it is referred to in the "History of

Punch" by Mr. Spielmann, and in "John Hare, Comedian," by Mr. Pemberton, I may be pardoned and also forgiven for repeating the one joke ever made public in connection with this remarkable Club.

One afternoon our cavalcade was approaching Weybridge, which had been the scene of the boyish pranks of one of our members. To the amusement of us all, this brother Two Pins, as reminiscences of the district were recalled to him by one object and another, grew terribly excited.

"Ah, my boys, there is the dear old oak tree under which I smoked my first cigarette! And there, where the new church stands, I shot my first snipe. Dear me, how all is altered! I wonder if old Sir Henry Tomkins still lives in the Lodge there, and what has become of the Rector's pretty daughter?" etc.

Sir Frank Lockwood, observing lettering on the side of a house, "General Stores," casually asked our excited reminiscent friend if he "knew a General Stores about these parts?"

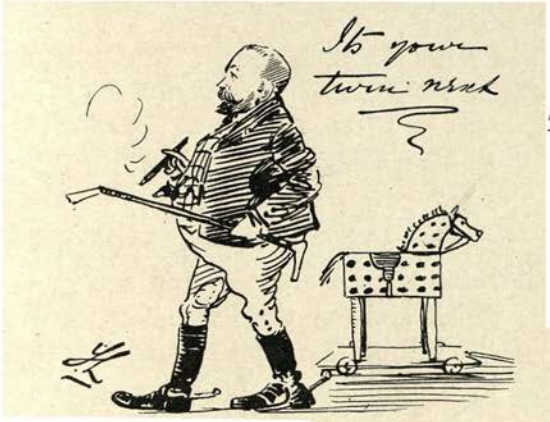
"General Stores! Of course I do, but he was only a Captain when I lived here!"

When the members lunched at The Durdans our host and honorary member, Lord Rosebery, remarked that it was a Club of "one joke and one horse!" the fact being that we all drove over from Tadworth, Lord Russell's residence, where we were staying, with the exception of Lord Russell himself, who rode. We had, of course, each a horse: some of the members a great deal more than one, but we were careful to trot out one joke between us: "General Stores" became our general and only story.

The first public announcement respecting the Club appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, the 4th of May, 1891:

"The T.P.C. held its first annual meeting at the 'Star and Garter Hotel' yesterday morning. There was a full attendance of members. Under the careful and conciliatory guidance of the President, Sir Charles Russell, supported mainly by Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. Frank Lockwood, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Edward Lawson, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Linley Sambourne, and Mr. R. Lehmann (hon. sec.),

the customary business was satisfactorily transacted, and the principal subjects for discussion were dealt with in a spirit of



This sketch is à propos of Mr. Linley Sambourne's portrait in "Vanity Fair." Note refers to his being made Solicitor-General.

intelligent self-control. Mr. Arthur Russell was unanimously elected a member of the association, which in point of numbers is now complete."

But the object of the Club being carefully concealed, much mystery surrounds its name. Few were aware that it was merely a band of "Sontag-Reiters." Our hon. sec., being at the time prominent in politics, received congratulations from those who imagined the T.P.C. was a political association, and much wonderment was excited by the decidedly enigmatical appellation

26, Lennox Gardens,
Pont St. S.W.

My dear Harry
Many thanks for
your kind congratulations
I hope
we shall meet soon
Why don't we have
a 2 Pius ride?

Yours
Frank Lockwood

of the small and select society. Sir Edward Lawson showed marked ingenuity in retaining the mystery by his paragraphs in his paper. The first meet of our second season was the only one I missed during the years the Club existed :

"The first meeting of the T.P.C. for the season of 1892 took place yesterday at the 'Star and Garter Hotel,' under the presidency of Sir Charles Russell, who was assisted in the performance of his duties by Mr. Frank Lockwood, Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Edward Lawson, and Mr C. W. Mathews. The arrangements for the season were completed, and a digest was made of the subjects which claimed the immediate consideration of the members. The President called attention to a delay which had occurred in the fulfilment of certain artistic duties which had been entrusted to Mr. Harry Furniss and Mr. Linley Sambourne, and which had been retarded in their accomplishment by Mr. Furniss' voyage to America. But it was understood that immediate attention would now be bestowed upon the work in hand ; and the remainder of the business was of a routine character."

MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

The "artistic duties" referred to, I have no recollection of, but I know that at our preliminary meeting, when all matters, artistic and otherwise, were discussed and arranged, the two following important resolutions were proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously :—

"That Mr. Rudolph Lehmann be elected Permanent Secretary, and that the duty of sending out all notices convening the Meets of the T.P.C., as well as all arrangements connected with the Club, be entrusted to him; and that every notice of meeting be posted and prepaid by him eight lunar, or at least three calendar, days before the date of each Meet ; and further, that records in a neat and clerkly style of each and every Meet be faithfully kept by the said Secretary, and be at all times open for the inspection of each and every member of the T.P.C."

"That Mr. Linley Sambourne shall provide at his own expense the notepaper and envelopes required for the business of the Club, and shall invent and draw a design, which design, also at his own expense, he shall cause to be stamped or otherwise engraved on the said notepaper and envelopes, and shall cause the said notepaper so stamped or engraved

heard the horse had won. I was delighted, and therefore at my best when I addressed the jury. The telegram was from my boy to say that he forgot to put the money on!"

Riding has caused my appearance in a Police Court, but not as a member of the Two Pins Club. In October, 1895, I was returning from my usual ride before breakfast, accompanied by my little daughter; we turned into the terrace in which we live, and our horses cantered up the hill about 120 yards. As we were dismounting, a Police Inspector passed, addressing me by name, and in a most offensive tone declared that he would summon me, as I had been cautioned before for furious riding. This remark was so absolutely untrue that I met the summons, and the Inspector in the Court made three distinct statements on oath: That I spurred my horse (when cross-examined by me, he gave a minute description of my spurs); that I charged up the hill 250 yards at the rate of sixteen miles an hour; and that I had been cautioned before for the same thing. Now, I have never been cautioned in my life; the distance I went up the hill is 120 yards, and no horse could get up any pace in that distance; and I do not wear spurs, although two constables swore I did.

The magistrate, face to face with these three facts, looked the picture of misery. It was evident to him, as it must be evident to every fair-minded man, that the police were in the wrong. And when the magistrate was thinking out this dilemma, I made a fatal mistake. I gave my reason for appearing as a sacrifice on my part to show the magistrate the sort of evidence upon which poor cabmen and [redacted]rs are fined and made to suffer. The magistrate, Mr. Plowden, waxed very wroth, and as he could not punish me, and would not reprimand the police, I was asked to pay the costs of the summons, which was withdrawn. The late Mr. Montagu Williams, who sat in the Marylebone Police Court, the court in which I was charged with furious riding, gave it as his private opinion that the longer a policeman was in the service the less he could rely upon his word.

This case led to all sorts of trouble. I was assailed by people in the street, strangers to me, for "riding over children." Letters came from all sorts of societies—Cruelty to Animals, and other excellent institutions. I found people measuring the terrace; others riding up it to see if it were possible to get the pace (which it is not), but few knew the truth. The constable when I left the court remarked to me, "I'll tache ye to caricature Oirishmen in Parleymint!" However, I was repaid by the humour the incident gave rise to in the imagination of my brother workers on the Press. Mr. F. C. Could made this capital sketch, and others portrayed my crime in verse. The following was written to me by one of London's most celebrated editors, and has never been published before:

"FURIOUS RIDING." SKETCH BY F. C. GOULD.
From the "Westminster Gazette."

"H Furniss was an artist grand
Of credit and renown,
Who'd ride a horse [redacted] Primrose Hill
With any man in town.

"The morn was fine as morn could be
Upon last Thursday week,
And, like the early morn, H. F.
Was up before the beak.

"(Full little dreamed that worthy cit,
Some dozen mornings hence
He would be 'up before the beak'
In quite another sense.)

"Upon two tits of pranksome mood,
The gallant Lika Joko
And Likajokalina rode,
'Desipere in loco.'

"'Cantare pares' rode the pair,
'Ad equitatum nati,'
But to a bobby's summons not
'Respondere parati.'

"So 'appy rode the blithesome pair,
They scoured the hill and plain,
And warming with their morning's work,
Rode hotly home again.

"But by the slope of Primrose Hill
The rude Inspector Ross
Beheld H. Furniss canter up
Upon his foaming hoss.

"'Look 'ere, young man,' says he to him,
'There are some children dear
That by the ridin' of you folk
Do go in bod'ly fear.

"'Your hasting steed pull up, I say!
S'welp me, draw your rein!
The innocents abroad, young man,
Are frightened by you twain.

"'Look at yer smokin' job 'oss 'ere—
I seen you job 'is flank!
'E's well nigh done—tyke 'im away,
And back upon the rank.'

"H. Furniss fixed him with his eye;
His brow was awful cross;
He Kyrled his lip contemptuous-like
At this rude man of Ross.

"'The spirit of my gallant cob,
Ruffian, you shall not squelch;
I ride nor Scotch nor Irish hot,
But Furniss-heated Welsh.

"'Mine and my daughter's gentle pace
Could not affright a foundling;
Be off, and peep down areas, or
Move on some harmless groundling!'

"The Inspector glared: 'Come, Mr. F.,
We can't stand this no longer;
I summons you to Marylebone'—
(He muttered something stronger).

* * * * *

"Good Mr. Plowden heard the charge,
As two policemen swore it;
Then heard H. Furniss' defence,
And sagely pondered o'er it.

"'The Inspector swears you galloped up;
You swear you merely trotted:
My own opinion in this case
Is, as usual, Gordian-knotted.

"'Now Gordian knots were tied to be
By magistrates divided;
We cut them—and the severed ends
Do much as once the tied did.

"'In this case, add the paces up,
And then divide by two:
A canter is the quotient;
I think that that should do.

"'A sound decision that will please
Both parties this I trust is;
It is a fine distinction, but
Avoids the fires of justice.

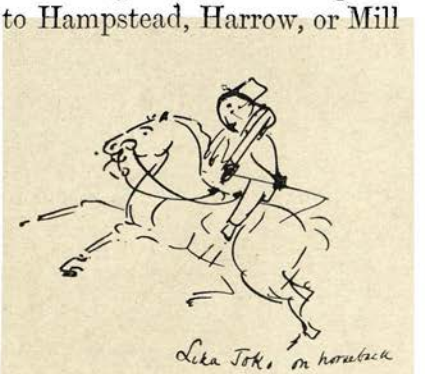
"'You, Mr. Furniss, must disburse
Two bob costs to my till,
And promise me to try no more
Primrose babes to kill.

"'And all in Court, take warning by
The furious Canterer's fate,
And go not up the Primrose path
At such an awful rate.

"'But if your sluggish livers you
Must vigorously shake,
"Vigor's Horse Exercise at Home"
(Vide Prospectus) take.'"

As a matter of fact, the magistrate did not look at the charge-sheet, or know me, or catch my name, or he might have made his usual joke at my expense in another way.

Mr. Burnand and I rode a great deal together. Avoiding the Row, my editor preferred to ride to Hampstead, Harrow, or Mill Hill, calling for me on the way. Once, when I could not ride, he wrote: "Very sorry to hear of your being laid up with a cold; it shows what even the Wisest and Best amongst us are liable to. The idea is monstrous of a *Cold Furniss*. A *coal'd* furniss is satisfactory. Don't take too much out of yourself with riding. 'He speaks to thee who hath not got a horse'—Shakespeare." Then follows later a specimen of his irrepressible good humour:



MY PORTRAIT, BY F. C. BURNAND.

"22 *Nov.*

"'Alas and alack!
I've got a hack,
But the weather's been such,
I've not got on his back.

"I got no jog
Because of the fog,
And up to twelve,
In breeches and boots,
Which I had to shelve
And recover my foots.
I lunched at the 'G'
(So there was, you see,
One *Gee* for me).

"Then I came back
And wrote some play
But oh, good lack!
No riding to-day.
If foggy here,
At Ramsgate 'twas clear.

"Alas and alack!
I'll sell my hack,
Much to my sorrow.
I'll ride to-morrow,

That is, if fine,
But not at nine.
I shall not start, if I'm alive
And have the heart, till ten forty-five.

"Away to parks I'll trot
To get a little hot,
Also to get a little dirty,
And with you be 11.30.

"Till one,
Then done.
Back to Lunch,
Then to Office of *Punch*.
This my plan, you'll be happy to learn, is
At your disposal, Mr. Furniss."

But excursions in search of material my editor and I had to do on foot, and were not so pleasing; still, Mr. Burnand always managed to have his little joke in all circumstances.

One day he and I were "doing" the picture shows in the interests of Mr. Punch. At one o'clock, feeling jaded and tired, a retreat to the Garrick Club to lunch was suggested. "Happy thought!" said my editor. "Better still, here is an invitation for two to the Exhibition of French Cookery at Willis's Rooms. Capital lunch there, I should think." So off we went, anticipating a *recherché* lunch. Fancy our chagrin on arrival to find cooks galore, discussing their art, but, alas! their art, like the high art of the Masters of the Brush in our National Gallery, was all under glass! Aggravatingly appetising, but absolutely uninteresting to the two hungry art critics. We soon were in a cab and at the Garrick. As we pulled up, the greatest *gourmet* of the Club, that clever actor, Arthur Cecil, greeted us:

"Hallo, Frank, where have you two come from?"

"Oh, Arthur, *such* luck! Furniss and I have just had the most *recherché* lunch you could imagine."

"H'm—hullo—h'm—where? The deuce you have! Lucky dogs! Eh, what was it like?"

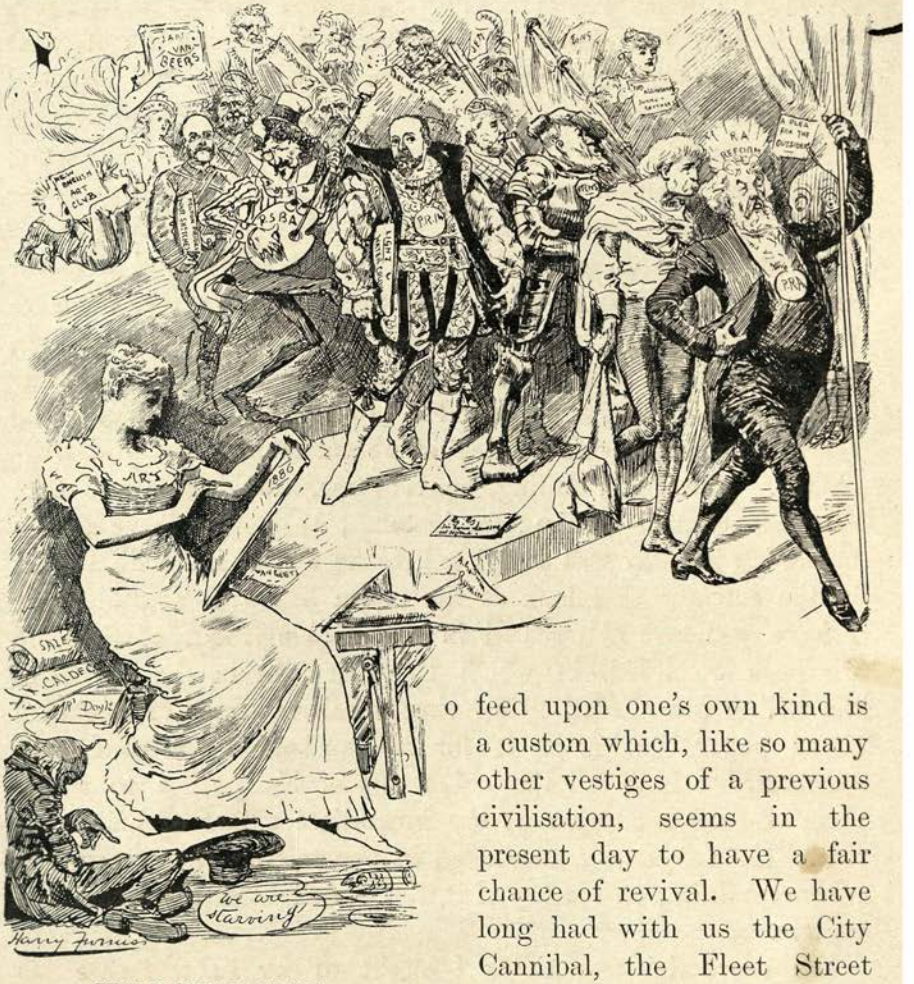
"Oh, you can see it for yourself; it's going on now at the French Cookery Exhibition in Willis's Rooms. Special invitation—ah, here's a ticket."

"Thanks, old chap! what a treat! I'm off there! No, no; you fellows mustn't pay the cab—I'll do that. Here, driver—Willis's Rooms—look sharp!"

Arthur Cecil undoubtedly was a quaint fellow and a clever actor, but he had an insatiable appetite. One would never have thought so, judging from appearance: his clever, clean-cut face, his small, thin figure, together with the little hand-bag he always carried, rather suggested a lawyer or a clergyman. His eccentricity was a combination of absent-mindedness and irritability. The latter failing, he told me, would at times take complete control of him: for instance, he had to leave a train before his journey was completed, as he felt it impossible to sit in the carriage and look at the alarm bell without pulling it. I have watched him seated in the smoking-room of the club we both attended, in which the star-light in the centre of the ceiling was shaded by a rather primitive screen of stretched tissue paper, gazing at it for half-an-hour at a time, and eventually taking all the coins out of his pocket to throw them one after another at the immediate object of his irritation. He frequently succeeded in penetrating the screen, the coins remaining on the top of it, to the delight of the astonished waiters.

His eccentricity—perhaps I ought to say in this case his absent-mindedness—is illustrated by an incident which happened on the morning of the funeral of a great friend of his. As Cecil (his real name was Blount) was having his bath, he was suddenly inspired with some idea for a song; so, pulling his sponge-bath into the adjoining sitting-room closer to the piano, he placed a chair in it, and sat down to try it over. A friend, rushing in to fetch him to the funeral, found him so seated, singing and playing, balancing the dripping sponge on the top of his head.

THE CARICATURING OF PICTURES.

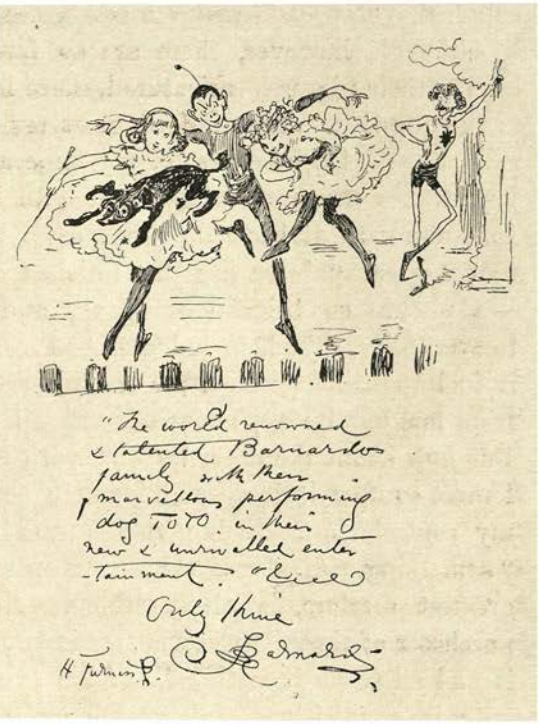


THE PICTURE SHOWS.
Design from "Punch."

To feed upon one's own kind is a custom which, like so many other vestiges of a previous civilisation, seems in the present day to have a fair chance of revival. We have long had with us the City Cannibal, the Fleet Street Cannibal, the Dramatic, Literary and Musical Cannibals. Latterly the Society Cannibal has come more distinctly to the front. Then why, I long ago asked myself, should there not be the Cannibal of the etching pen and the brush? Especially as the writhing victims of those mighty instruments appear to be so enamoured of their fate as to besiege that comic slaughter-house, the studio of the caricaturist, and with persistent cries of "Eat us! eat us! Our turn next!"

solicit the "favour of not being forgotten" in his next batch of "subjects."

It may be a revelation to many of my readers, but I can assure them it is a fact, that it is only in very exceptional cases that artists object to having their pictures caricatured. Indeed, many of the leading painters have given me to understand that the omission of their work from my sketches would be anything but agreeable to them, although, when the desired travesties of their pictures appear, they may pretend to be highly indignant. There is one Royal Academician of my acquaintance who has so keen an appreciation of humour that he never loses an opportunity of giving me a hint when his magnifying glass has detected the slightest element of the grotesque in a fellow artist's work. And that most amiable of men, the late Frank Holl, could never refrain, when occasion offered, from directing my attention to the humorous points of his sitters, although I need hardly add that no trace of his having perceived them was ever apparent in any of his works. Do artists object? Well, in *Punch*, May, 1889, du Maurier touches this point:


"The world renowned & talented Barnardos family with their marvellous performing dog TOTO. in their new & unrivalled entertainment. "Excel
Only three
H. Furniss.
Barnardo

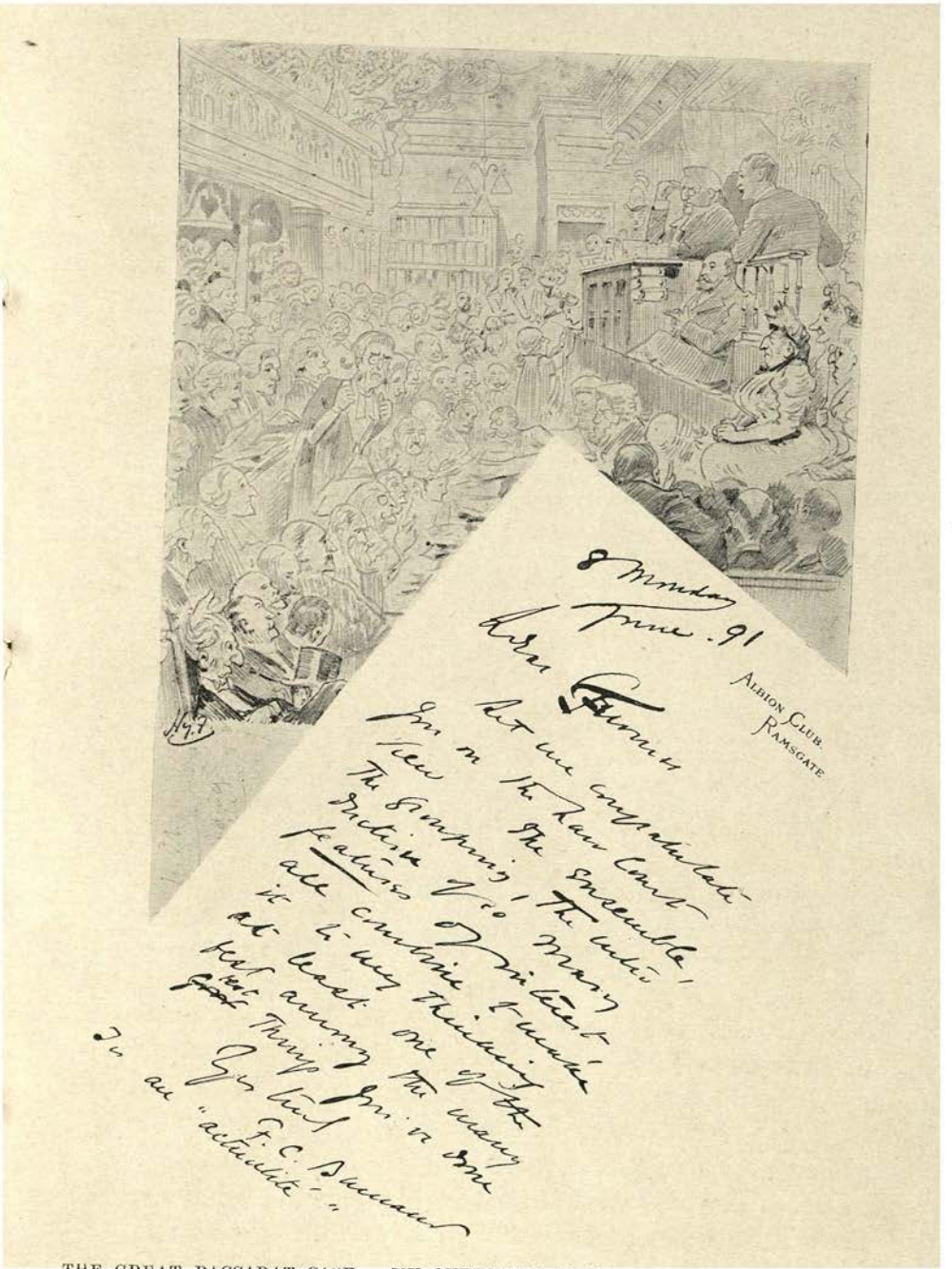
"What our artist (the awfully funny one) has to put up with: *Brown*: 'I say, look here! What the deuce do you mean by caricaturing my pictures—hay?' *Jones*: 'Yes, confound you! and *not caricaturing mine!*'"

I have even known artists so anxious to be parodied that, if

they happened to have a vein of humour in their pencils, they would actually send me caricatures of their own pictures. Even poor Fred Barnard once sent me an admirable sketch, caricaturing an excellent portrait of his three children which he had painted for the Royal Academy, where it duly appeared. Others less humorously imaginative perhaps have written to me assuring me of the great pleasure which would have been theirs had they themselves conceived the idea which my caricature of their work supplied.

Although, however, there are so few artists who object to having their pictures caricatured, there is, of course, another side to the question. It is indeed most true that nothing kills like ridicule, and in the course of my experience I have found it is just as easy unconsciously to inflict an injury with my pen and Indian ink as it is to do good. Let us suppose, for instance, that a great painter has just finished a very sentimental work —a picture so brimful of beauty and pathos that it appeals to everybody, myself included. As I stand before it, and admire, it is impossible perhaps for me to restain a sympathetic tear from making its appearance in, at all events, one of my eyes. But how about the other? Ah! with regard to that other eye, I must confess it is very differently employed, and, superior to my control, is searching the canvas high and low for that "something ridiculous" which, except in the case of the very greatest masters, is always there. Now what ensues? The purchaser of that picture, who, mark you, unlike myself, regarded it and admired it with *both* of his eyes, congratulates himself upon its acquisition. I have known it for a fact, however—to my regret—that after the publication of the caricature the purchaser was never able to look at his picture again through his own glasses, and bitterly regretted his outlay.

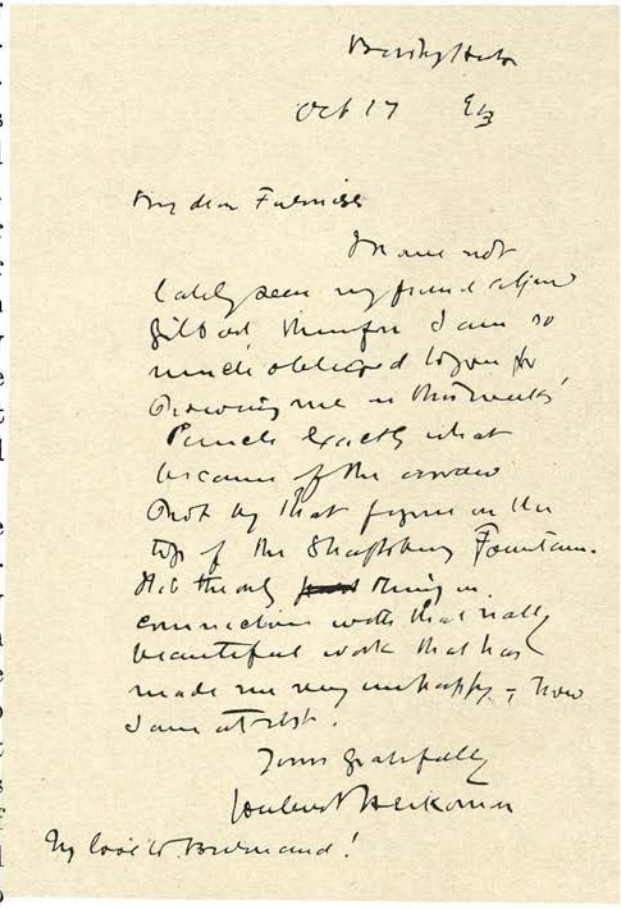
An art publisher with whom I was acquainted agreed to pay a heavy sum for the copyright of a work of a well-known and popular painter, and after the caricature had appeared in *Punch* he resolved to forego the publication of the engraving from it by which he had hoped to recoup his expenditure, because he considered that the sobriety of the work was so completely destroyed



THE GREAT BACCARAT CASE. MY SKETCH IN PENCIL MADE IN COURT, AND CONGRATULATORY NOTE FROM THE EDITOR OF *PUNCH*.

as to preclude the possibility of sale; and an eminent sculptor, who was responsible for a well-known statue which I caricatured some years ago when it appeared in the Royal Academy, has told me, since it was put up in the Metropolis, that he has actually meditated replacing it by another piece, owing to the ludicrous suggestion affixed to it.

On the other hand, the caricature of an important work is sometimes received in the proper spirit. Here is a letter from Professor Herkomer, with reference to my caricature of the work of our greatest art genius, Alfred Gilbert, R.A.:



Of course, the caricaturing of pictures has its seamy as well as its smooth side. Among the annoyances to which an artist engaged on this description of work is exposed I am inclined to give a prominent place to the fussy and vexatious regulations imposed upon him by the authorities at Burlington House. One would have supposed, for instance, that anyone like myself, who is well-known as merely taking notes for caricature, would have been allowed to consult his own convenience to some extent in making his sketches. But not a bit of it. The

penalty is something too dreadful if you are found making the slightest note of a picture at the Royal Academy at any other time than on the one appointed day. The object of this regulation is, of course, to protect the copyright of the pictures—a very proper and legitimate precaution; but I submit that a better instance of the spirit of Red Tapeism which is so rampant at Burlington House, and which I am always endeavouring to expose, could not be adduced than the inability of the officials to discriminate between the accredited representative of a paper and the piratical sketcher who is taking notes for an illegitimate purpose. I need hardly say that this regulation is peculiar to the Royal Academy. At the Grosvenor Gallery, which, alas! is no more, the officials about the place understood these matters better, and at all times were pleased to give every facility to the representative of the Press. The polite secretary would give up his chair to me any day I liked to look in, and would often point out to me some comical feature in the surrounding canvases which his sly humour had detected.

A PRISONER.

Equal praise must indeed be accorded to the management of the New Gallery and all the other Exhibitions with which I have been brought in contact in the course of my professional duties. Personally, as I have always made my notes at the Royal Academy on the authorised occasion, I have had nothing to fear from those who preside there. But my friend Linley Sambourne, who wished upon one occasion to caricature a picture of Burne-Jones' for a political cartoon in *Punch* (of course altering the figures and indeed everything else, so as not in any way to trench upon the great artist's copyright) was dogged by a detective, arrested, and finally thrown into the darkest dungeon beneath the Burlington House moat! Protest was useless. What his terror must have been my pen fails to describe. Visions of the thumbscrew, the rack, and all the tortures conceivable rose in the fertile imagination of my colleague, and

beads of perspiration made their appearance upon his massive brow. After weary hours, when lunch-time without the lunch had come and gone, and the pangs of hunger began to be added to his other miseries, when he was reflecting that his week's work for *Punch* was yet unfinished, that the engravers would be in despair at not having it in time, and that at that moment his editor was probably telegraphing to him all over London and instituting a search for his person all over his club, suddenly the bolts of his prison-chamber were withdrawn and his gaoler, the blood-thirsty tyrant Red Tape, allowed the genial artist to return to the bosom of his wife and family—not, however, without leaving a hostage behind him. The sketch—the guilty sketch—the cause of all his troubles, was detained. In vain the harassed artist explained to his grim Cerberus that the work was wanted for the next week's issue of *Punch*, and although as a matter of fact it duly appeared at the appointed time, Mr. Sambourne had to trust to his memory instead of to the courtesy and common sense of Burlington House for the reproduction of his skit.

I remember another incident which will serve to illustrate the trials and misfortunes of the caricaturist when pursuing his vocation outside the walls of his studio. It was the opening day of the New Gallery, and as I draw my sketches of the pictures with an ordinary pen and liquid Indian ink direct, and have them afterwards, like all my drawings, photographed on wood and engraved—of late years they are reproduced by process engraving—I was holding my bottle of ink and my sketch-book in one hand, while my pen was busy with the other. Upon arriving very early in the morning I thought I must have made a mistake, and that I had entered a manufactory of hats, for the hall was almost entirely taken up with hat-boxes. Upon enquiry, however, I learned that these merely contained the new hats in which the directors would, later on, receive their visitors. When the hall began to fill, and the fashionable crowd was pouring in, I was standing in the central lobby, sketching away with a will, when my friend Sir William Agnew, always early to arrive on such occasions, happened to come up and soon interested me in conversation about the genius of Millais

and the beauties of Burne-Jones. In my energetic manner I was debating a matter of some little interest when my eye caught that of Mr. Comyns-Carr, who, with his newly-selected hat on, was standing close by and regarding me with an expression of indescribable horror. "What is the matter with Carr?" I observed to Agnew; "surely Sargent should be here and hand down that expression to posterity." But when I followed his eyes as they passed sternly from mine to the floor, my hat nearly sprang off my head at the sight which I beheld! Forgetting that I held the bottle of ink in the hand with which I had been suiting the action to the word in my animated harangue to Sir William, I had splashed the virgin marble on which we were standing in all directions with hideous stains of the blackest of liquids. In my consternation I did not stay to see the incongruous figure of the charwoman and bucket who was immediately introduced amid the *élite* of fashionable London, but fled incontinently from the gallery and, rushing in where angels fear to tread, sought sanctuary in my accustomed haunt, the Gallery of the House of Commons. There at least I thought I should be safe. Presently, when I had somewhat recovered from my agitation, I was making my way out of the House when I encountered a friend in the Central Lobby. I was explaining to him the unfortunate *contretemps* which had occurred at the New Gallery, and utterly forgot that I still held the bottle of ink in my hand, and on the sacred floor we stood upon I had perpetrated the offence again!

My only consolation for this chapter of accidents was that the particular ink in my bottle is different from the ordinary writing fluid, and leaves no stain behind it. It is in fact merely paint, and is innocent of gall. There are inks, as there are other forms of journalism, whose consequences are not so easily effaced or so harmless; but like the caricaturist's work itself, the material with which it is accomplished often looks blacker than it really is.

Fortunately all this happened previous to the introduction of the ink I use now, known as *Waterproof* ink—ink that will not *run* when washed over with water. The manufacturers of this

as he does to the Duc, and it is this ... ho is the first to suggest the marriage of the ... when the latter has lost her fortune ... nal proposal to *Claire's* mother ... er's agent and friend, ... *Béchelin* is ... hand, there ... rt of person ... none of poor ... entraps him ... rom *Claire*. ... weight of ... ot blame- ... rly unin- ... for the ... ld have ... *lin* and ... d have

I used your soap two years ago since then I have used no other

... ng to ... nt of ... e of ... her ... es- ... ed ... n ... y ... tive ... ville, Paris,

Mrs. ... piece. Like one of Mr. G... efforts, it kindles immediate enthusia... and the analysis of thoughtful criticism. It is Art, ... but it is the best Art used for an unworthy purpose, ... creating sympathy for a character who does not deserve it.

The piece is put on the stage with such a total disregard of expense,

ORIGINAL IDEA AS SENT TO ME.

GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.

"I USED YOUR SOAP TWO YEARS AGO; SINCE THEN I HAVE USED NO OTHER."

Criterion Company could give the Palais Royal Company long odds

MY DRAWING OF IT IN *PUNCH*,

article sent me a specimen bottle to experiment with, and asked me for my opinion of it. In replying, I sent the following note. The sketch was touched in to amuse my youngest boy, who was puzzled by the meaning of Waterproof ink. The makers, in acknowledging the note, asked me to mention the sum I would accept if, with my permission, they used the note and sketch I sent as an advertisement. I replied that they were welcome to use my note, but that I could not accept payment. However I received in a few days a large parcel of artists' materials: paints, sketch-books, brushes, pencils, &c.

This is more than I ever received for a better known advertisement: "I used your soap two years ago." I was never offered so much as a cake of soap from those who used my *Punch* sketch so freely! Permission was given for its use by the proprietors of *Punch*, not knowing I had any objection, and at the time I was ill with fever and unable to protest. The firm certainly paid me some years afterwards for the publication of the same advertisement for two insertions in a periodical I was starting, but only at the ordinary rate. I mention this fact as I have heard from friends all over the world that I received untold gold for the use of it, and as it has interested so many perhaps I may at the same time clear up another fallacy, which

I did not know existed until I read Mr. Spielmann's "History of *Punch*." In that he refers to the very "oft-quoted drawing (lately used as an advertisement), the idea of which reached him from an anonymous correspondent. It is that of a grimy, unshaven, unwashed, mangy-looking tramp, who sits down to write, with a broken quill, a testimonial for a firm of soap-makers. A further point of interest about this famous sketch was that Charles Keene was deeply offended by it at first, in the groundless belief that it was intended as a skit upon himself. It must at least be admitted that the head is not unlike what one might have expected to belong to a dissipated and dilapidated Charles Keene." Poor Keene! How sorry I was to read this when too late to explain to him that he was never in my mind for a moment when I was drawing it! But, strange to say, the original who sat for it was a brother artist, another Charles, quite as delightful as Keene, equally clever in his own way, and my greatest friend—Charles Burton Barber, the animal painter, in appearance rather like Charles Keene, but nothing of the Bohemian about him, and a non-smoker! Still I am always being told that I had So-and-so in my eye when drawing the figure. I might in truth quote Sir John Tenniel's remark *à propos* of being accused of caricaturing his late comrade, Horace Mayhew, as the "White Knight" in "Alice in Wonderland": "The resemblance was purely accidental, a mere unintentional caricature, which his *friends*, of course, were only too delighted to make the most of." Ah, those *friends* are at the bottom of all these misunderstandings. I could a tale, or two, unfold, but that—that's another volume.

I SIT FOR JOHN BROWN.

"Yes, poor Barber sat for the tramp, and I in return sat to him for a figure quite as incongruous in my case as the tramp was in his. I sat for John Brown for the picture Queen Victoria had commissioned of Mr. Brown surrounded by her pet dogs, which she had in her private room. She was so delighted with the picture that she had a replica made of it, and placed it in the passage outside, so that it was the first picture she looked at as she left her room. Barber's animals and children were delightful, but he was weak with his men, and was in trouble over John Brown's calves,—it was then that I posed for the "brawny Scott," but only for the portion here mentioned.

A CRIB BY AN AMERICAN ADVERTISER.

This figure of the tramp in my sketch of "I used your soap two years ago" has in fact been mistaken for myself. A relative of my own, who has been living in the Cape for many years, paid a visit to London, and on his return informed his children that he had seen me and brought my portrait back with him. "Oh, we have Cousin Harry's portrait in our nursery for some time: one he has signed too." It was the Punch-Pears production in colour! I am sure I do not know how ridiculous stories are received as true, that I got a fabulous sum for the use of this one; that such-and-such a member of the staff gets a huge retaining fee, &c., and other inventions—one in particular. If I have met one, I have met a score of people at different times of my life who positively declared that they

actually sent that ever famous line: "Punch's advice to those about to marry—Don't!" and received immediately remuneration in sums varying from £5 to £500. That joke was probably conceived and thrown in at the last moment, at the critical point when the editor is "making up" the paper.

As I am writing these disjointed notes for family reading, it may perhaps not be out of place just to refer to the domestic relations of the staff of *Punch*. Our wives and families were invited to meet on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's procession, when they may have been observed upon the roof of the publishing office—till recently it was in Fleet Street—from which coign of vantage they had an excellent view of the civic show, afterwards having a capital lunch in a room on the first floor. Yet how much men who live on their wits owe to their domestic happiness! It is a pleasant fact to be able to chronicle that—I believe at all times—the domestic lives of the *Punch* staff have been most happy. It is rather curious that all of them have made the same kind of matrimonial selection—they have married "sensible wives," women who have all been sympathetic, devoted, bright, and domesticated. The wit at the dinner-table, the humorous writer or the caricaturist in the pages you read, is a very different dog at home. It must naturally be so. It is the reaction, and it is to such men that the woman possessed of tact and cheerfulness is invaluable. In truth, Punch's advice to those about to marry, "Don't!" has been disregarded by the majority of his members, in every case with the utmost satisfaction to themselves.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS, LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

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LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARTISTIC JOKE.

MY STUDIO DURING THE PROGRESS OF "AN ARTISTIC JOKE."

The First Idea—How it was Made—"Fire!"—I am a Somnambulist—My Workshop—My Business "Partner"—Not by Gainsborough—Lord Leighton—The Private View—The Catalogue—Sold Out—How the R.A.'s Took It—How a Critic Took It—Curious Offers—Mr. Sambourne as a Company Promoter—A One-man Show—*Punch's* Mistake—A Joke within a Joke—My Offer to the Nation.

"*In the year 1887 he startled the town and made a Society sensation by means of an exceedingly original enterprise which any man of less audacious*

and prodigious power of work would have shrunk from in its very inception. For years this Titanic task was in hand. This was his celebrated 'artistic joke,' the name given by the 'Times' to a bold parody on a large scale of an average Royal Academy Exhibition. This great show was held at the Gainsborough Gallery, New Bond Street, and consisted of some eighty-seven pictures of considerable size, executed in monochrome, and presenting to a marvelling public travesties—some excruciatingly humorous and daringly satirical, others really exquisite in their rendering of physical traits and landscape features—of the styles, techniques, and peculiar choice of subjects of a number of the leading artists, R.A.'s and others, who annually exhibit at Burlington House. It was a surprise, even to his intimate friends, who, with one or two exceptions, knew nothing about it until the announcement that Mr. Furniss had his own private Royal Academy appeared in the 'Times.' He worked in secret at intervals, under a heavy strain, to get the Exhibition ready, particularly as he had to manage the whole of the business part; for the show at the Gainsborough Gallery was entirely his own speculation. Granted that the experiment was daring, yet the audacity of the artist fascinated people. Nor did the Academicians, whom some thought would have been annoyed at the fun, as a body resent it. They were not so silly, though a minority muttered. Most of them saw that Mr. Furniss was not animated by any desire to hold them up to contempt, but his parodies were perfectly good-natured, that he had served all alike, and that he had only sought the advancement of English art. During the whole season the gallery was crushed to overflowing, the coldest critics were dazzled, the public charmed, and literally all London laughed. It furnished the journalistic critics of the country with material for reams of descriptive articles and showers of personal paragraphs, and whether relished or disrelished by particular members of the artistic profession, at least proved to them, as to the world at large, the varied powers (in some phases hitherto unsuspected) and exuberant energies of the Harry Furniss whose name was now on the tongue and whose bold signature was familiar to the eyes of that not easily impressed entity, the General Public.

"In fact, London had never seen anything so original as Harry Furniss's Royal Academy. The work of one man, and that man one of the busiest professional men in town. Indeed it might be thought that at the age of thirty, with all the foremost magazines and journals waiting on his leisure, with a handsome income and an enviable social position assured, ambition could hardly live in the bosom of an artist in black and white. Unlike Alexander, our hero did not sit down and weep that no kingdom remained to conquer, but set quietly to work to create a new realm all his own. His Royal Academy, although presented by himself to the public as an 'artistic joke,' showed that he could not only use the brush on a large scale, but that he could compose to perfection, and after the exuberant humour of the show, nothing delighted

and surprised the public more than the artistic quality and finished technique in much of the work, a finish far and away above the work of any caricaturist of our time."

THE idea first occurred to me at a friend's house, when my host after dinner took me into the picture gallery to show me a portrait of his wife just completed by Mr. Slapdash, R.A. It stood at the end of the gallery, the massive frame draped with artistic care, while attendants stood obsequiously round, holding lights so as to display the *chef d'œuvre* to the utmost advantage. As I beheld the picture for the first time I was simply struck dumb by the excessively bad work which it contained. The dictates of courtesy of course required that I should say all the civil things I could about it, but I could hardly repress a smile when I heard someone else pronounce the portrait to be charming. However, as my host seemed to think that perhaps I was too near, and that the work might gain in enchantment if I gave it a little distance, we moved towards the other end of the gallery and, at his suggestion, looked into an antiquated mirror, where I got in the half light what seemed a reflection of it. The improvement was obvious, and I told my friend so. I told him that the effect was now so lifelike that the figure seemed to be moving; but when he in turn gazed into the glass he explained somewhat testily that I was not looking at his wife's portrait at all, but at the white parrot in the cage hard by. The moral of this incident is that if patrons of art in their pursuit of eccentricities will pay large sums to an artist for placing a poor portrait in a massive frame with drapery hanging round it in the most approved modern style, and be satisfied with such a result, they must not be surprised if a parrot should be mistaken for a framed type of beauty. I was, however, not satisfied until I had examined the picture in question closely and honestly in the full light of day, when I saw that Mr. Slapdash, R.A., had sold his autograph and a soiled canvas in lieu of a portrait to my rich but too easily pleased friend.

As I walked back into the drawing-room, one of the musical humorists of the day was cleverly taking off the weak points of his brother musicians, and bringing out into strong light their peculiarities and faults of style. The entertainment, however, did not tend to raise my drooping spirits, for I was sad to think how low our modern art had sunk, and with a heavy heart and a sigh for the profession I pursue, I went sadly home. Of course my pent-up feelings had to find relief, so my poor wife had to listen to an extempore lecture which I then and there delivered to her on portraiture past and present —a lecture which I fear would hardly commend itself to the Association for the Advancement of British Art. Further, I asked myself why should I not take a leaf out of the musical humorist's book and like him expose the tricks and eccentricities of British art in the present day?

The following morning, being a man of action as well as of word, I started my "Artistic Joke." I was determined to keep the matter secret, so I worked with my studio doors closed, and as each picture was finished it was placed behind some heavy curtains, secure from observation, and I kept my secret for three years, until the work was complete.

I soon found that I had set myself a task of no little magnitude. Before I could really make a start I had to examine each artist's work thoroughly. I studied specimens of the work of each at various periods of his or her career. I had to discover their mannerisms, their idiosyncrasies and ideas, if they had any, their tricks of brushwork, and all the technicalities of their art. Then I designed a picture myself in imitation of each artist. In a very few instances only did I parody an actual work. This fact was generally lost sight of by those who visited the Exhibition. The public imagined that I simply took a certain picture of a particular artist and burlesqued it. I did this certainly in the case of Millais' "Cinderella" and one or two others; but in the vast majority of the works exhibited, even in Marcus Stone's "Rejected Addresses," which appeared to so many as if it must have been a direct copy of some picture of his, the idea was entirely evolved out of my own

imagination. In thinking out the various pictures I devoted the greatest care to accuracy of detail. I was particular as to the shape of each, and even went so far as to obtain frames in keeping with those used by the different artists. Of course it was out of the question for me to do the pictures in colour, which would have required a lifetime, and probably tempted me to break faith with my idea; not to mention the fact that I should in that case most likely have sent the collection to the Academy, of which obtuse body, if there is any justice in it, I must then naturally have been elected a full-blown member.

THROWING MYSELF INTO IT.

In order to get the Exhibition finished in time, I often had to work far into the night, and on one occasion when I was thus secretly engaged in my studio upon these large pictures until the small hours, I remember a catastrophe very nearly happened which would have put a finishing touch of a very different kind to that which I intended, not only to the picture, but to the artist himself. It happened thus. About three o'clock in the morning, long after the household had retired to rest, I became conscious of a smell of burning. I made a minute search round the studio, but could not discover the slightest indication of an incipient conflagration. Then a dreadful thought occurred to me. Beneath the studio is a vault, access to which is gained by a trap-door in the floor. Could it be that the secret of my "Artistic Joke" had become common property in the artistic world, and that some vindictive Academician, bent upon preventing the impending caricature of his *chef d'œuvre*, was even now, like another Guy Fawkes, concealed below, and in the dead of night was already commencing his diabolical attempt to roast me alive in the midst of my caricatures? Up went the

trap-door, and with candle in hand I explored the vault. The result was to calm my apprehensions upon this score, for there was no one there. Still mystified as to where the smell of fire, now distinctly perceptible, came from, I next walked round the outside of my studio, exciting evident suspicion in the mind of the policeman on his beat. No, there was not a spark to be seen; no keg of gunpowder, no black leather bag, no dynamite, no infernal machine. I returned into the house and went upstairs, roused all my family and servants, who, after a close examination, returned to their beds, assuring me that all was safe there, and half wondering whether the persistent pursuit of caricaturing does not produce an enfeebling effect upon the mind. Consoled by their assurances, I returned once more to my studio, where the burning smell grew worse and worse. However, concluding that it was due to some fire in the neighbourhood, I settled down to work once more; but hardly had I taken my brush in hand when showers of sparks and particles of smouldering wood began to descend upon my head and shoulders, and cover the work I was engaged on. I started up, and looking up at my big sunlight, saw to my horror that I had wound up my easel, which is twelve feet high, and more nearly resembles a guillotine than anything else, so far that the top of it was in immediate contact with the gas, and actually alight!

FIRE!

The *Times* took the unusual course of giving, a month in advance of its opening on April 23rd, 1887, a preliminary notice of this Exhibition.

It said: "A novel Exhibition, for which we venture to

prophesy no little success, is being prepared by Harry Furniss of *Punch* celebrity. As everyone knows, Mr. Furniss has long adorned the columns of our contemporary with pictorial parodies of the chief pictures of the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, and other shows, and it has now occurred to him to develop this idea and to have a humorous Royal Academy of his own. He has taken the Gainsborough Gallery in Old Bond Street, which he will fill some time before the opening of Burlington House with a display of elaborate travesties of the works of all the best known artists of the day. There will be seventy pictures in black and white, many of them large size, turning into good-natured ridicule the works of every painter, good and bad, whose pictures are familiar to the public," etc., etc. This gives a very fair idea of the nature and objects of my "Royal Academy." My aim was to burlesque not so much individual works as general style, not so much specific performances as habitual manner. As an example I take the work of that clever decorative painter and etcher, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A. By his permission I here reproduce reductions in black and white of three of his well-known pictures, and side by side I show my parody of his style and composition—not, as you will observe, a caricature of any *one* picture, but a boiling down of *all* into an original picture of my own in which I emphasise his mannerisms. Furthermore, in my catalogue I parodied the same artist's mannerism in drawing in black and white, and with one or two exceptions this applies to all the works I exhibited. I hit upon a new idea for the illustrated catalogue. The illustrations, with few exceptions, did not convey any idea of the composition of the pictures, and in many cases they were designed to further the idea and object of the Exhibition by reference to pictures not included therein. My joke was that the Exhibition could not be understood by anyone without a catalogue, and the catalogue could not be understood by anyone without seeing the Exhibition. Therefore everyone visiting the Exhibition had to buy a catalogue, and everyone seeing the catalogue had to visit the Exhibition. *Q.E.D.!* The idea, the catalogue, and everything connected with this "Artistic Joke" were

POTATO GANG IN THE FENS.

TWITCH BURNING IN THE FENS.

A FLOOD IN THE FENS.

THE PICTURES BY R. MACBETH.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

MACBETH IN THE FENS.

My parody in "An Artistic Joke" of Mr. Macbeth's composition and style of work, showing that in my "Academy" I did not parody one subject, but designed a picture embodying all the characteristics of the Artist.

my own, with the exception of the title, which was so happily supplied by Mr. Humphry Ward as the heading to the preliminary notice he wrote for the *Times*. *At the last moment* I called in my fellow-worker on *Punch*, Mr. E. J. Milliken, to assist me with some of the letterpress of the catalogue and write the verses for it. I had all but a small portion of the catalogue written before he so kindly gave this assistance, but at the suggestion of a mutual friend I gave him half the profits of the catalogue, which amounted to several hundred pounds. I am obliged to make this point clear, as to my astonishment it was reported that the whole Exhibition was a joint affair, no doubt originated by Mr. Punch in a few lines: "When two of Mr. Punch's young men put their heads together to produce so excellent a literary and artistic a joke as that now on view at the Gainsborough Gallery——" This was accepted as a matter of fact by many, not knowing that this "joke," my work of years, was a secret in the *Punch* circle as outside it. The false impression which Mr. Punch had originated he corrected in his Happy Thought way: "*The Artistic Jubilee Jocademy in Bond Street.*—The fire insurances on the building will be uncommonly heavy because there is to be a show of Furniss's constantly going on inside. Why not call it 'Furniss Abbey Thoughts?'"

The following brief correspondence passed between the President of the Royal Academy and myself:—

"Mr. Harry Furniss presents his compliments to Sir Frederick Leighton and trusts he will forgive being bothered with the following little matter.

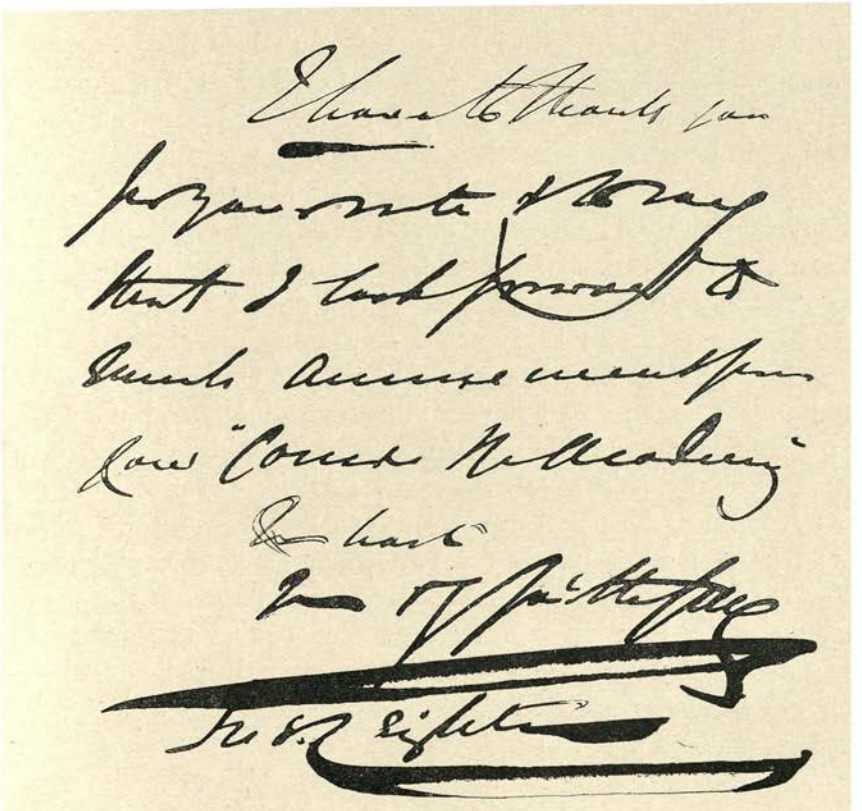
"Sir Frederick is no doubt aware of Mr. Furniss's intention to have a little Exhibition in Bond Street this spring,—a good-natured parody on the Royal Academy. The title settled upon—the only one that explains its object—is

"HARRY FURNISS'S
"ROYAL ACADEMY,
"'AN ARTISTIC JOKE.'"

"In this particular case the authorities (Mr. Furniss is informed) see no objection to the use of the word *Royal* pure and simple, but as a matter of etiquette he thinks it right to ask the question of Sir Frederick Leighton also.

"*March* 11*th*, 1887."

A word or two may not be out of place here on the practical difficulties which beset an artist who opens an Exhibition on his own account, and is forced by circumstances to become his own "exploiteur." Men may have worked with a more ambitious object, but certainly no man can ever have worked harder than



LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I did at this period. Outside work was pouring in, my current *Punch* work seemed to be increasing, but I never allowed "Furniss's Folly" (as some good-natured friend called my Exhibition at the moment) to interfere with it. I had only arranged with a "business man" to take the actual "running" of the show off my hands, and he was to have half the profits if there should happen to be any. At the critical moment, when I

was working night and day at my easel, when in fact the "murther was out" and the date actually settled for the "cracking" of my joke—in short, when I fondly imagined that all the arrangements were made, I received a letter from my "business" friend backing out of the affair, "as he doubted its success." Half-an-hour after the receipt of this staggerer (I have never had time to reply to it) I was dashing into Bond Street, where I quickly made all arrangements for the hire of a gallery and the necessary printing, engaged an advertising agent and staff, and myself saw after the thousand and one things indispensable to an undertaking of this kind. And all this extraneous worry continued to hamper my studio work until the Exhibition was actually opened. Of course I had to make hurried engagements at any price, and consequently bad ones for me. Every householder is aware that should he change his abode he is surrounded in his new home by a swarm of local tradespeople and others anxious to get something out of him. Well, my experience upon entering the world of "business," hitherto strange to me, was precisely the same. All sorts of parasites try to fasten themselves on to you. Business houses regard you as an amateur, and consequently you pay dearly for your experience. You are not up to the tricks of the trade, and although you may not generally be written down an ass, you must in your new vocation pay your footing. It is therefore incumbent upon anyone entering the world of trade for the first time to keep his wits very much about him.

The local habitation for my Exhibition, which upon the spur of the moment I was fortunate enough to find in Bond Street, was called for some inexplicable reason the Gainsborough Gallery, and thereby hangs a tale. One afternoon there arrived a venerable dowager in a gorgeous canary-coloured chariot, attended by her two colossal footmen. She sailed into the gallery, which, fortunately for the old and scant of breath, was on the ground floor, and slightly raising the pince-nez on her aristocratic nose, looked about her with an air of bewilderment. Then going up to my secretary she said, "Surely! these are not by Gainsborough?"

"No, madam," was the reply. "This is the Gainsborough Gallery, but the pictures are by Harry Furniss."

Almost fainting on the spot, the old lady called for her salts, her stick, and her attendants three, and was rapidly driven away from the scene of her lamentable mistake.

The public attendance at the "The Artistic Joke" was prodigious from the first. Even upon the private view day, when I introduced a novelty, and instead of inviting everybody who is somebody to pay a gratuitous visit, to the show, raised the entrance fee to half-a-crown, the fashionable crowd besieged the doors from an early hour, and made a very considerable addition to my treasury. Those of my readers, however, who did not pay a visit to the Gainsborough will be better able to realise the amount of patronage we received, notwitstanding the numerous attractions of the "Jubilee" London season, if I relate an incident which occurred on the Saturday after we opened. It was the "private view" of the Grosvenor Gallery, and the crowd was immense. Indeed, many ladies and gentlemen were returning to their carriages without going through the rooms, not, like my patron the dowager, because they were disappointed at not finding the work of the old masters, but because the visitors were too numerous and the atmosphere too oppressive. As I passed through the people I heard a lady who was stepping into her carriage say to a friend, "I have just come from 'The Artistic Joke,' and the crowd is even worse there. They have had to close the doors because the supply of catalogues was exhausted." This soon caused me to quicken my pace, and hastening down the street to my own Exhibition, I found the police standing at the doors and the people being turned away. The simple explanation of this was that so great had been the public demand that the stock of catalogues furnished by the printers was exhausted early in the afternoon, and as it was quite impossible to understand the caricatures without a catalogue, there was no alternative but to close the doors until some more were forthcoming.

Finding the telephone was no use, I was soon in a hansom bound for the City, intending by hook or by crook to bring back with me the much-needed catalogues, or the body of the printer dead or alive. Upon arriving in the City, however, to my

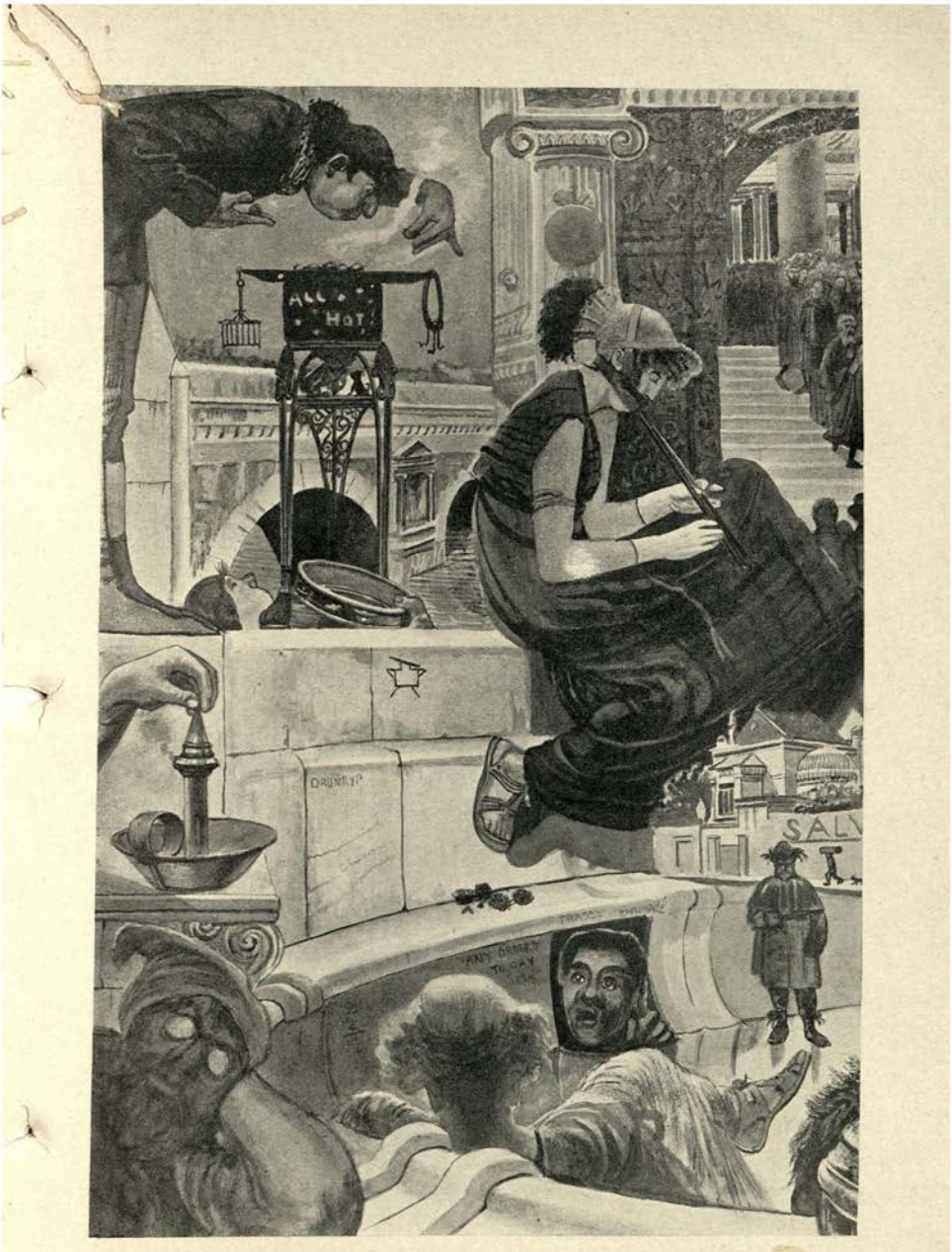
chagrin I found his place of business closed, though the caretaker, with a touch of fiendish malignity, showed me through a window whole piles of my non-delivered catalogues. Not to be beaten, I hastened back to the West End and despatched a very long and explicit telegram to the printer at his private house (of course he would not be back in the City until Monday), requiring him, under pain of various severe penalties, to yield up my catalogues instanter. As I stood in the post office of Burlington House anxiously penning this message, and harassed into a state of almost feverish excitement, the sounds of martial music and the tramp of armed men in the adjacent courtyard fell upon my distracted ear. With a sickly and sardonic smile upon my face I laid down the pen and peeped through the door.

"Yes! I see it all now," I muttered. "The whole thing is a plant. The printer was bribed, and, *coûte que coûte*, the Academy has decided to take my body! Hence the presence of the military; and see, those cooks—what are they doing here in their white caps? My body! Ha! then nothing short of cannibalism is intended!"

This frightful thought almost precipitated me into the very ranks of the soldiery, when I discovered that the corps was none other than that of the Artist Volunteers, which contains several of my friends. Seizing one of those whom I chanced to recognise, I hurriedly whispered in his ear the thoughts of impending butchery which were passing in my terrified mind. But he only laughed. "You will disturb their digestions, my dear Furniss, some other way," he said, "than by providing them with a *pièce de résistance*. Make your mind easy, for we are only here to do honour to the guests. This is the banqueting night of the Royal Academy."

From what I heard, some amusing incidents occurred in the house at my "Royal Academy."

It was no uncommon sight to see the friends and relatives, even the sons and daughters, of certain well-known Academicians standing opposite the parody of a particular picture, and hugely enjoying it at the expense of the parent or friend who had painted the original. Other R.A.'s, who went about poohpoohing the whole affair, and saying that they intended to

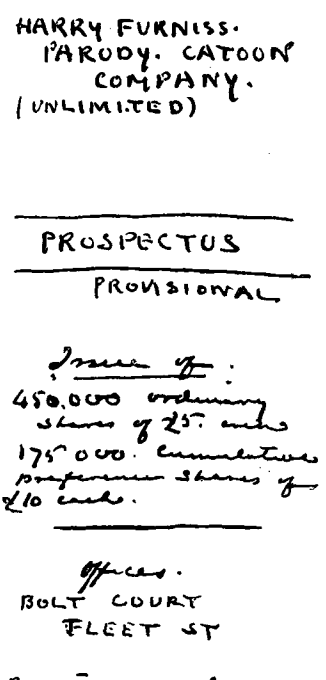


"AN ARTISTIC JOKE."

A portion of my parody of the work of Sir Alma Tadema, R.A.

ignore it altogether, turned up nevertheless in due time at the Gainsborough, where, it is true, they did not generally remain very long. They had not come to see the Exhibition, but only their own pictures. One glance was usually enough, and then they vanished. The critics (and their friends) of course remained longer. Even Mr. Sala went in one day and seemed to be immensely tickled by what he saw. Strange to relate, however, when he had passed through about one-third of the show, he was observed to stop abruptly, turn himself round, and flee away incontinently, never to be seen there again. I was much puzzled to discover a reason for this remarkable manœuvre, the more so as at that time I had not wounded his *amour propre* by indulging in an "Artistic Joke" of much more diminutive proportions at his expense, or, as it subsequently turned out, at my own. Since, however, the world-famous trial of *Sala* v. *Furniss* I have looked carefully over all the pictures in my Royal Academy, with a view to throwing some light upon the critic's abrupt departure. I remain, nevertheless, in the dark, for the most rigid scrutiny has failed to reveal to me one single feature in the show, not even a Grecian nose, or a foot with six toes, which could have jarred upon the refined taste of the most sensitive of journalists. I shall return to Mr. Sala in another portion of these confessions, but am more concerned now with the parasites, the artistic failures, the common showmen, the traffickers in various wares, and other specimens of more or less impecunious humanity, who applied to me to let them participate in the profits of a success which I had toiled so hard to achieve. In imitation of Barnum, I might have had, if I had been so inclined, a series of side shows, ranging in kind from the big diamond which a well-known firm in Bond Street asked me to let them exhibit, to the "Queen's Bears" and a curious waxwork of a bald old man which by means of electricity showed the gradual alterations of tint produced by the growth of intemperance. One of these applications I was for a moment inclined to entertain. It has more than once been proposed that to enable the British public to take its annual bolus at Burlington House with less nausea, the Royal Academy should introduce a band of some sort, so that under the influence of its inspiriting

strains the masterpieces might be robbed of a little of their tameness, the portrait of My Lord Knoshoo might seem less out of place in a public Exhibition, and the insanities of certain demented colourists might be made less obtrusive monopolists of one's attention. Therefore, when "a musical lady and her daughters" applied to me for permission to give "Soirées Musicales" at the Gainsborough, it struck me for a moment that it would be effective to forestall the action of the Academy; but on second thoughts I reflected that as the Burlington House band would probably be of the same quality as the pictures, ... would be adhering more closely to the spirit of my "Artistic Joke" if I gave my patrons a barrel organ or a hurdy-gurdy which should play the "Old Hundredth" by steam. Although one would have thought that a single visit of a few hours' duration would have sufficed to go through a humorous Exhibition of this kind, I found that several people became *habitués* of the place, and paid many visits; but it is of course possible to have too much of a good thing, and a joke loses its point when you have too much of it. No better illustration of this can be afforded than in the case of my own secretary at the time, who had sat in the Exhibition for many months. One day, when the plates were being prepared for an album which I published as a souvenir of the show, the engraver arrived with a proof.



MR. SAMBOURNE'S PROSPECTUS.

"But there is some mistake here," said my secretary. "We have no such picture as that on the premises."

The engraver was puzzled, and as he seemed rather sceptical upon the point, he was allowed to look round, and speedily found the picture he had copied. It had actually been close at my secretary's elbow since the "Artistic Joke" was opened to

the public, but as the pictures were all under glass, I suppose he had only seen his own reflection when gazing at them. It was this perhaps which caused another gentleman whom I have before mentioned to beat so hasty a retreat. Both of them may have been frightened by what they saw.

The suggestion that I should be run as a public company emanated from the fertile brain of my friend Mr. Linley Sambourne. This is his rough idea of the prospectus:

This Company has been formed to acquire the sole exclusive concession of the marvellous and rapid power of production of the above-mentioned Managing Director, and to take over the same as a going concern.

These productions have been in continual flow for many years past, and are too well known to need any assurance of the possibility of a failure of supply. It is therefore with the utmost confidence that this sure and certain investment is now offered to the public with an absolute guarantee of a percentage for Fifteen Years of Forty-five per cent.

Mr. Furniss can be seen at work with the regularity of a threshing machine and the variety of a kaleidoscope any day from 8 o'c. a.m. to 8 o'c. p.m. on presentation of visiting card.

BANKERS,
Close, Gatherum & Co., Lombard Street.

SOLICITORS.
Black, White & Co., Tube Court.

SECRETARY, *pro tem.*
Earl M——,
Arrystone Grange.

The Subscription List will close on or before Monday, April 1st, 1887.

Messrs. C. White & Greyon Grey invite subscriptions for the undermentioned Share Capital and Debentures of the

HARRY FURNISS PARODY CARTOON COMPANY
(Unlimited).

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts, 1862 and 1883.

Share Capital - - - - £4,000,000.

Divided as follows:

450,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each - - - - £2,250,000
175,000 7 p.c. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each 1,750,000

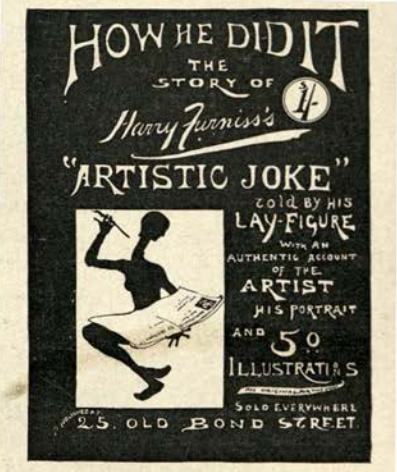
DIRECTORS.

Chairman: H. V—— W——, Esq., Regent Street, photographer.
Sir John S—— V——, Kt., Pine Court, Kent.
H—— F——, Esq., Draughtsman and Designer, 45, Drury Lane.

HARRY FURNISS, ESQ., R.R.A., R.R.I., &c.,
will join the Board as Managing Director on allotment.

A JOKE WITHIN A JOKE.

A showman, particularly with some attraction of the passing hour, must "boom his show for all it's worth," as the Americans say; so I "boomed" my "Artistic Joke" with an advertising joke, and at the same time parodied another branch of art—the art of advertising the artists, by a special number of a magazine devoted to the work of an Academician. The special numbers, generally published at Christmas, are familiar and interesting to us all. Still, from any point of view they are fair game. They are of course merely non-critical, eulogistic accounts of the artist and his work. So


HOW HE DID IT
THE STORY OF
Harry Furniss's
"ARTISTIC JOKE"
TOLD BY HIS LAY-FIGURE
WITH AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE ARTIST HIS PORTRAIT AND 50 ILLUSTRATIONS
SOLD EVERYWHERE
25 OLD BOND STREET

"*How he Did It—The Story of my 'Artistic Joke,'*" duly appeared, written by my Lay-figure.

"PREFACE.

"THE fact of my being only an artist's lay-figure will account for any stiffness or angularity in my literary style. Whilst conscious of my deficiencies in this respect, I am comforted by the consideration that a lay-figure attempting literature cannot by any possibility perpetrate greater absurdities than are committed by many a ready writer who indulges in those glowing and gushing descriptions of artists and their work which it is now the fashion to publish, in some such shape as the present, for the delectation (and delusion) of a gossip-loving public."

This, the origin of "The Artistic Joke," is a fair specimen

of the absurdity I published as an advertisement, though many bought it and read it as a "true and authentic account" of the confessions of a caricaturist's lay-figure :

"As many would be interested in knowing how this extraordinary idea of an Academy *pour rire* first occurred to this artist, I hasten to gratify their natural curiosity. It was before little Harry reached the age of seven, and while watching with fellow-feeling the house-painters at work in his father's house. One day, at lunch-time, when the men had left their ladders and paraphernalia near the picture-gallery (a long room containing choice works of all the great masters), he seized his opportunity: with herculean strength and Buffalo-Billish agility, our hero dragged all the ladders, paints and brushes into the gallery, and soon was at work 'touching up' the pictures, to gratify his boyish love of mischief. Truth to tell, his performance was but on a par, artistically, with that usually shown when mischievous boys get hold of brushes and paint and a picture to restore.

MY PORTRAIT. FRONTISPIECE FOR 'HOW HE DID IT.'

"Before Harry had finished touching-up the valuable family

HARRY FURNISS'S
Royal
Academy.
AN ARTISTIC JOKE.

OPEN FROM
9 to 7
DAILY.

F. W. BELL,
Secretary.

25, Old Bond Street,
LONDON, W.

Jubilee Day 1887

I have been favoured - if that is the proper word - with a sight of an advance copy of this perpetration.

I feel that the easy confidence which has hitherto existed between an artist and his Lay figure is for ever broken and filed. If I had only known that mine was taking advantage of her exceptional opportunities to betray my misplaced confidence in this popular but pestilent fashion, I would have made firewood of her long ago.

It is now too late. The temptation to turn Graphic Cracker and Confidential Trotter-out, has proved too much for a once docile and discreet Lay figure. I am one more victim at unsuspected hands, to the revolting rage for "Revelations".

I am bound to admit, however, that whilst the taste of the whole "Story" is detestable, the facts upon which it is founded are undisputable.

The Tale is an certain one, though it has been compiled without the knowledge, and is published greatly against the desire of

Harry Furniss

portraits, his father came in, glanced round, and fell onto a couch in roars of laughter. 'It's the best Artistic Joke I've ever seen, my boy, and here's a shilling for you!' A happy thought struck Harry at the moment. He kept it to himself for over twenty-five years; and now, standing high upon an allegorical ladder, he repeats the Joke daily, from nine to seven, admission one shilling."

This book of sixty pages sold extremely well, and, strange to say, I made more money out of this joking advertisement—the work of a few days—than I did out of my elaborate album of seventy photogravure plates which occupied two years to produce and cost me £2,000.

The following lines from *Fun* give the origin of my Joke's peculiar and ingenious turn:

"The fact is the Forty were sad in their mind
(Unfortunate *Aca*demicians!)
Associates also were troubled in kind,
With jeers at their works and positions,
Till one who was younger and bolder than all
Declared 'doleful dumps' to be folly,
'Come—away to the club, and for supper let's call,
And try to be decently jolly.'

"So they fed with good will on the viands prepared
(Pork chops were the principal portion),
Then retiring to bed, with their dreams they were scared,
And spent half the night in contortion;
Then rose in their sleep and came down to this room,
And, instead of a purposeless pawing,
They painted these pictures, then fled in the gloom,
And Furniss has touched up the drawing!"

Having parodied the artists' work, the R.A. catalogue, and the publishers' R.A. special numbers, I went one step further. I parodied "Art Patrons." At that time there was a great stir in art circles in consequence of the authorities of the National Gallery dallying with Mr. Tate's offer of his pictures to the nation; so to emulate him, and Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Watts, and other public benefactors in the world of art, I sent the following letter to the Directors of the National Gallery:

"Mr. Harry Furniss presents his compliments to the Trustees of the National Gallery and begs to congratulate them upon the munificent gifts

lately made to them, particularly Mr. Henry Tate's, which provides the nation with an excellent sample of current art. At the same time Mr. Harry Furniss feels that having it in his power to provide a more complete collection of our modern English school, he is inspired by the generous offers of others to humbly imitate this good example, and will therefore willingly give his 'Royal Academy' (parodies on modern painters), better known as 'The Artistic Joke,' which caused such a sensation in 1887, to the National Gallery if the Trustees will honour him by accepting the collection."

Yet it was not believed, at least not in Aberdeen, for the leading paper of the Granite City published the following:

"Someone has played a joke on Mr. Harry Furniss. An announcement appears this morning to the effect that 'animated by the generosity of Mr. Henry Tate and other benefactors of the National Gallery, Mr. Harry Furniss has offered to the Trustees his collection of illustrations of the work of modern artists recently on view in Bond Street,' and that he 'has received a communication to the effect that his offer is under consideration.' I believe no one was more surprised by this communication than Mr. Furniss. He never made the offer except possibly in jest to some Member of Parliament, and naturally he was much surprised to learn that his offer was 'under consideration.' The illustrations in question could scarcely be dispensed with by Mr. Furniss, as they are to him a sort of stock-in-trade."

Not only in Aberdeen but I found generally my seriousness was doubted, so I reproduce on the opposite page in facsimile the graceful reply of the authorities of our National Gallery:

The "Artistic Joke" was never intended as an attack on the Royal Academy at all, as a clear-headed critic wrote:

"It would be more just to regard it as an attempt on Mr. Furniss's part to show the Academicians the possibilities of real beauty, and wonder, and pleasure that lie hidden in their work. . . . On the whole, the Royal Academicians have never appeared under more favourable conditions than in this pleasant gallery. Mr. Furniss has shown that the one thing lacking in them is sense of humour, and that, if they would not take themselves so seriously, they might produce work that would be a joy, and not a weariness to the world. Whether or not they will profit by the lessons it is difficult to say, for dulness has become the basis of respectability, and seriousness the only refuge of the shallow."

NATIONAL GALLERY.

9 May 1890

Dear Sir

In reference to your letter, the receipt of which I acknowledged on the 10th of March last, & which has now been laid before the National Gallery Board, I am requested by the Trustees & Director to explain that the series of pictures (being parodies on the works of modern Painters) which you offer to present to the National Gallery does not in their opinion come within the range of productions which could be appropriately included in this Collection.

While thanking you therefore for the offer which you are good enough to make, the Trustees & Director regret that they feel unable to accept it.

I am, dear Sir

Yours very faithfully

Charles L. Eastlake

Harry Furniss Esq.

CHAPTER IX.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMBUS.

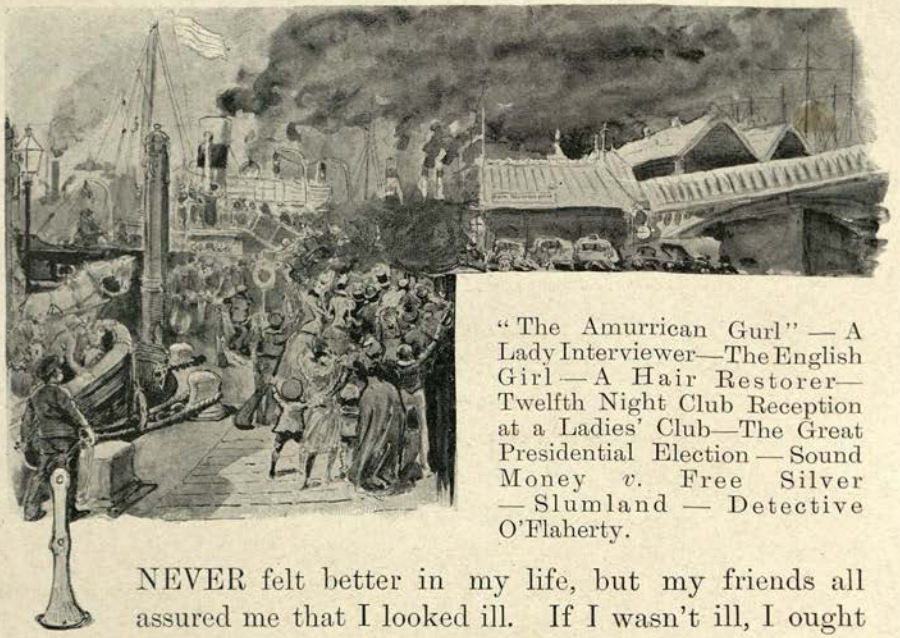
The Cause of my Cruise—No Work—The Atlantic Greyhound—Irish Ship—Irish Doctor—Irish Visitors—Queenstown—A Surprise—Fiddles Edward Lloyd—Lib—Chess—The Syren—The American Pilot—Real and Ideal—Red Tape—Bribery—Liberty—The Floating Flower Show—The Bouquet—A Bath and a Bishop—"Beastly Healthy"—Entertainment for Shipwrecked Sailors—Passengers—Superstition.

America in a Hurry—Harry Columbus Furniss—The Inky Inquisition First Impressions—Trilby—Tempting Offers—Kidnapped—Major Pond—Sarony—Ice—James B. Brown—Fire!—An Explanation.

Washington—Mr. French of Nowhere—Sold—Interviewed—The Sporting Editor—Hot Stuff—The Capitol—Congress—House of Representatives—The Page Boys—The Agent—Filibuster—The "Reccard"—A Pandemonium—Interviewing the President.

Chicago—The Windy City—Blowers—Niagara—Water and Wood—Darkness to Light—My Vis-à-Vis—Mr. Punch—My Driver—It Grows upon Me—Inspiration—Harnessing Niagara—The Three Sisters—Incline Railway—Captain Webb.

Travelling — Tickets — Thirst — Sancho Panza — Proclaimed States—



"The Amurrican Gurl"—A Lady Interviewer—The English Girl—A Hair Restorer—Twelfth Night Club Reception at a Ladies' Club—The Great Presidential Election—Sound Money *v.* Free Silver—Slumland—Detective O'Flaherty.

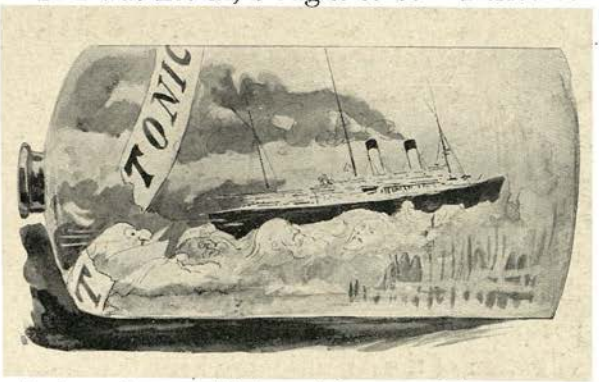
NEVER felt better in my life, but my friends all assured me that I looked ill. If I wasn't ill, I ought to be. I must be overworked and break down. I had "burnt the candle at both ends and in the middle as well," and it was a duty I owed to humanity to collapse. For years

I had done the work of three men with the constitution of one, so one day it came to pass that I was forced by my friends into the consulting-room of a celebrated physician, labelled "Ill. To be returned to Dead Letter Office, or to be sent by foreign mail to some distant land, or to be cremated on the spot," anything but to leave me free to return to my mad disease, the worst mania of all—the mania for work.

My good physician stripped me, pommelled me, stethoscoped me, made me say "99" when he had squeezed all the breath out of me (why "99"? Why not "98" or "4"?—he was testing internal rebellion), flashed a reflector under my eyes, seized a drumstick and hammered me under my knee-joints, sat upon me literally and figuratively, and told me to give up all food, drink, pleasure, and work for two months, which I did. My balance at the bankers' and my balance on the scales were both reduced considerably. I lost a good many pounds in weight and money.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

My friends all assured me that I looked well, but I never felt so ill in all my life. If I was not ill, I ought to be. I tried to work, but broke down. I was idle in the mornings, in the evenings, and in the middle of the day as well, and it was a duty I owed to my doctor to collapse. So one day I forced myself into his consulting-room before a hundred patients waiting their turn, labelled "Well again." I pushed him into his chair, pommelled him 99 times, flashed my cane under his eyes, seized the poker and hammered him under his knee-joints, and told him I would get him six months' hard labour if he did not pronounce me sound,—he did.



"You only want a tonic now, my dear fellow—a sea-trip!"

"A *Teutonic*," I replied *Majestic*ally. "The very thing—sails to-morrow—a new berth—I'll be born again under a White Star—*au revoir!*"

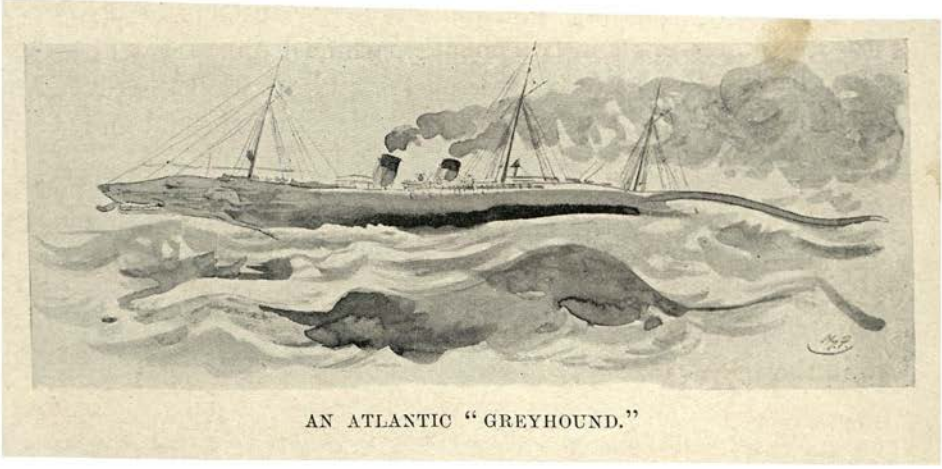
"Your prescription!" he called after me. "Take it, and if you value your life act up to it to the letter."

It contained two words and no hieroglyphics. Those two words were—"No Work!"

How I acted up to it the following pages will show.

* * * * *

In strong contrast to the crowd and bustle at leaving in the afternoon is the quietude late in the evening. Many



AN ATLANTIC "GREYHOUND."

promenade up and down the beautiful deck under the electrically-lighted roof, and gaze upon the lights of many craft flitting to and fro in the gentle breeze like will-o'-the-wisps, postponing retiring, as they are not yet accustomed to the vibration of the Atlantic greyhound, which trembles underneath them as if, like the real greyhound in full cry after a hare, it is literally straining every muscle to beat the record from the Old World to the New.

What a difference has taken place since those "good old days" of those good old wooden ships, with their good old slow passages and their good old uncomfortable berths! Now the state cabin is an apartment perfectly ventilated, gorgeously

furnished, equipped with every modern improvement, and electrically lighted; the switches close to the bed (not berth) enable one to turn the light on or off at will. The ever-watchful attendant comes in, wishes me good-night, after folding my clothes, and departs. Leaving the incandescent light burning over my head, I open the book dealing with the wonders of America which I have taken from the well-stocked library, and read of great Americans, from Washington to the man who has brought this very light to such perfection, turning over page after page of well-nigh incredible description of the country which has raised the system of "booming" to a high art, till my brain reels with an Arabian Nightish flavour of exaggeration, and turning off the electric current, I am gradually lulled to sleep by the rhythmical vibrations of the steamer, the sole reminder that I am in reality sleeping upon a ship and about to enjoy a thorough week's rest.

I awoke from the dreams in which I had pictured myself a veritable Columbus, and drawing aside the blind of my port-hole, I looked out into the morning light, and was, perhaps, for a second surprised to see land. "Sandy Hook already! Can it be?" Well, hardly, just at present. Though who can tell but that in another fifty years it may be possible in the time? It is in reality the "Ould Counthry," and we are nearing Queenstown.

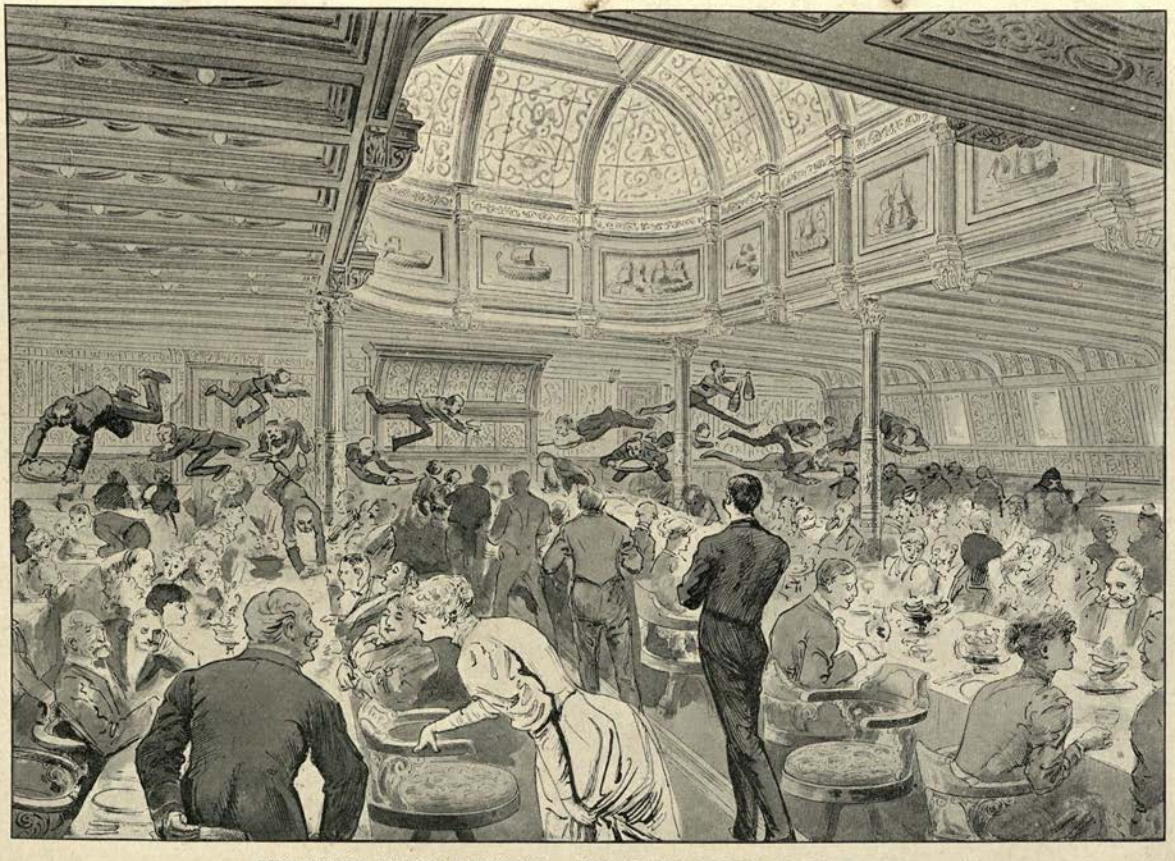
There is a good muster at breakfast, and everyone is smiling, having had at least one good night's rest on the voyage. The waters skirting the Irish coast sometimes outdo the fury of the broad Atlantic, and are generally just as troubled and combatant as the fiery political elements on the little island; but so far we have had a perfect passage, and the beautiful bay of Queenstown looks more charming than ever as the engines stop for a short period before their five days' incessant activity to follow.

Not only the ship, but the doctor, comes from the Emerald Isle. Who crossing the Atlantic does not know the witty Dr. ——? "Ah, shure, me darlin', and isn't it himself

that's a broth av a bhoy?" And so he is, simply bubbling over with humour and good-nature. Presiding at one end of the long table, I have to pass him as I leave the saloon. Having sketched Irish scenery and Irish character in my youth, I am not tempted to open my forbidden sketch-book; but somehow or other I find myself making a rapid sketch of the Doctor as he rises from his seat at the end of the table to wish the "top of the mornin'" to a lady who sits on his right. My excuse is to send it to his friend, my doctor in London. Then, without thinking, I sketch in a few other passengers, and instinctively make a note of the surroundings. I confess I am already guilty of breaking my pledge! And, therefore, make my escape on deck.

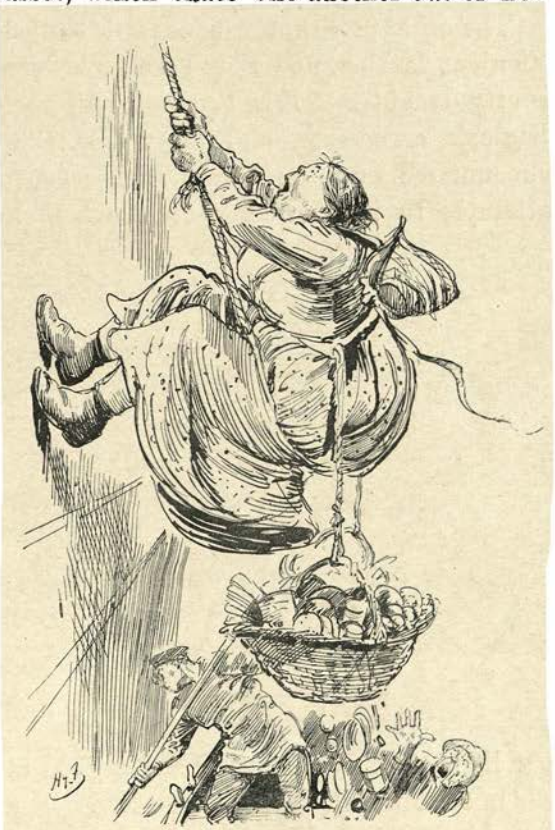
The huge steamer seems to act as a sort of magnet on the small fry of the harbour, for they rush out to her from the land in all their sorts and sizes, in a desperate race for supremacy. Prominent among this fleet is a long, ungainly rowing-boat propelled by a tough Hibernian, and seated in the stern are his women folk, surrounded by baskets, who, in strong Milesian vernacular, urge the rower on in his endeavours to reach the ship first. Looked down upon them from your floating tower, they strongly resemble a swarm of centipedes. Harder and harder pull the "bhoys," and louder and louder comes the haranguing of the females as they approach us. I have my eye on the lady in the stern of the first boat. She is fair, fat, and forty, possessed of really massive proportions, most powerful lungs, and a true Irish physiognomy—a cast of countenance in which it always strikes me that Nature had originally forgotten the nasal organ, and then returning to complete the work had taken between finger and thumb a piece of flesh and pinched it, thus forming the nose rather high up on the face, while the waste of material below goes to make the upper lip.

The puller of the stroke oar is probably her husband, two others are wielded evidently by her two sons, and the bow is taken by her strapping daughter. One of her arms encircles the merchandise she intends to dispose of on board our vessel,



THE SALOON OF THE *TEUTONIC*. THE FIRST MORNING AT BREAKFAST.

while the other vigorously helps to propel the oar held by her brawny husband. All the while she is urging on her crew in her native language, with what may be commands, exhortations, or even blessings, but sounding to the unaccustomed Saxon ear very much like curses, which chase one another out of her capacious mouth with a rapidity unequalled by even an irritated monkey at the Zoo.



AT QUEENSTOWN—A REMINISCENCE.

Their lumbering craft is the first to touch the side of the *Teutonic*. Standing up in the boat, the good old lady exerts her vocal powers on the crew on the lower deck, with the result that a rope fully fifty feet long is thrown in her direction, having a loop on the end of it, by which she is lassoed. With an agility only acquired after years of practice, she adjusts the loop rapidly round her, and calls on the crew to hoist away. The boat heels over to one side as she vigorously pushes herself away from it, and souse the old dame goes up to her waist in the water; the good-natured sailors give an extra jerk, and up she comes, with baskets tied round her waist, and her feet acting as fenders against the side of the ship. Fortunately the *Teutonic* is bulky enough to resist heeling over under this extra weight on the starboard side. She is shipped like a bale of

goods, and is immediately engaged in discharging some more of her loquacity in directing the acrobatic performances of her daughter, who is the next to ascend.

This scene caused much laughter, and I was induced to make a sketch of the lady's acrobatic performance.

The other maritime vendors are hauled up in similar unceremonious fashion, and they take possession of both decks. The pretty daughter of Erin lays out with no little artistic taste her bog-oak ornaments, and 'Arry (for the *genus* cad is to be encountered even on board such aristocratic ships as these) attempts to be rampantly facetious at her expense. But the damsel with the unkempt auburn locks flowing about her comely face, lit up by a pair of blue Irish eyes under their dark lashes, takes the cad's vulgarity together with his money, like the pill with the jam, giving in return the valueless pieces of carved wood, until her little stock is exhausted and a good morning's work is done.

BOG-OAK SOUVENIRS.

On the lower deck trade is brisker. The emigrants (principally by this line Scandinavians, in their picturesque peasant dress, the Germans of course preferring to go by their own line, the North German Lloyd) are fitting on Tam o' Shanters of the crudest colours, scarves of hues that would cause the steamer's danger signals to turn pale, and eatables of all descriptions—I ought to say of all the worst descriptions. Unhealthy-looking cakes in which the currants are as scarce as Loyalists in the part of the country in which they are made, tinned meats and fruits that look suspiciously like condemned provisions or unsavoury salvage; in fact the only really genuine article of

diet was that contained in the milk-pails. I may here remark that these alien steerage passengers don't really care for wholesome food. Nothing could be better than the excellent food prepared by the ship's steward, but these emigrants prefer to bring with them provisions that beggar description.

All the time the Irish purveyors are emptying their baskets and filling their pockets, and rowing back to the shore enriched and delighted; their brothers and sisters are flowing up the gangway in a continual stream, with weeping eyes and breaking hearts at the thought of leaving their country perhaps for ever; and as soon as they are all on board, together with the mails, which have come overland to Queenstown, we up anchor, steam past Fastnet Rock, and soon the Old World is out of sight behind us.

But all this is a thing of the past. Ladies are not now pulled up on to the deck, nor is the promenade turned into a miniature Irish fair. When last the boat stopped as usual in Queenstown bay I sadly missed the familiar scene, and having nothing better to do I went on shore. As a number of us strolled off the tender on which the mails were to return I noticed two men in ordinary dress standing some distance off, looking on at the scene. They were both fine specimens of humanity, each of them about six feet high. "Detectives," I whispered to one of my friends. And as we approached these gentlemen, I said to one of them, "Looking for anyone this morning?"

"Not for you, Mr. Furniss."

Considering I had never been in Queenstown in my life, that I had never been in the grip of these "sleuth-hounds" of the police, I must admit that the British detective is not so stupid as we generally imagine, for no doubt these men knew by telegraph the name of everybody on board and amused themselves by placing us as I had amused myself by placing them.

The Captain generally has some voyager under his special care, and my vis-à-vis, his protégée upon this trip, was a most charming and delightful young lady on her way to rejoin her family in the Far West. The skipper's seat is vacant at breakfast time, and should the weather be rough, at the other meals also. If the elements are very boisterous, the "fiddles" are

screwed on to the tables, and on them a lively tune is played by the jingling glasses and rattling cutlery to the erratic beating of the Atlantic wave. The Captain's right and left hand neighbours are exempt from the use of these appliances, and the small area caused by this is the only space in the yards and yards of table unencumbered by the "fiddles." The Captain scorns the aid of such mechanical contrivances, and chatters away unconcerned, gracefully balancing his soup-plate in his hands the

THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE.

while. I followed his example as one to the manner born, but had I not been a bit of an amateur conjuror I am afraid that I should not have been so successful. The Captain challenged me, however, to make a sketch with the same ease as I ate my dinner —and again I was forced to break my pledge!

It was amusing to listen to the petty jealousies and the little grumblings of those not satisfied with their lot at table. One lady stated as an excuse for having her meals in her cabin that her neighbour, a bagman—or "drummer," as Americans would call him—made a noise with his mouth while eating; and another

lady elected to dine in her stateroom in solitude because in the saloon she had her back to a Bishop instead of her face!

It was my good fortune to meet on board that most genial and gifted of men, "England's greatest tenor," Mr. Edward Lloyd, who under the management of that equally genial and energetic impresario, Mr. Vert, was on his way to charm the ears of our cousins on the other side. Then we had one of the greatest favourites in the sporting world, who was popping over, as he had been continually doing from his earliest youth, to look after his estates in his native country. From the Captain down to the under stokers he had been with all a familiar figure for many years, and he had a pleasant word and a shake of the hands for everybody. He could give you the straight tip for the Derby, was a fund of information anent the latest weights for the big handicaps, and on our arrival in the States it was with general satisfaction that we learnt that one of his horses had won a race while its owner was crossing the "Herring Pond."

We had yet another celebrity on board in the person of the bright little Italian whose clever caricatures, especially those of Newmarket and Newmarket celebrities, so delight us in the pages of *Vanity Fair* over the *nom de crayon* "Lib." I think he caused us as much amusement as his sketches, caricaturing everybody on board, not even excepting himself, whom he most truthfully depicted as a common or barn owl. Or was it I who drew him as the owl? I forget. But I do know that he looked uncommonly like one as a rule, for he used to lie wrapped in his Inverness upon a deck chair, his face only visible, with pallid cheeks and distended eyes, and I did more than one caricature of him for his fair admirers. That was on the rough days, for like a great many foreigners, and English people too for the matter of that, he was a bad sailor. Fortunately for me, I am a hardened sailor, and as such cannot feel the amount of consideration I should otherwise do for those less lucky than myself.

When the weather was calm I used to notice my Italian friend seated, surrounded by the ladies, with an air of triumph and a smile upon his intelligent visage. He was having his revenge!

When he was not sketching, he was playing chess with the Captain.

Now this commander was a captain from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. A stern disciplinarian, erect, handsome, uncommunicative, not a better officer ever stood on the bridge of an Atlantic or any other liner. He had a contempt for the "Herring Pond," and manipulated one of these floating hotels with as much ease as one would handle a toy boat. "When a navigator's duty's to be done," he was *par excellence* a modern Cæsar, but despite his sternness he had a sense of humour, and his unbending moments struck one with an emphasised surprise.

NOT UP IN A BALLOON.

He could not bear a bore. Those fussy landlubbers who are always tapping the barometers, asking questions of every member of the crew, testing, sounding, and finding fault with the weather chart, had better steer clear of the worthy Captain, as with hands thrust deep in his pockets he strides from one end of the deck to the other during the course of his constitutional. It is on record that one of these fussy individuals, edging up to a well-known Captain as he was going on to the bridge when a mist was gathering, and the siren was about to blow as customary when entering on an Atlantic fog, remarked:

"Captain, Captain, can't you see that it is quite clear overhead?"

The Captain turned on his heel to ascend to the bridge, and scornfully rejoined:

"Yes, sir, yes, sir; but can't you see that I am not navigating a balloon?"

On one occasion the Captain had been through a terribly stormy afternoon and night, and had not quitted his post on the bridge for one minute, the weather being awful. Fogs, icebergs, and the elements all combined to make it a most anxious time for the one man in charge of the valuable vessel and her cargo of 1,700 souls, and during the whole period the unflinching skipper had not tasted a mouthful of food. The Captain's boy, feeling for his master, had from time to time endeavoured with some succulent morsel to make him break his long fast; but the firm face of the Captain was set, his eyes were fixed straight ahead, and his ears were deaf to the lad's appeal. It was breakfast time when the boy once more ventured to ask the Captain if he could bring him something to eat. This time he got an answer.

"Yes," growled the Captain, "bring me two larks' livers on toast!"

These Atlantic Captains of the older school were a hardened and humorous lot of navigators, and many a story of their eccentricity survives them: one in particular of an old Captain seeing the terror of the junior officer during that nervous ordeal of treading the bridge for the first time with him. This particular old salt, after a painful silence, turned on the young man and said, "I like you. I'm very much impressed by you. I've heard a lot about you—in fact, my dear sir, I should like to have your photograph. You skip down and get it."

The nervous and delighted youth rushed off to his cabin, and informed his brother officers of the compliment the old man had just paid him. He was in luck's way, and running gaily up on to the bridge, presented his photograph, blushing modestly, to the old salt.

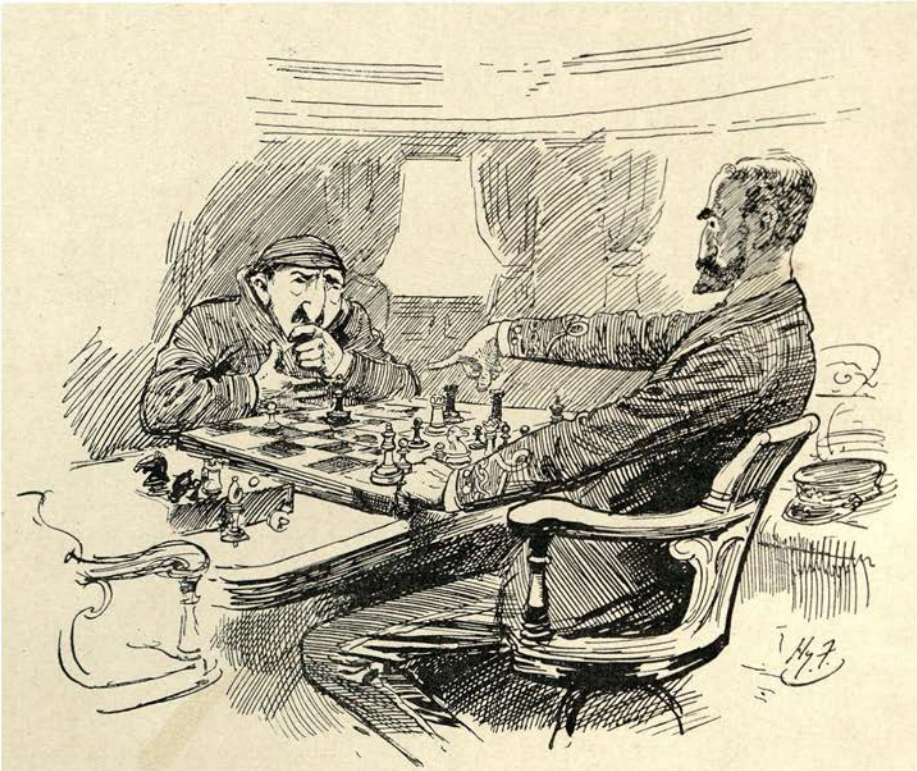
"'Umph! Got a pin with you?"

"Ye—es, sir."

"Ah, see! I pin you up on the canvas here. I can look at you there and admire you. You can go, sir; your photograph is just as valuable as you appear to be on the bridge. Good morning."

The Captain of the ship I was on had his chessmen pegged,

and holes in the board into which to place them, so that despite any oscillations of the ship they would remain in their places; but the unfortunate part of the business was that although he could provide sea-legs for his chessmen it was more than he could do for his opponent, and it was as good as a play to see Signor "Lib" hiding from the Captain when the weather was not



CHESS.

all it might be, and he in consequence felt anything but well. One mate after another would be despatched with the strictest orders from the Captain to search for the cheerless chessite; but after a time the Captain's patience would be exhausted, his strident voice could be heard calling upon the caricaturist to come forth and show himself, and eventually he might be seen *en route* to his cabin with the box of chessmen under one arm and his opponent under the other.

I was cruel enough on more than one occasion to follow them and witness the sequel.

"Your move, now—your move!"

"Ah, Captain! I do veel zo ill! Ze ship it do go up and down, up and down, until I do not know vich is ze bishop and vich is ze queen!"

"Nonsense, sir, nonsense! Your move—look sharp, and I'll soon have you mated!"

The poor artist *did* move, and quickly too, but it was to the outside of the cabin!

The Captain was triumphant at table, telling us of his victory, but his poor opponent could only point to his untouched plate and to the waves dashing against the portholes, and with that shrug of the shoulders, so suggestive to witness but so difficult to describe, would thus in dumb show explain the cause of his defeat.

I remember well on one beautiful afternoon, the sky bright and the sea calm, just before the pilot came on board when we were nearing the States, Signor Prosperi (for that was his name) came up to me, his face the very embodiment of triumph:

"Ah, I have beaten ze Captain at last—*but ze sea is smooth!*"

On the outward voyage, as I said before, we had a host in Mr. Edward Lloyd, but he was under contract not to warble until a certain day which had been fixed in New York, and no doubt his presence had a deterrent effect upon the amateur talent, with the exception of one lady, who came up to Mr. Lloyd and said:

"You really *must* sing—you really *must!*"

"I am very sorry, madam, but I really can't—I am not my own master in this matter."

"Oh, but you must," she rejoined. "I have promised that if you will sing, *I* will!"

An American who had "made his pile," as the Yankees say, remarked to the hard-worked vocalist:

"I think, sir, that as you are endowed with such a beautiful voice you ought by it to benefit such a deserving entertainment as this."

"Certainly," replied the world-famed tenor. "My fee for singing is fifty guineas, and I will be pleased to oblige the company if you will pay a cheque for that amount into the sailors' fund."

And, in my opinion, a right good answer too. These middlemen and their wives and daughters are always pestering professional men to give their services to charities for nothing, but in cases like the one I have just cited they take very good care that they do not unloosen their own purse-strings to help the cause along and equalise the obligation.

MR. LLOYD AND THE LADY. "IF YOU WILL SING, *I* WILL!"

However the concert took place, and I, unable to resist the flattering request to "do something," and not being prohibited from taking part—as Mr. Lloyd was—made several sketches, just to keep my hand in, and they were raffled for.

All goes well and smoothly on the voyage until one night you are awakened by a harsh, grating, shrieking sound. You start from your slumbers, and for a moment imagine that in reality you are in the interior of some fearsome ocean monster, who is bellowing either in rage or fear, for the sound is unique in its wild hideousness, half a screech and half a wail, aggressive and yet mournful. Your ears have just recovered from the first shock when they are assaulted by another, and yet another, at intervals of about a minute. It is the voice of the siren. Was ever a more inappropriate name bestowed upon the steam

whistle of an Atlantic liner? It conveys to me the news that we are passing through an Atlantic fog, and I defy anyone, be they in the most perfect ship, under the safest of commanders, to feel comfortable in such circumstances. The siren still wails, and like Ulysses and his companions I feel very much inclined to stuff my ears with wax. Indeed, peering out of my porthole through the mist, I almost seem to see the figures of the mythological voyager and his companions carved in ice, no doubt beguiled by the treacherous music of the siren. These are in reality our main terrors, the icebergs.

THE AMERICAN PILOT—IDEAL.

It is a relief when we have left them behind and evaded the clutches of the demon fog, and the fresh breeze and the glorious sun lend a new beauty to the sparkling water, showing us in the distance white specks skimming over the waves like gulls, the first sign that we are approaching land—the white gleaming wings of the pilot yachts.

THE AMERICAN PILOT—REAL.

Signals are exchanged, and one of these boats comes nearer and nearer to us, tacking to perfection. Through our glasses we already seem to see the stalwart figure of the pilot standing in the stern. On his brow he wears a storm-defying cap, the badge of the warrior of the waves; the loose shirt, the top boots, and the weather-beaten jacket all combine to make up a picturesque figure, and I sketched what seemed to me to be the figure of the man who was coming on board to guide us to the Hook of Sandy. As

the little vessel approaches us the intervening sail hides from my view the figure of the one man I want to see. A boat is lowered from the side of the pilot boat, into which two sailors descend. Who on earth is this who steps in after them and takes the rudder lines? He sports a top hat, kid gloves, and patent shoes. Is he a commercial traveller? He looks it. He is rowed to the side of the steamer, and then the fun begins. A rope ladder is lowered from the deck, which is immediately clutched by one of the oarsmen in the boat, and this commonplace commercial scrambles towards it. Just then a wave breaks over him, and more like a drowned excursionist than an American pilot this little man is hauled on board.

I think a great deal of the Atlantic, but I am sorely disappointed with the American pilot.

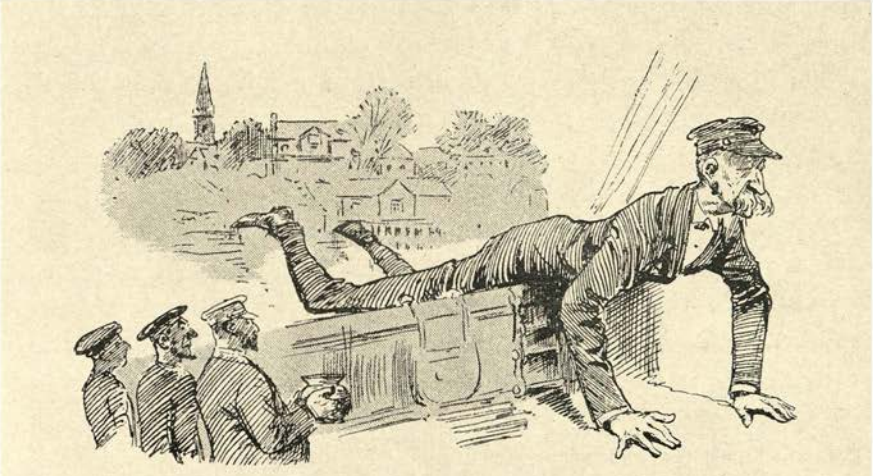
The Americans pride themselves upon their independence, and surely a more independent race never existed. The browbeaten Britisher is not long in finding this out, and in my case it was most clearly demonstrated to me at the first stoppage of the steamer after leaving Queenstown. After our headlong race across the broad Atlantic, after every nut and screw in the vessel has been strained to save every particle of time, and every moment watched and calculated, here at the mouth of the Hudson, in sight of the colossal statue of Liberty, we are kept waiting under a broiling sun on a beautiful day for an unconscionable time whilst forsooth the health officer or his subordinate is enjoying his lunch. Fancy 1,700 foreigners being kept waiting because a paid official—paid by the shipowners of England—wishes to satisfy his selfish greediness!

I watched for this gentleman as he crawled on board, having come across eventually from his riparian villa. There were no apologies (Americans never apologise). 'I don't know the gentleman's name, but here I show you his face. His cheek I have described already.

Now that I have touched on America itself, I wish it to be understood that it is not my intention to look out for and comment upon the faults of our American cousins, but rather in describing my all too brief visits to a charming people in a

charming country to deal with their merits. But it is proverbial that first impressions are everything, and the first I received of official America, in the person of this particular individual, was the only instance I saw which would not compare favourably with the red-tapeism of our own country. And I must say, from what I was told even by Americans themselves, that the worst side of their countrymen is to be seen where the official department is concerned, and to illustrate this I shall still stick to the official (or his representative, whichever it was) that I have just been describing.

The ship which followed that in which I came over brought from England some persons who were at the time the talk of American



THE HEALTH OFFICER COMES ON BOARD.

society. They had been connected with some gigantic scandal, and the interviewers, scenting copy from afar, were ready to spring upon them. Of course, it was known that it was to the interest of the reporters (and they were only doing their duty) to get on board at Sandy Hook, and to frustrate them a special steamer was sent down with instructions to the captain of the liner that no one was to accompany the officer of health on board. The medical officer came in his tug with the whole batch of reporters, and declared that he would not permit the vessel to proceed into port unless his friends were allowed on

board. The almighty dollar had polluted officialism, and disclosed to the incoming strangers that the huge statue of Liberty before them, which held on high the torch of advancement and enlightenment, was really a snare and a delusion, at any rate as far as red-tapeism was concerned.

And so I arrived after a week's thorough rest, with my sketch-book full! I could not help breaking my pledge; it was my first trip across the Atlantic, and everything was therefore new and interesting. In fact, so was all I saw in the States, and my pencil was always busy. I was looking forward to a genuine rest on my return journey, but it happened to be in the crowded season, and the ship was so full I was asked, as a particular favour to "a very distinguished cleric," to share my cabin with him.

JUST IN TIME!

The departure of an Atlantic liner has a great attraction on both sides of the "Herring Pond," but there is a difference. Passengers leaving England are surrounded with cheap and vulgar literature, newspapers, guide-books, sticks, and umbrellas. Leaving America, the liner is turned into a floating flower show. Most beautiful bouquets labelled with the names of the lady passengers are on view in the saloon. Just as the last gangway is drawn on to the shore, amid cries of "Clear away!" we hear suddenly "Hold hard!" There is a commotion. Someone has not yet arrived; we lean over the side of the ship to see who is coming. Perhaps it is an important emissary of the Government, or even the President himself. We all push forward; the stalwart New York police keep back the crowd; the crew of the good ship *Majestic* hold the gangway in its place as the centre of attraction trips gaily up it. It is a diminutive nigger messenger from a florist's, with a huge bouquet of flowers. I imagine I see my own name on the label, so I modestly seclude myself in my own cabin, whence I only emerge after we have passed Bartholdi's colossal figure, just to have one last peep at the country in which I have stored up such pleasant memories.

By this time the bouquets of the flower show had been transferred to the cabins of their owners. I may mention, by the way, that the cynical lady on board, who wore a solitary bunch of faded violets in her dress, informed me that most of the ladies paid for the bouquets themselves, and had them sent on board with their names attached. I don't wish to seem egotistical, but I know that when I went back to my own cabin I found the greatest difficulty in forcing the door open. There was a huge bundle of something or other pressing against it. A fragrant scent was wafted through the opening, which sent a thrill through me. It must be the big bouquet! I gave one final shove, burst the door open, and discovered the bouquet to be a bishop, who was scenting his handkerchief at the time with otto of roses. It was worth the journey to America to have the honour of sharing a cabin with a bishop on the return journey. But what a contrast between us! What a theme for W. S. Gilbert! *Punch* and the pulpit rocked together in the cradle of the deep!

"A FLOATING FLOWER SHOW."

When I first came on board I made arrangements at once with the bath steward, and, being rather an early bird, I fixed my time to be called at seven o'clock. When I retired to the cabin I found the worthy bishop (he is now Lord Primate of Ireland) looking plaintively at his berth. Like all on board it was roomy and comfortable, but probably Sir Edward Harland had not taken the portly prelate (who, by the way, is almost a neighbour of his) as a gauge for the size of the berths. Mine was, if anything, a trifle larger, so I respectfully invited the bishop to change with me.

I was awakened next morning by assault and battery being committed on the poor bishop, of which I was the innocent cause. An athletic-looking man, with a white jacket, and sleeves rolled up to his elbows, was shaking the very life out of my clerical friend and shouting "Seven o'clock! Your time, sir! Seven o'clock! Your time!" The bishop looked something like a criminal sentenced to death must do when the hangman awakes him on the fatal morning, and I had to explain to the bath

THE BATH STEWARD AND THE BISHOP. "YOUR TIME, SIR! YOUR TIME!"

steward that we had changed berths, and that in future No. 2 was to be awakened instead of No. 1.

Perhaps it is not generally known that suicide is nearly as prevalent as *mal de mer* amongst these Americans who are rushing over for a few weeks' repose. They work at such a fearful rate, slaves to that insatiable god the almighty dollar, that eventually they either have to fly to a lunatic asylum or an Atlantic liner. After a day or two on the latter the calm and repose and the vast sea around them prove too much of an antidote; the overtaxed brain gives way, and overboard they go.

An Englishman is too fond of exercise to allow high pressure to get the better of him in this way, and the difference between English and American people on these liners is most marked. Directly an American family comes on board they select places for their deck chairs, which, except for meals, they never leave. From early morning until late at night, much to the astonishment of the Americans, the English passengers—men, women, and children—pace the deck as if it were a go-as-you-please contest for immense prizes. Being a good sailor but a bad sleeper, I think I fairly qualified for first prize. Morning, noon,

AMERICANS AND ENGLISH ON DECK.

and night, round and round those magnificent decks I went, to the disgust and envy of those who could not move off their deck chairs, and who loathed the very sight of me.

It so happened that together with a few other privileged passengers I dined a little later than the rest, so I had an opportunity of observing the weak ones suffering on deck whilst others were struggling with their meals below, and I promenaded round that deck, battling with the elements to get an extra edge on my excellent appetite. I remember that when passing some ladies on my way down to dinner, they feebly endeavouring to eat a biscuit or two and drink a glass of champagne, one turned

her pallid face to another and murmured, "I *am* so glad that energetic little man has been obliged to give in at last!"

They ought to have seen me at the table half-an-hour afterwards, that's all!

That reminds me of my friend poor Alfred Cellier, who was wintering in the South once at the same time as we were there for my wife's health. I was returning from a meet one day, hot and mud-bespattered, when I met the talented musician walking feebly along in the sun with his furs on. He called to me to stop, which I did, and his dreamy, good-natured face assumed a most malevolent expression as he hissed at me, "I hate you! I hate you! *You look so beastly healthy.*"

Even on board ship the American still clings to his iced water, but some think it is time to train for the European habit of taking wine at dinner. I noticed a Westerner who with his wife was sitting down for probably the first time to *table d'hôte*. He took up the wine list, and went right through the sherries, hocks, clarets, champagnes, and even liqueurs. Now at the end of the wine lists on these vessels there is appended a list of various mineral waters. The names of these (or was it the price?) seemed to take the fancy of the American. "I guess this *Hunyadi Janos* sounds well—I calculate if you put a bottle of that on ice it'll do us just right."

Sailors are superstitious. Some will, or used to, rob themselves of the necessities of life to purchase a baby's "caul," and wear it around their neck as a charm.

To sail out of harbour on a Friday was unheard of. In these days of science, days in which steam has driven the old frigate-rigged sailing ships from the seas, one would have thought that superstition would have vanished with the old hulks, and that in the floating palaces crossing the Atlantic, in which longshoremen take the place of old-time sea-dogs, charms and omens would have lost their power. Yet sailor superstitions are as hard to kill even in these gorgeous up-to-date liners as it is to exterminate the rats in the hold or the cockroaches in the larder.

The last journey I made to America was in the favourite

liner the *Germanic*. I was chatting to one of the crew, an old salt, the day we left Queenstown; he was looking out to sea; his brow was clouded, and he shook his head mournfully.

"Are we in for a bad passage?" I asked.

"Don't know yet, sir; aren't seen all them on board yet. We had a terrible passage the week afore last goin' East, but I expected it. We 'ad an Archbishop on board!"

I informed him that on the present journey we had two priests on board, and two professional atheists—"so what kind of passage were we to expect?"

After a moment's serious thought the mariner replied, "I think, sir, we may reckon we shall have an average." And curious to relate we did.

The two Freethinkers who thus balanced the ecclesiastics were Messrs. Foote and Watts, who were on a mission to America to induce Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll to visit England.

The stranger in America, if he be a public man in his own country, is treated like a suspected criminal. Every movement is watched, every action reported, and as he passes from city to city a description and report precedes him, and there is an eye, or rather a couple of dozen eyes, to mark his coming and grow keener when he comes.

But he is watched by friends, not by detectives, and his actions are reported in public prints, not in private ledgers. It is not the arm of the law, but the hand of friendship, that shadows him, and those stereotyped passports to friendship, letters of introduction from friends at home, are as needless to introduce him as a life-preserver or a Colt's revolver to protect him. He had better amuse himself while in mid-ocean by presenting them to the porpoises that dive and splutter round the ship, for the only object they will accomplish will be the filling of his waste-paper basket on his return home.

Major Hospitality arrested me the moment I arrived, and handed me over to the Inky Inquisition—eight gentlemen of the Press—who placed me on the interviewer's rack at the demand of insatiable modern journalism. I scraped through the ordeal as well as could be expected in the circumstances,

AMERICAN INTERVIEWING—IMAGINARY.

AMERICAN INTERVIEWING—REAL.

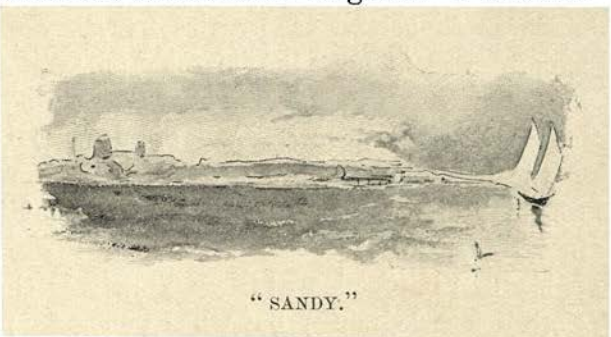
considering I hadn't yet acquired my land-legs. The raging waves may roar their loudest, and the stormy winds may blow their hardest, but they don't affect me. It is only when I find myself on *terra firma* once more that I feel any effects from an ocean trip. For the benefit of those who are subject to *mal de mer* I will disclose my prescription to act as a reliable safeguard, and that is to mesmerise yourself so that once on board no sensations seem to you strange or unwonted. The only drawback is that I have not yet discovered how to unmesmerise myself, although my theory worked splendidly when on board, so that when I get on shore I feel as if I were still on the sea. I am always ducking breakers, descending companion ladders, and I roll across the street as if it were the deck of a liner. Every building I enter seems to be rocking up and down, up and down, and as on the occasion I refer to I sat before the knights of the quill to be cross-examined, I felt as if I were in the cabin of a ship rather than in my own room at the hotel, and that the books on the table were in reality fiddles to keep the glasses and other things from falling off.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the next day I find myself described as "not a well man," although "his face is ruddy," and "his blue eyes have a tired look and his hand is not so steady as it might be." I would like to know whose hand would be steady if, after six days of Atlantic travel, he was landed to find himself suddenly confronted with eight talented gentlemen, cross-questioning him *ad lib.*, measuring the length of his foot, counting the buttons on his coat, and the hairs on his head, and if, after his tiring journey, he happened to yawn, looking to see whether he had false teeth or not!

And then to be handed a bad pen and worse paper, and have to draw pictures in pen and ink, in the space of five minutes, for the eight gentlemen who were watching to see "how it's done"! I have sketched crowned heads on their thrones, bishops in their pulpits, thieves in their dens, and beauties in their drawing-rooms; but I never felt such nervousness as I did when I had to caricature myself on the occasion of my first experience of American interviewing.

In my seeing America in a hurry, I addressed the reporters somewhat in this fashion :

"I am not disappointed with anything I have seen. I was told that I would find the worst-paved streets in the world. I have found them. I was told that I would see unsightly, old-fashioned telegraph-poles sticking up in the streets. I have seen them. I was told that I would have to pay a small fortune for my cab from the docks to my hotel. I have paid it. I was told that a newspaper reporter would ask me what I thought of America as soon as I landed. I am asked that question by eight gentlemen of the Press; indeed, I was interrogated upon that point by the representative of a leading American paper before I left the shores of England. I was told that I would find the most charming and best-dressed women in the world. That promise is more than realised.



"SANDY."

"I find New York as bright as Paris, as busy as London, as interesting as Rome, and, in fact, I am so delighted and bewildered with everybody and everything that, like the old lady's parrot, I don't say much, but I think a deal; and now my difficulty is to convey those thoughts to the public through the medium of your valuable papers."

Scores of Columbuses arrive at Sandy Hook every week to discover America for themselves, from Charles Columbus Dickens to Rudyard Columbus Kipling, to say nothing of Tom, Dick, Harry Columbus Brown, Jones, Robinson. It is hardly fair to say that they go over with their pockets full of letters of introduction to their American cousins, who receive them with open arms and unlimited hospitality, and then that these Toms, Dicks, and Harrys bring back in exchange notes for columns of ridicule and abuse of their Transatlantic friends. If our Americans *have* a fault, it is a very slight one They are too

sensitive. They seem to forget that they receive and honour some of our countrymen as critics and satirists, but they expect that on leaving their shores their late guests will wash off the critical and satirical sides of their natures just as an actor removes his paint and make-up on leaving the boards.

Americans, both publicly and privately, are incessantly interviewing the stranger: "What do you think of our great country? What do you think of ourselves?" They live in a glass house filled with forced young plants, from out of which house they may throw stones at the stranger, but woe betide the critic who has the temerity to cast one in return. He gets his impressions from the hothouse society snobs reared in the hotels of the cities, the dollar worshipper, the vulgar millionaire, made more obnoxious by the newer European importation, happily a plant not true to the American soil. We strangers too often see but the cut flowers, showy, glaring, to-day; jaded, gone to-morrow. We do not see the cultured orchid or the natural wild flowers of America, for the simple reason we do not look for them in seeing that wonderful country in a hurry.

My first impression of New York was that of a faded back-cloth in a melodrama; but when you get upon the stage, or, in other words, into the streets, you find yourself amid a transformation scene of wonderful activity and brilliancy. Some of the streets, in fact most of them in which business is transacted, resemble strongly the shop scenes in harlequinades, for the Americans have carried advertising so far that their streets of shops, and especially those in New York, are simply museums of grotesque advertisement.

Gigantic hands advertising gloves, huge hats, boots, and animals form a heterogeneous collection of anything but beautiful models, gilded and painted in all the most flaming colours, piled on top of each other on every house from street level to attic, each tradesman vieing with the other in screeching to the public to "Buy! buy!! buy!!!" by means of the curiosities and monstrosities of the advertiser's art.

A few years ago a celebrated Continental authoress came to

London for the first time, in the height of the season, to stay a week in order to get her impressions for a book she was writing, in which the heroine had flown to London for that period of time. She went everywhere and saw everything; just before she left London I asked her what had impressed her most of all she had seen. In reply she said, "The fact that the drivers of public vehicles never cracked their whips!"

If I were asked what impressed me most about New York, I should not say Brooklyn Bridge, or Wall Street, or the Elevated Railway, but the number of chiropodists' advertisements! They confront you at every turn; these huge gilded models of feet outside the chiropodists' establishments, some painted realistically and many adorned with bunions, are destined to meet your eye as you stroll through the streets. Should you look up, you will see them suspended from the first floor window, or painted on canvas on the front of the house. Avoid the shops altogether, and you are bound to knock up against some gentleman in the gutter encased in a long white waterproof, on which is portrayed the inevitable foot and the name and address of the chiropodist.

CHIROPODY.

Now why is this? The Americans have pretty feet and small hands, both men and women. Is it vanity, and do they squeeze their feet into boots too small for them, or are their pedal coverings badly made, or does the secret lie in the rough pavements of their thoroughfares? I am glad to say that I never required the services of a foot doctor, but I know that my feet have ached many and many a time after promenading the New York pathways.

New York ought to be called New Trilby.

I was offered more than once an open cheque which I might fill in to cover all my expenses from the time I left England until I reached the shores of the Old Country again if I would supply a journal with *one page* of impressions of America illustrated. A suggestion of this sort in an English newspaper office would have just about the same effect as a big canister of dynamite! I didn't accept any of these tempting offers. I didn't go to the States on my first visit to paint glaring pictures, or to make up stories, or to marry an American heiress, nor did I go in search of the almighty dollar. I simply went as a tourist in search of health, and with the desire of shaking hands with my many friends on the other side.

"NEW TRILBY."

I was therefore extremely annoyed on my arrival to find the irrepressible lecture agent, Major Pond, had coolly announced that I was going over to him, and he had actually taken rooms for me at the Everett House! Of course I informed the interviewers that I was not going to tour with Pond or to make money in any way. I was merely a bird of passage, a *rara avis*, a visitor without an eye on the almighty dollar.

After I returned to England an irresponsible paragraphist

informed the American public that I went home determined to give it to them hot. This contradiction of mine appeared, and was sent to me by the Major. Note in it I contradict his report that I went over in his interests.

AMIABLE MR. HARRY FURNISS.

The London Punch Cartoonist Denies Certain Unfriendly Reports.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Paragraphs have appeared in some American papers to the effect that I "went home determined to give it to New York and the Americans hot." I can only suppose that this is invented for the purpose of firing off a very feeble joke upon my name at the sacrifice of the truth, for I had a most pleasant time in America, and have brought back with me most agreeable reminiscences, which I intend to publish.

Will you be kind enough to contradict this unfair insinuation, and also the incorrect surmise that I went to the States, [illegible] interest of any paper or person? I simply [illegible] journey in search of health, and not in quest of the almighty dollar.

By the way, before the end of the year I may contribute to London *Punch* a few pages from my well-stocked American sketch book. Faithfully yours, HARRY FURNISS.

GARRICK CLUB, LONDON, July, 1892.

Major Pond is a typical American, hospitable, kind, with an eye for business, but I do not appear in his entertaining book, nor was I ever on his business books either. He sat for me on the shoeblack's street chair outside his office when I made a sketch of him, and he was so obliging I believe he would have stood on his head if I had asked him. He managed to get me to stand in front of the camera, but not in front of an audience.

Some day I shall write a paper entitled "Photographers I Have Met," for few people have faced the fire of the camera oftener than I. I am not a fashionable beauty, nor much of a celebrity, neither am I honestly a vain man—I shrink from the rays of the too truthful lens—but I have been dragged into the line of fire and held there until the deed is done, like an unwilling convict. In nearly every town I have visited have I undergone this operation, and the result is a collection of criminal-looking, contorted countenances of a description seldom seen outside the museum of a police station.

MAJOR POND.

I was therefore determined not to incur this risk in America. Photographers sent their cards, but they saw me not (perhaps if

they had they would have repented of their invitation). However, one day I was secured by stratagem.

I was walking along Union Square with Major Pond, whose martial bearing impressed me as much as his 'cuteness fascinated me. He had that morning heard of my determination not to be photographed, and as he walked along he suddenly stepped into a doorway, his arm in mine, touched a button in a side panel, down rushed an elevator, the door was flung open, and I was flung in. "Sarony," said the Major, and up, up, up we flew.

"The photographer?" I asked hurriedly.

"The artist," the Major replied; "one of the greatest flesh drawers" (nude studies) "we have in this gr—e—a—t country, sir. Here he is, deaf to everything but art, and to everyone but artists."

Who can say photography is not high art when you have to go up seven stories to it?

I now stood before the greatest photographer in the world—and the smallest. I stood—he danced. He talked—I listened.

"Come here," he cried; "you are an artist—you can understand genius—you can appreciate my work."

And he produced from a portfolio a quantity of studies, or, as the Major would call them, "flesh drawings," prettily touched in with the stump and chalk with a *chic* familiar to those who know the facility of the French school. He patted me on the shoulder, kissed his hand to his work, and fell into raptures over the human form divine with an earnestness which showed him to be a true artist. With his sitter in front of him he was even more enthusiastic, placing you into position, and striking attitudes in front of you till you felt inclined to dance "Ta ra ra boom de ay" instead of remaining rigid. I pointed out to him that my hair being of an auburn hue, that on my chin and the remnant on my head came out black.

"Ah, we shall alter that," he said, and he powdered my head. "And now to counteract that—here goes!" and with some soot or charcoal he touched over the scanty parts on my "dome of thought." During this process I noticed that his own luxurious head of hair was not a fixture. He wore a fez, and as he

paused and pirouetted and struck attitudes, he would pull the fez over one eye coquettishly, or over the other one ferociously, and with it went his hair, parting and all. It is no wonder this energetic photographer was so successful with the instantaneous process, or that he so cleverly caught in the lens theatrical dancers and others in motion to perfection. Of the most successful of his photos that I saw was that of a row of comedians dancing together, and although I was not present at the moment the photograph was taken, I have no doubt, from the pleasant smile of their faces and their artistic poses, that all credit was due to the late Sarony.

THE GREAT SARONY.

The Major had his "Bureau" in Everett House. There he arranged for his "stars," and there under false pretences he decoyed me, and there for the first time initiated me into the obnoxious habit of drinking iced water.

Most people are aware that in Nicaragua there dwell a tribe who gradually kill themselves by an extraordinary predilection for eating a certain kind of clay. These people are of the lowest order, and may therefore be pardoned for their foolishness in turning themselves into plaster casts; but why the enlightened Americans choose to convert themselves into walking icebergs through drinking so much iced water is unaccountable to the alien. They certainly do play havoc with their digestions. They eat rapidly and recklessly, and swallow with startling rapidity, for having all the dishes placed before them at once they have no waiting in between the courses to assist digestion, and almost before they have swallowed their food they freeze it with draughts of iced water.

At this hotel in New York there lived for some years an

Italian singer, who was a great favourite in the city, and whose horror of iced water was a terror to all the waiters. They knew that it was as much as their lives were worth, and certainly as much as the glass was worth, to set a drink of this concoction before him. If any new or forgetful waiter offered the obnoxious liquid to the foreigner, it was soon thrown at his head or to the other end of the room. Americans seldom show their feelings, but anything they resent they will harbour in their minds, and never forget.

In due course this singer died. The weather was hot at the time, and the body in the shell was surrounded by ice until the time came to carry it out of the hotel. As it passed through the hall the manager, who had had many and many an upbraiding from the excitable Italian after the latter had been proffered the hateful iced water, rushed out and triumphantly exclaimed :

"'Guess, sir, you've got plenty of ice now, whether you like it or not!'"

I was told that kindness would be showered upon me in America. I lived in a perfect blizzard of hospitality, the force of which was too much for me to stand up against. The poet asks, "What's in a name?" I don't know, I'm sure, but I know what's not in a name, and that's something by which you can identify the owner of it.

You are introduced to a man, his name being given you as Mr. James B. Brown. You could never forget his face as long as you live, but there is nothing in the name of James B. Brown to fix it in your memory. Indians are more practical —they adopt nicknames. Amongst them the gentleman in question would probably be known as "Cherrybeak," "Bleary Eye," or some such descriptive cognomen.

I felt the want of this common-sense system when in America terribly. While there I lived at the highest pressure of hospitality. Breakfasts, luncheons, teas, dinners, suppers, receptions and all sorts of gatherings, sometimes two or three of them in one day. At each of them I was introduced to most interesting people, names perfectly familiar to me but faces unknown. I was bewildered beyond description. I made many friends, and

as a natural consequence I made many blunders. The worst of these latter I really must record, and pray that should this confession meet the eye of my hospitable friend I trust he will forgive me—indeed I know he will, for he is one of the best and cleverest of men.

I was invited to an excellent dinner by a well-known man of letters I had never met before. I accepted the invitation on condition I should be allowed to leave early, as I had engagements two or three deep for that evening. I came away with the best impression of my host and all his friends. I saw their jokes and their faces, and knew I would recollect both, but their names! how to recollect them was the puzzle. That evening I met more distinguished people at the second house I visited, more at the third, and still more at the fourth. I shall never forget their kindness, but I gave up all hopes of trying to recollect hundreds of names, all new to me in one evening. The problem was hopeless. The following morning callers began early, and more invitations poured in. At breakfast one of my new acquaintances called.

JAMES B. BROWN!

"Tell me, Mr. Furniss, have you met our great literary man and renowned humorist, Mr. James B. Brown?"

"Brown, Brown!" I repeated (that was not the name of course, but it will do). "Well, no. I know his name so well, but I don't think I have yet had the pleasure of making his acquaintance."

"Not know James B. Brown? Well, you must straightaway. Now let me reckon. You leave New York at four this afternoon —you must lunch first. Why not with me at the —— Club? I'll get James B. Brown there or I'll swallow Bartholdi's statue!"

I found refusals were of no avail, so I agreed. At one I entered the club, at two minutes past one James B. Brown entered, and we met. He was my first host of the previous evening!

We were formally introduced. I smiled—James B. Brown didn't. James B. Brown pulled himself up to his full height—about double mine—I never felt so small before. I shook his hand (he didn't shake mine) and said:

"This is a great honour and pleasant surprise," and I pulled the dismayed celebrity gently to my side, when getting on tip-toes I telephoned up the string of his eyeglass:

"Keep up the joke, Mr. Brown, keep it up. Fact is, I was so delighted at meeting you last night and so charmed with you that when I was asked if I had met you before I said 'No,' so that I might have the pleasure of meeting you again. Forgive me!"

James B. Brown shook my hand warmly, and telephoned down:

"Sir, this is the greatest compliment I have ever received. Your sin will be forgiven for your sincere flattery of so humble an admirer as myself."

Americans claim to be superior to us in respect of three things —their facility in travelling, their fire system, and their after-dinner speaking. One of these I will not question, and that is the Fire Brigade. It is necessary for America to excel in this respect, for with their huge warehouses and stores overstocked with inflammable goods fire would destroy their cities as Chicago was destroyed, were they not so wonderfully prompt and efficient with their engines and appliances.

When I arrived in the States I only presented two of the very numerous letters of introduction with which I was supplied. One was to the Chief of Police in New York, and the other was to the Captain of the Fire Brigade. The latter I met, when I arrived at the station at which he is located, just coming out in ordinary clothes, for it was his night off; but such is the pride taken by the Fire Brigade in their work that whatever engagement he was going to keep was abandoned, and he was at my service until I had seen everything it was possible to see in connection with the famous Fire Brigade.

As I was speaking to the Captain in the engine-room I noticed a couple of horses standing there. One of them was a grey mare with a most cunning look, and as the Captain was informing me that "she had done continuous work here for some years," she gave me an artful wink of confirmation. Just at that moment the alarm bell suddenly vibrated, and before you could

FIRE!

say Jack Robinson (even if you wanted to), seemingly by magic but in reality by electricity, the halters fell from the horses' heads, and to my surprise, without any one being near them they rushed to their places at either side of the shaft of the engine. There were manholes in the ceiling, through which brass rods were suspended vertically. Down these slid half-dressed men, who seemed to turn a somersault into their clothes during the descent on to the engine, the harness suspended above

the horses dropped on to their backs, and in an instant they were in the street, the engine manned, its fire ablaze, and the horses alive to the stiff job they had before them of reaching the fire in an incredibly short space of time. But hardly had they taken the first leap from one of the boulders over the cavities with which New York streets abound to another, than a whistle from the Captain stopped them. It was a false alarm given for my edification. Before they could get back into the engine-house I was conducted by the Captain into the dormitory, where I concealed myself under a bed. Without a grumble the men came up and literally walked out of their clothes, for boots, pants and everything are all one piece. They opened these carefully and laid them ready by the side of their beds, and in a few minutes were all snoring fast asleep.

The Captain gave a slight tap on the floor as a signal for another false alarm. At the first sound of the bell, with one bound the men were out of bed, in another into their combinations, and in a third they were going head over heels down the holes in the floor, just as mice would disappear down theirs at the sight of a cat, and in a second or two I heard again the rumbling of the engine over the pavement.

We escaped before the men were back again to bed, but hardly had I been shown the completeness of everything, and gone into details which I need not repeat here, and had another wink from the old grey mare, which plainly said, "Ah, I knew those alarms were false," when her two ears went up like a flash as she sprang under her harness once more, the other animal as quickly by her side. The third alarm was a genuine one, and she knew it. The Captain and I, as soon as the alarm was given, rushed in the direction of the fire, but we had not got to the first corner before the old mare and her companion flew past, and I just had time to notice that the men were completing their toilet as they were hurled by. Quickly followed the officer of the night in his one-horse trap, and by the time we got to the fire, which was only round a block of buildings, an exhibition of fire engines and appliances was collected there which beggars description. The water tower, a huge affair seventy or eighty

feet high, built up like a crane, which shoots water on to the top of the burning building; so also are the hook and ladder brigade, the men with the jumping net—in fact, everything is at hand. This is accounted for by the fact that a policeman at any corner, when giving the alarm of a fire, touches an electric button or turns a handle, which gives the signal at every fire

THE ALARM.

station, unloosing the horses and putting everything into motion at once.

The one weak point in the whole system is that the alarms are not isolated, which means that every signal of fire in the big city of New York disturbs every man and horse at every station, some of them nine miles away from the scene of the conflagration, for so anxious are the men to be up to time that they are often in the street, harnessed, equipped and ready, before the

second signal comes to acquaint them with the locality and extent of the fire. At least that was then the system.

When I returned to England I stopped once as I was passing a fire station and told the men of the wonders I had seen in America. A very athletic, sailor-looking fireman, who had listened attentively to all I had to say, chimed in with "Yes, sir, what you've said is quite true, for I've been in America myself, and seen them at work; but though they may possibly get to the fire a few seconds quicker than we, when we *do* get there we put it out. That's more than they do generally."

"Well, perhaps so," I rejoined; "but then you haven't the wonderful electric apparatus for dropping the harness on to the horses' backs!"

"No," said he, "we go a step further than that; the harness is on the horses' backs beforehand!"

This youth's visit to America had evidently had a sharpening effect upon him, for he was a bit too wideawake for me.

Being on a trip for rest and health, I found the gaiety of New York too much for me, so having whispered to my friends that I was going to study culture and eat bacon and beans in Boston, I quietly slipped off to study Congress and to feast my eyes on the beautiful city of Washington.

Not being clean-shaven I could not wear a false beard, so I took a false name. "Mr. Harry Furniss of London *Punch*" went in the spirit to Boston (for had I stayed much longer in New York my used-up body would have been returned in spirits to England); "Mr. French of Nowhere" went in the flesh to Washington.

On arriving at my hotel I signed "Mr. French of Nowhere." Reporters who scan the hotel list did not think "Mr. French of Nowhere" a subject worthy of dissection, so for a few days I thought I should enjoy perfect peace with profit. A "stocky little Englishman" taking notes *en passant* with an amateurish fervency was probably what most people would think who cared to think at all of the stranger in their midst.

But it so happened that in going down by train from New York I sat opposite to a very delightful American gentleman,

and we chatted away in the most friendly fashion. We parted on arriving at the city. Next day I happened to "strike" him in the street.

"I've been on the look-out for you everywhere, Mr. French" (I had given him my assumed name in the train). "I am very anxious to show you all over this beautiful city, and my brother the Judge is also anxious that you should dine at his house."

I thanked him most cordially, and accepted his kind offer, saying that I should be ready for him at my hotel at 9 o'clock the next morning. We parted, but my conscience pricked me for giving him a false name, so I hurried back after him and explained to him the whole circumstance. It was flattering to me to see that he took a greater interest than ever in being my guide. The next morning Mr. French (to all but my new acquaintance) was in the hall of the "Arlington" at the appointed time. I waited and waited, but my guide did not put in an appearance. Presently a strange gentleman came up to me, and boldly addressed me by my proper name. I saw at once I was in the clutches of an interviewer, so I point-blank contradicted him, and asserted that my name was French.

"That won't do for me," he said.

"Then you won't do for me," I said, and turned upon my heel.

However, I rather liked the look of the man, and didn't like to disappoint him altogether, being a journalist myself.

"I am waiting for a gentleman," I said. "I expect him every minute, and then I must be off."

"You may wait, but I guess that gentleman won't arrive," said the journalist, "and I want a column out of you for our evening paper."

A frightful thought flashed across my mind.

"Have I been sold?"

I had, and I thought more of the gentleman of the Press (all the Pressmen were very kind to me in Washington, and, indeed, all over America) than I did of my newly-made erratic acquaintance.

When I paid my second and professional visit to Washington

years afterwards, of course it was a different matter. My representative had for business reasons to invite the Press to "boom" me. I was rated a good subject for interviewers, being only too pleased to do my best for our mutual benefit. One day a representative of the important Washington family paper called. We lunched and chatted, and subsequently over a cigar he informed me that he knew nothing about art or artists or politics, nor had he any object in common with me—in fact, he was the sporting editor. The interview appeared—two long columns on prize fighting! I was the innocent "peg" upon which the sporting writer hung his own ideas. He discussed "a rendezvous in the Rockies," remote from the centre of civilisation, as surely an appropriate locale for a train-scuttling speciality or a fight to a death finish between Roaring Gore and Wild Whiskers. A pair of athletes, scienced to the tips of their vibrating digits, compelled to appeal to the courtesy of a wild and well-whiskered Legislature, would doubtless appear inconsistent to gentlemen of the National Sporting Club of London, who were anxious to have the big fight settled within earshot of Bow Bells, in the luxurious rooms of the London National Sporting Club. One combatant, I declared, "swallowed the gruel rammed at him as if it were mother's milk," the lads "had enough blood on tap to run a sizeable slaughterhouse"; then a British fighter "swallowing a lobster salad on top of a whiskey sour, with a dose of prussic acid by way of dessert"; and references to my knowledge of the "Freds," "Toms," or "Dicks" of the Sporting Press of London, and to my familiarity with "Charlies," "Fitzs," and "Jims" of the "Magic Circle," were astounding.

My manager rushed into my rooms with the paper in question. "This will ruin your prospects here! We depend on the women folk; they will never come to hear you after reading this!" And so it was. In spite of other interviewers at Washington writing of me as "an English good fellow, rich and juicy, and genial in flavour, like other hot stuffs of that remarkable country"; and another,

"Harry Furniss' eclipse of the gayety of John Bull, with facile pencil and brilliant tongue, attracted a cultured assemblage to the Columbia Theater. Furniss, a plump lump of a man, all curves from pumps to poll,

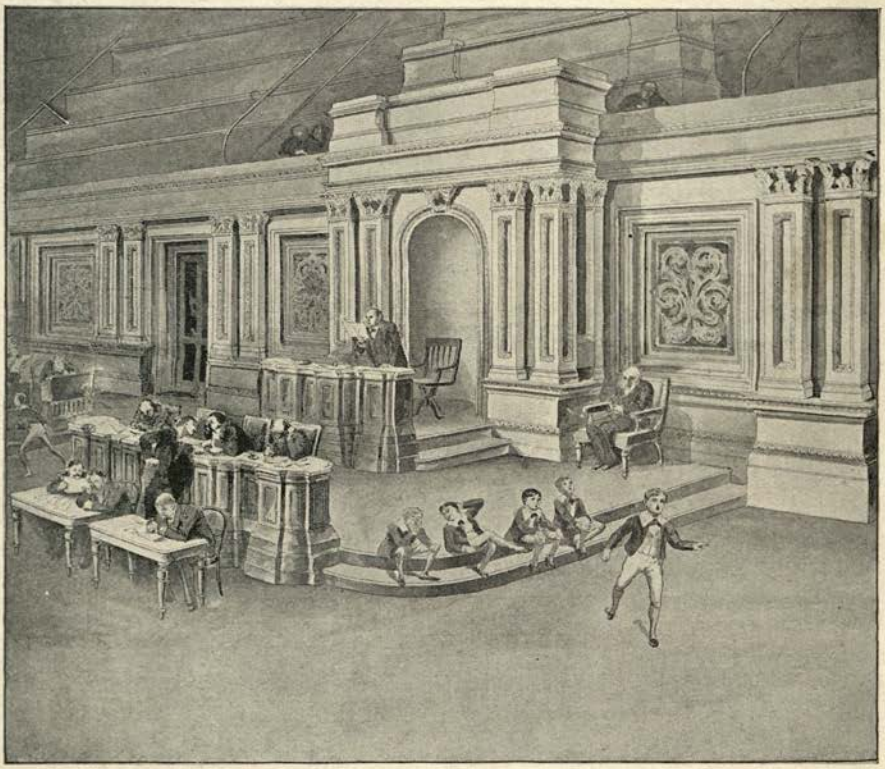
in gesture and in the breezy flourish of his sentences, genially cynical like Voltaire, cuts an engaging figure in his black coat that he wears with the inborn grace of a well-dined Londoner, a bon vivant, whose worldly shaft tickles and never bites, for he is a gentleman whose wit wins and never wounds. Furniss is Thackeray in the satirist's mellow moments, and there is no little of the Thackerian spirit radiating in the pictures of this rotund and quaint little caricaturist."

I did very bad business in Washington, largely due to bad management. Five o'clock teas had become the rage of Washington Society, and my appearances in the theatre were between 4.15 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Alluding to this a critic wrote in the *Morning Times*: "It may help Mr. Furniss to forgive the small audiences here in Washington if he is informed that during this season none of his English friends have made a very glittering success; nearly all of them have lost money or made very little. We seem to be somewhat down on Englishmen this year."

As Washington is the capital of America, so the Capitol, where Congress meets, is the cap of the capital, the dome, of course, being the Capitol's cap, and a capital cap it is, covering the collective councillors of the country. The Capitol itself looks like a huge white eagle protecting the interests of the States. Audubon's Bird of Washington is the name of the eagle well-known to naturalists, but this *rara avis* is the *Falcho Washingtoniensis*. At its heart is seated the Supreme Court, keeping an eagle eye on the laws of the land; under its right wing is the Senate (equivalent to the English House of Lords); and the left shelters the House of Representatives (corresponding to our House of Commons). At first this bird of buildings had no wings, and the three representative assemblies sat in the Central Edifice; afterwards the wings were added, and now the Capitol is fly enough for anything. It soars high above the city, and from its summit a capital birdseye view is naturally obtained.

The Senate in the American Congress answers to the House of Lords in the British Parliament. The "sporting editor" would doubtless say that each in its respective country is the

right hand of the Government, and when there happens to be a genuine stand-up fight, as foreseen with Spain, an international contest, although the "left," in prize ring phraseology (the House of Representatives in America and the House of Commons in England), does all the preliminary work,



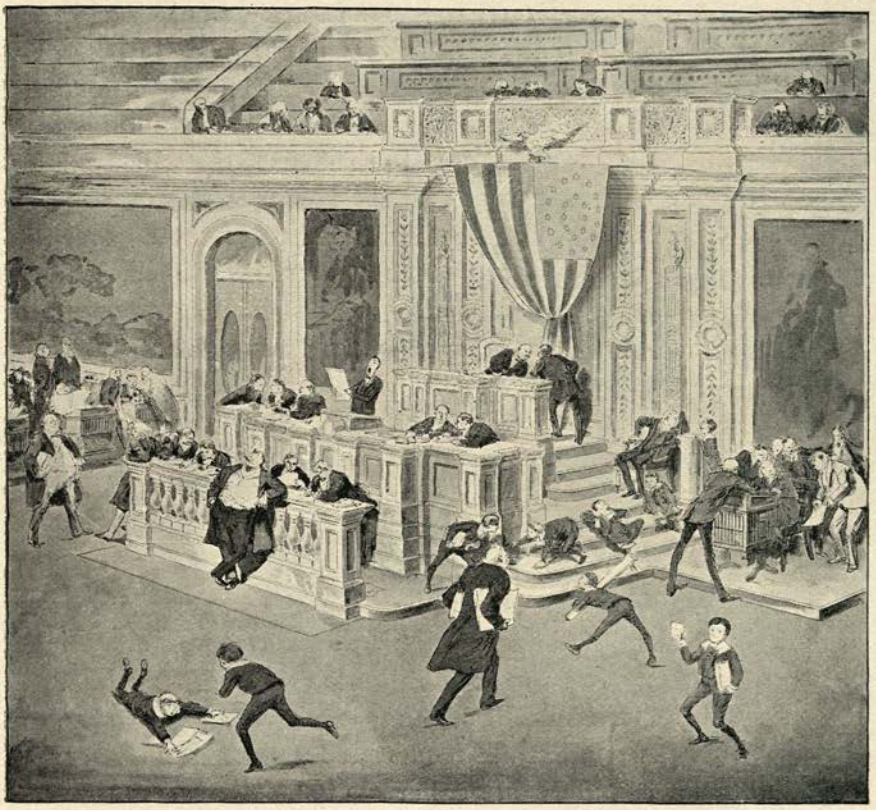
THE THRONE IN THE SENATE.

it is reserved for the right, when the critical moment arrives, to administer the knock-out blow.

In both the Old Country and the New these superior senators are politically alike. Representatively they are as different as iced water is to old port.

The seating of the senators in these two assemblages is typical of the countries they represent. In the British House of Lords the Peers loll about on scarlet sofas; in America the chosen ones

sit at desks. The British Peer has forsaken one lounge to occupy another; the American has left the office desk for the desk in office. In Britain the House of Lords is composed of Princes and Peers, with an admixture of bishops, brewers, and other political party pullers; it is also an asylum for stranded



THE THRONE, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

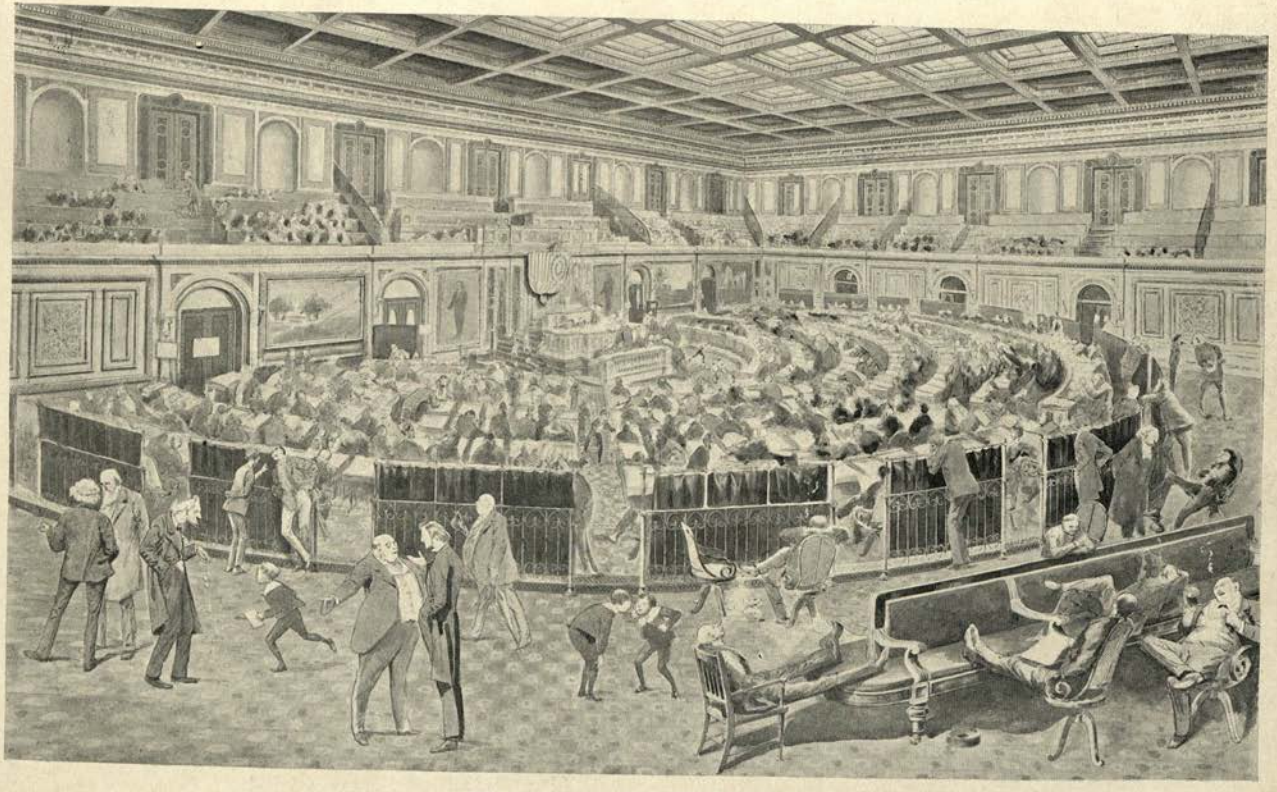
political wrecks from the Lower House. Soldiers and sailors, too, are honoured and are sent there, not as politicians, but merely to exist for the time being in a sort of respectable retreat, before being translated to the crypt of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. John Bull has made this hereditary hotch-potch, and he must swallow it. Jonathan selects his senators to his own taste, and has them dished up fresh from time to time.

The Senate is not sombre and sedate as is our Upper House, but simplicity itself—no gilded throne, no Lord Chancellor in wig and gown, no offensive officialism. It looks like a huge auction room, the auctioneer being the deputy President standing at a table hammer in hand knocking down the separate business of State lot by lot as put up by the clerks.

The House of Representatives, like the Senate, reminds one very much of an auction room. It is a splendid hall, but its size prevents Members from being heard very distinctly, particularly as they talk away amongst themselves, except when anything particularly interesting is going on. In the Senate the table, and the clerks' table, are of dark wood; in the House of Representatives they are of white marble. The American flag hanging over the balcony gives it a semi-theatrical look, and the white marble table resembles an American bar, making one feel inclined to go up to it and order a brandy-smash, a gin-sling, or a corpse-reviver.

he House has not met as I enter. The page-boys are playing at leapfrog, and some early Members are disposing of their correspondence, and instead of reproving the boys cast glances at them that seem to signify they would like to join in the game themselves. Presently a Member comes in backwards through one of the doorways, calling out to something that is following him. I lean over to see if he has brought his favourite dog or domestic cat, when a little infant in modernised Dutch costume comes in waddling laughingly after her parent. Another Member turns round on his swivel chair as his page-boy runs up to him, shakes him heartily by the hand, tosses him on his foot and gives him a "ride-a-cock-horse." Oh, you English sticklers for etiquette! What would you say if Mr. Labouchere came in on all fours with his little child pulling his coat-tails and whacking him with a stick, or if Sir William Harcourt played at leapfrog with Lulu round the Speaker's chair?

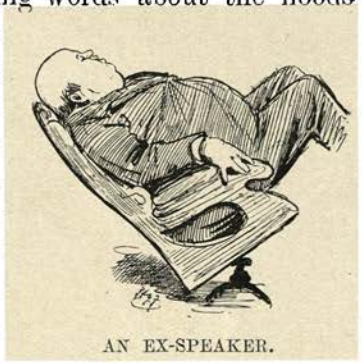
My drawing will show you better what the House of Representatives is like than any written description I can give. Each



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Member has his own desk, with his Parliamentary papers all around him. He is not bothered, as Members are in England, by having his papers sent to his private house, or having to call for them at the office when he arrives, or actually having to fight for a seat. Americans pay their Representatives, and consider that they too have a right to be accommodated with a seat whenever they want one to see them, and to know who they are; so you have in front of you a diagram of the sitting arrangements of the House, with the names of the Members.

At 12 o'clock the procession enters. An official carries a little wand with the eagle on top, and after the Chaplain (during my first visit I saw the "Blind Chaplain," the Rev. W. H. Milburn) has delivered a few touching words about the floods in Minnesota, the reading of the "reakard" begins. The House buzzes with conversation and displays the utmost indifference while the minutes of the last meeting are read with extraordinary rapidity by a clerk with a grating voice. Every now and then a Member corrects a misprint in the "reakard" of what he has said, and then leave of absence is given to applicants for it, who have to state their reasons. The Chairmen of the various Committees then report to the House, Chairmen of Committees taking in turn to sit in the Speaker's Chair and preside over the House, whilst anyone can examine them.



AN EX-SPEAKER.

Instead of calling out a Member by his name—Mr. Bacon or Mr. Beans — the Speaker calls upon "the gentleman from Illinois," or "the gentleman from Michigan." But if any question arises to which some Member has an objection filibustering is rampant. The Speaker rises and asks if there is any objection to the consideration of the Bill. After a pause he says, "The Chair hears none," and is about ordering the Bill to be engrossed when some Member objects and a division is taken, the Members standing up to be counted. Groups of them,

however, do not pay a bit of attention, and sit about on their desks smoking cigars and telling stories, and when the numbers are given some of these will get up and complain that their names are not included, as they did not hear, or went out to speak to a friend, or some trivial excuse like that, so they are counted again. One in particular I noticed and made a sketch of peeling and eating an apple, and he strolled up afterwards and demanded to have his name inserted. More delay; then "the gentleman from Somewhere-else" informs the Speaker that there is not a quorum. "The gentleman from Bedlam" demands a division taken by tellers, and the Speaker agrees, and is just appointing the tellers, when "the gentleman from Obstructianna" calls for "Yeas and Nays," which means, gentle reader, that the whole of the House of Representatives have to be called out by name, from Alpha to Omega. Those not wishing to vote smoke or eat apples. Then some Member comes in and informs the Speaker that he didn't hear his name when it was called.

In case the reader may think I am exaggerating I append the following cutting from the "Congressional Record," vol. xxiii., No. 93.:

"Mr. O'NEILL of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I am paired, but I have voted in order to make a quorum.

The SPEAKER. There is no quorum.

Mr. HENDERSON of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, when my name was called the first time I did not hear it, and the second time I was examining some papers and my name was passed before I could answer.

The SPEAKER. Did the gentleman fail to hear his name?

Mr. HENDERSON of Iowa. I heard it called, but did not answer in time.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman understands the rule. If the gentleman states that he was in the Hall of the House and failed to hear his name, his vote will be recorded.

Mr. HENDERSON of Iowa. I was.

The vote of Mr. HENDERSON of Iowa was recorded.

Mr. PATTERSON of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, I desire to vote.

The SPEAKER. Was the gentleman in the Hall, and did he fail to hear his name called?

Mr. PATTERSON of Tennessee. Yes, sir.

The vote of Mr. PATTERSON of Tennessee was recorded.

Mr. DOLLIVER. Mr. Speaker, although paired I have voted to make a quorum.

Mr. McKEIGHAN. Mr. Speaker, I was in the Hall and heard my name, but did not vote because I did not understand the measure. If it is in order I desire now to vote.

The SPEAKER. The Chair can not entertain the gentleman's request under the rule.

Mr. HUFF. Mr. Speaker, I voted to make a quorum. I am paired with Mr KRIBBS.

The SPEAKER. On this vote the yeas are 136 and the nays 3. No quorum has voted.

Mr. O'NEILL of Pennsylvania. I withdraw my vote.

Mr. HOLMAN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that another vote be taken, which I have no doubt will show the presence of a quorum.

Mr. BURROWS. Mr. Speaker, can not that request be modified so as to provide for taking the vote on the passage of the Bill instead of on the engrossment and third reading? I ask unanimous consent that the vote may be taken on the passage of the Bill.

Mr. CHIPMAN rose.

The SPEAKER. The Chair will state that the roll call having disclosed the absence of a quorum, no business is in order but a call of the House or a motion to adjourn.

Mr. HOLMAN. Then, Mr. Speaker, I move a call of the House.

A call of the House was ordered."

Then that grating voice calls out the list from A to Z, the pairs are called, more explanations given, then there is more filibustering (I think that is the correct word) on the part of the obstructionists, and for the third time the same farce is enacted. Then the division takes place, when the Members leave their seats and are counted as they enter. No, the division takes place before the last count, for after the names are called again and there are more explanations, when the Speaker "recognises the gentleman's right," or does not as the case may be. I know three hours of this was enough to show me that, although the Americans may boast of being our superiors in many ways, such a farce as I have described could never take place in the British Parliament. Why on earth don't they take a division as we do, when the Members leave their seats and the Ayes and Noes are locked in separate Lobbies, and as they re-enter their votes are recorded and they are counted by the tellers, and the question

at issue is settled finally without doubt? I must say that for a practical people the Parliamentary procedure seemed to me the most unpractical ceremony I had ever witnessed. Yet they are practical in some Parliamentary matters. For instance, there is a Committee of Rules, presided over by the Speaker, which meets to decide what time the House shall devote to each question, say two hours—one for the Democrats and one for the Republicans. Each speaker in the debate is allowed five minutes, and when this is up the Speaker reminds him of the fact by rapping the table with his hammer.

AN EX-MINISTER.

Again, it is very convenient that a Member can have speeches that he has never delivered printed on the Parliamentary record. In England a country Member is about to make a speech, and being anxious to let his constituents have it in full he gives it to the representatives of his local paper, and it is in the press before he delivers it. Something may happen to prevent the delivery of the speech, and Hansard has not a line of it. A curious thing happened in the "Congressional Record" a year or two ago. The same speech was published as having been uttered by two very different Members. This occurred through a New York orator handing his speech (a eulogium on a deceased Member) to a friend to correct. This friend had an eye to business, and he picked out another Member who yearned to be thought an orator but who was not blessed with forensic power and had never made a speech in his life, and sold him the speech for forty dollars. He walked into the House swelling in anticipation of his coming effort, but his chagrin was great when he discovered precisely the same speech in the "Record." How is this for an instance of American journalistic smartness?

After the exhibition of filibustering I described the House adjourned, having done absolutely nothing but convince the

stranger in the gallery that payment of Members leads to a waste of time, which is not played ducks and drakes with by the Members of our House.

An evening sitting is, of course, livelier, though at the outset there are more strangers in the gallery than Members on the floor. It is amusing to note how the ladies crowd the seats, and how the Congressman lolls on the sofa in the outer circle of the chamber, or turns round in his chair at his desk, crossing his legs on the desk in front of him, puffs his cigar, and, heedless of the fate of the nation, turns round and fascinates the fair ones in the gallery. It is amusing also to see a Member leave his seat during his speech and walk all over the floor, snapping his fingers and pummelling any desk handy. The official reporter follows him about, book in hand, wherever the Member's eloquence leads him, and his friends crowd around him when he stands or walks and vigorously applaud him; so do the audience in the gallery when his eloquence ceases, while his friends rush to shake his hand. He then walks round and receives congratulations, like a man passing round the hat. The clapping of the desk lids is very effective as a means of approval or otherwise; but if the orator goes too far and a scene is the result, the noise is too much even for the American House of Representatives, and the Serjeant-at-Arms has to take the spread-eagle on a toasting fork and walk up to the windy Member. I have made a sketch of a Member who made an aggressive speech, and on being replied to by another Member, walked up to the Speaker, leant on his desk, and puffed his cigar right under his nose. All this to one accustomed to the English House of Commons is beyond comprehension, and the only parallel I can think of is the trial scene in "The Bells," when Mathias walks about the court and snaps his fingers at the judges and then acts the perpetration of the deed for which he is called upon to answer.

During my stay I heard a very funny specimen of rant from a gentleman of the name of Turner, who was suffering from an attack of Anglophobia. He would delight the Mortons and Conybeares whom we have to tolerate, and his pronunciation of the Old Country's language was even worse than the

sentiments he expressed. He spoke of the "extremest spirit" of "official day*tee*," whatever that may mean; the next screech brought out "*do*mestic *hoo*rizon," and he pathetically alluded to his constituents as the people who lived in the "boomed city, who do not get an elegant *re*ward for their la*bor*."

I was also amused by another gentleman in a discussion about some Bills. He jumped up, and rushing over to where his opponents sat, he shouted at them, "*Talk! You?*—you—you—you—you—you—you—you—you?" (and with dreadful emphasis) "I've reported your little Bills!"

ANGLOPHOBIA.

Then there were cries of "Go ahead! Vote! vote! vote! vote!" and to crown the gentleman's vehemence he cried out repeatedly, "I demand a division!" (Chorus): "Pull him down!"

"I demand a division!"
"Pull him down!"

"I demand a division!"
"Pull him down!"

And he refused to leave off until the eagle-topped toasting fork was brought into play once more.

A veritable pandemonium is this Parliament! Fascinating to me, who have spent so much time in studying every detail of our own Parliament, which I have not the slightest doubt would prove just as strange and funny to the American visitor, if like me he sees the ridiculous side of everything, even of such an august assemblage as that of the legislators of a nation.

Privacy is unknown in America. Everyone there, from the President in the White House to your Chinese washerman in

his laundry, is accessible to all. I have visited both with less difficulty than I would experience in approaching Brown, Jones or Robinson in this country. Here the business man's time is his own, and you must not rob him of a minute any more than of his cheque-book. In America a business man's time belongs to anyone who may require it. You walk in to see him at will, and if Jonathan can earn a dollar whilst in his bath by talking to you through the keyhole he will do it, and he is just as open in giving his time to show you any gracious action. The busiest man in America, the President, surrounded by affairs of State, leaves them and shakes my hand in welcome to his country. I say shakes my hand, for although I apologise for my intrusion (which, by the way, was quite unnecessary) and pay him some pleasant compliments, President Harrison replies only by shaking my hand. I wax eloquent over the magnificence of the great country over which he presides; I touch upon the coming election, and even give him some information of value which I happen to have overheard by accident. I lead him to believe that I am entrusted with secrets

THE PRESIDENT—IDEAL.

THE PRESIDENT—REAL.

by the English Cabinet about the Behring Straits and other vexed questions, and I openly tell him what I believe to be the dark designs of England upon a free country; in fact, I don't know what I don't tell him, and now that he is no more I see no just cause or impediment why I should not now make public his reply. It is all on the next page.

As all English people could not get to Niagara, Niagara was brought to them in the shape of an excellent diorama, which proved a great success in London a few years ago. The atmospheric effect in all dioramas is procured by making the visitor first pass through dark passages, fall up unlighted stairs, and tumble about in the tortuous corridors in the blackness; then, brought suddenly face to face with the picture well lit up, the eye is affected by the glare of light, which would not be the case if the spectator walked straight into the diorama from the street. Now, curiously enough, you approach the real Niagara in much the same way—that is, if, as I did, you go from Buffalo, and as was my lot, in the most depressing weather.

I had to wait for the train to start at Buffalo in a *Deepo* which eclipsed anything I have seen for gloom. The shoeblack's platform, of more than ordinary proportions, occupied a good fifth of the waiting-room. Its dusky proprietor was in possession of the throne, and was discussing politics with a brother brush whose massive feet were resting on the structure, an advertisement for the operating shoeblack, implying that both the quality and quantity of his shine were superior.

A BUFFALO GIRL.

The train was also very gloomy. My vis-à-vis was an old Buffalo girl who must have remembered coming out to "dance

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S REPLY.

by the light of the moon" a couple of generations ago, when that melody was popular.

MR. PUNCH AT NIAGARA.

The exit from the town is made through a hideous quarter—wooden houses and huts, depressing dirty streets, and the sides of the railway covered with the refuse of a generation. Then some miles of open country, with a building here and there which might possibly have added a little picturesqueness to the dismal scene had not those despoilers of all picturesqueness, the advertisers—and, above all, the advertisers of pills—made an eyesore wherever the same was possible. Then through a mile or two of apple orchards and more country with huts advertising pills — probably the apples in those orchards are most particularly sour. The rain came down fast, the train went on slowly; at every station damp people with wet umbrellas came in and made me shudder. Altogether the prospect of my getting a favourable impression of Niagara was a black one. But it so happens the effect was quite the reverse—it was precisely the same as passing through the gloomy passages leading to the diorama.

HEBE.

As I walked to an hotel to have some lunch before seeing the Falls, I was startled to see in wood

(everything is either water or wood at Niagara) my old friend Mr. Punch standing outside a cigar shop, smiling as usual; so after I had taken one of his cigars and lighted it, we had a chat about Fleet Street and all his friends there.

MY DRIVER.

"Guess, stranger, I'm here to draw the Britishers. 'Amurrcans' don't understand me. They try to draw me, but they might just as well try to draw one of these wooden cigars in my hand. Their sarcasm runs off me like this rain, and I keep on smiling. They laugh at the Britishers journeying thousands of miles to see this place, just as the English smile at the Americans pilgrimaging to Stratford-on-Avon. Why, it's real cheap to find natives round here who've lived all their lives within earshot of the Falls and never seen them yet!"

We compared notes—American and English—and parted.

At the hotel to which I repaired for the purpose of refreshing the inner man I was waited upon by a Hebe for the first, last and only time while I was in the States. Quick, quiet and clean—what a relief after the coloured gentleman!

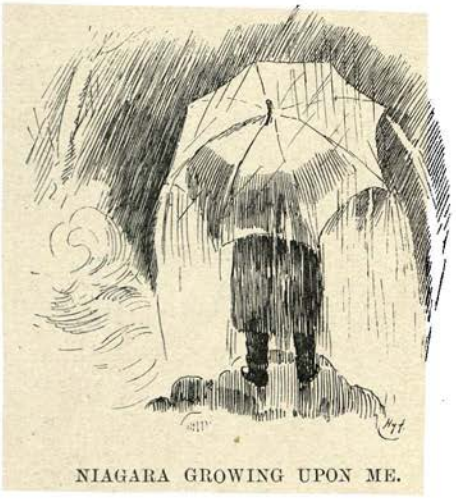
FRA' HUDDERSFIELD.

Hiring a covered conveyance with two horses and a very intelligent driver, shaped something like his own whip, who was to act as my guide as well as my Jehu, I was driven through the town of wooden houses to an office where I bought tickets to pass me to the various places of interest. The purveyor of this pasteboard looked like a French peasant, spoke with an American accent, and came from the town of Huddersfield in England.

I had no doubt the driver had graduated in his work from the perch of a London hansom, and that probably the horses had

been trained at Newmarket. Everything is so very "English, you know," at Niagara, from the wooden Punch to the paste-board man.

I was informed by everyone that Niagara would grow upon me. I was rather alarmed to find it growing upon me the moment I arrived, for it was raining in torrents and I had juvenile Niagaras all round my umbrella. I should rather say you grow upon Niagara—at least, for my own part, I felt that if I were left there long enough I should do so. It was the most fascinating sight I ever saw, and I felt as I stood motionless and riveted to the spot I had had enough water to last me for the remaining term of my existence.



NIAGARA GROWING UPON ME.

Everyone, even the clerk of the weather, had arranged that my visit to America should be pleasant. Niagara, to be seen at its best, must be viewed on a pouring wet day. I know few of my readers will accept this assertion as a serious fact, but it's true. It is just as true as the fact that the way to obtain the full flavour of strawberries is to put pepper on them, and that the sole method of fully relishing ham is to use a dash of champagne as a sauce. There are people who even in this enlightened age vegetate upon the face of the earth and know not these things, and a very great many more who do not know that they ought to select a soakingly wet day to appreciate the Falls of Niagara at their highest value.

It is not for the extra bucketful or so of water that you may behold, for that is imperceptible, but for the water you *don't* see. A fine day is a mistake, and the finer the day the greater the mistake, for the reason that distances appear nearer, and the scene as a picture appears contracted in consequence. But when the rain falls in torrents at your feet, and then gradually

disappears in mist, it gives to the Falls a certain mystery and suggestion of vastness that cannot possibly be experienced by the spectator except upon a thoroughly wet, misty day.

Therefore I congratulated myself that I saw Niagara on my first visit at its wettest and best. Had I waited till the next day I could have gone to exactly the same points at Niagara and seen the same pictures, in water and colour of course, totally different in effect. You ought to allow at least three days instead of three hours to inspect Niagara. The first day ought to be wet, then one fine

I ADMIRE THE GREAT HORSESHOE FALL.

morning you should see it early and drive round it in the beautiful afternoon, and stroll there alone or otherwise by moonlight.

There I stood under my umbrella, with the rain coming down in sheets and the spray and mist rising up, feeling that I must do one or both of two things—write poetry or commit suicide. I had just got to—

> "Oh, dashing, splashing King of Water,
> Is that mist thy lovely daughter?
> Tell me, through thy roar and thunder,
> Canst thou——"

when the crack of a whip brought me to my senses. It was produced by my faithful driver, who had come in search of me. I was saved.

He explained to me the wonders of the Great Horseshoe Fall (who more able to do this than a driver?), and wound up by saying:

"Guess we'll harness Niagara yet—we've got the traces nearly on now."

We had reached the carriage and pair when this meditative

JONATHAN HARNESSING NIAGARA.

remark escaped him. Thinking he was referring to some other gee-gee of his, possibly one called appropriately after the Falls, and which was being broken in, I said that I thought the present pair went very well in harness together and had a lot of work in them yet.

"Why, certn'ly," was all he said as he shut the carriage door, but he gave me a puzzled, anxious look, and I saw that he caught sight of my poetry. I evidently had not understood his

remark, nor had he comprehended mine. At the next stopping place, about a mile above the Falls, he explained that "there was seven million horse-power running wild." It is to be "harnessed" at a cost of about 5,200,000 dollars, and horse-power of upwards of 260,000 will be collared. Yes, Jonathan, mounted upon his thirsty steed Dollars, is about to lasso picturesque Niagara. I saw through the mist the destroyers at work; mills with their hideous chimneys and dirty smoke, and attendant railways puffing commerce will be seen when the landscape is clear. Jonathan cares not; as a writer on this act of ultra-vandalism declares:

"Nothing is sacred to the practical man of the present age, especially when he happens to dwell on the other side of the Atlantic. There he uses the wonders of Nature as advertising boards for puffing quack medicines or patent stoves, and the picturesque and the grandiose are only appreciated by him in proportion to their utilitarian value."

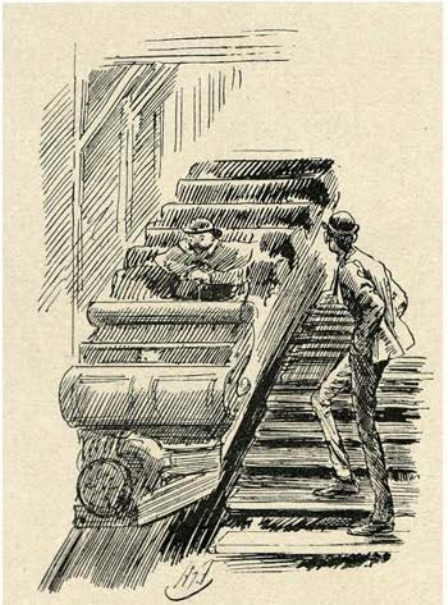
"THE THREE SISTERS."

Of course I paid my respects to the sisters of Niagara, or rather, to the islands of that name. To do so I had to leave the carriage and walk to the islands over little bridges, and again that feeling of fascination overcame me, and looking round to see that the driver was not following me a second time, I stealthily pulled out my verse and abandoned myself to my poetical inspirations. I had my eyes fixed upon three rocks in front of me, round which the waters, in all sorts of forms and colours, were dashing. "The Three Sisters," I repeated to myself. "Three sisters—some idea to work in here. Let me see, the daughter is the mist—the three sisters—why, there they are!" Oh, why was I born a caricaturist? All poetry had vanished; Niagara's fascination was dispelled!

When next you visit Niagara stand on the last of the three

sisters and find the three portraits in the rocks. It is a puzzle picture; a *fac-simile* of which I here present you with.

I was next driven to the Inclined Railway, to descend which would enable me to see the Falls from below. Arrived there, I found an old lady cross-examining the attendant anent the safety of the railway, which, truth to tell, is somewhat appalling to look at, the incline being at an angle of thirty-one degrees. The motive-power is water, and what the old lady wanted to know was whether the water would hold out long enough to bring her back again.



INCLINED RAILWAY, NIAGARA.

"Niagara dry up in five minutes? Wal, old gal, that's clever! Guess this railway's bin workin' every day you have—forty-five years now."

The questioner, who had witnessed, at the least computation, sixty summers come and go, promptly vanished at this soft impeachment, and I descended alone.

Wonderful, magnificent as Niagara indubitably is, that sense which enables me to drink in and appreciate to the full Nature's works of sublime grandeur and vastness was ruined for the day. My eyes had beheld the "Three Sisters" in the rocks; after that they discovered faces in everything. They fell upon this mountain of ice and beheld spray that had frozen into a grinning mask. Cautiously I picked my way along the treacherous surface in the direction of its ear to see the spray rising up from the other side, when suddenly my feet slipped on the ice and I had had a fall as well as seen one.

In all probability this *contretemps* would have been avoided had I not been followed by one of those pests, a guide, the sight of whom caused me to make undue hurry over the frozen

surface. Harpies of this ilk are the bane of sight-seeing all the world over.

My next performance was to drive through the town of wood for the purpose of striking the water at another point; this accomplishment being attended with the risk of being run over by passing trains, which run vindictively as well as promiscuously over the unprotected thoroughfares.

Having run this gauntlet successfully, I passed through a house which is a store containing photographs and mementoes of the place and a couple of persevering, persuasive maidens, whose efforts to make life a burden to you until you buy some of the rubbish are usually rewarded with unqualified success. After fighting my way through this edifice I was taken in hand by a juvenile guide, who discoursed in the orthodox fashion of his kind about the Whirlpool Rapid, pointed out where plucky, foolish Captain Webb met his death, crushed by the force of water, and, lower down, the spot where his body was found. Then my young chaperon unburdened himself of a string of horrors concerning men in barrels, insane women who from time to time have thrown themselves in, the little steamer whose occupants shot the rapids for a wager and nearly paid for their temerity with their lives, and many more similarly pleasant reminiscences were conjured up through Niagara's haze on this drizzly afternoon.

WHERE CAPTAIN WEBB WAS KILLED.

Subsequently I had to make use of another "elevator," which, judging by the velocity of the ascent and descent, is probably worked by a detachment of specially-trained tortoises. Down by the rapids I made the pleasing discovery that after all I had some sense of the sublime left, for I was roused to further anticipated flights of enthusiasm by the magnificent spectacle of the vast volumes of water foaming, rushing, eddying, swirling

along on their onward course with rush impetuous and irresistible as the whirlwind, and I felt for my pocket-book to complete my ode to mighty Niagara.

I had not noticed until that moment two commercial-looking individuals, obviously British, seated close by and gazing biliously upon the marvellous rapids; but I heard one remark to the other:

"'Enery, that's where Webb 'it 'is 'ed, hain't it?"

I disappeared rapidly in the direction of the "helevator," and fled the disenchanted scene.

TOURISTS.

Blondin vulgarised Niagara; Jonathan is going to turn it into a colossal mill-sewer. So make hay while the sun shines, or rather when the rain falls, and see it soon.

To us in England who are in the habit of rushing to a station to demand a ticket for a journey across England, or to the North of Scotland, or to the West of Ireland, and expect as a matter of course to find the necessary accommodation, it seems strange that the Americans are so "previous" in their arrangements. The sale of tickets, which is here conducted with ease and despatch at the various termini, or, if you desire to be "previous," at the depôts of the companies in the centre of the town, is in the States made a means of causing "corners" in speculation. There are, I am informed, actually brokers who buy up the tickets for the express mail trains, and whose prices rise and fall like the stocks on 'Change.

For instance, in Chicago there is a whole street of these brokers. I wanted to go to Buffalo. I got a prominent citizen to escort me to the railway, and I felt some honour had been conferred upon me when I paid the full fare and had a corner seat in the Pullman allotted to me. When I arrived at the station I

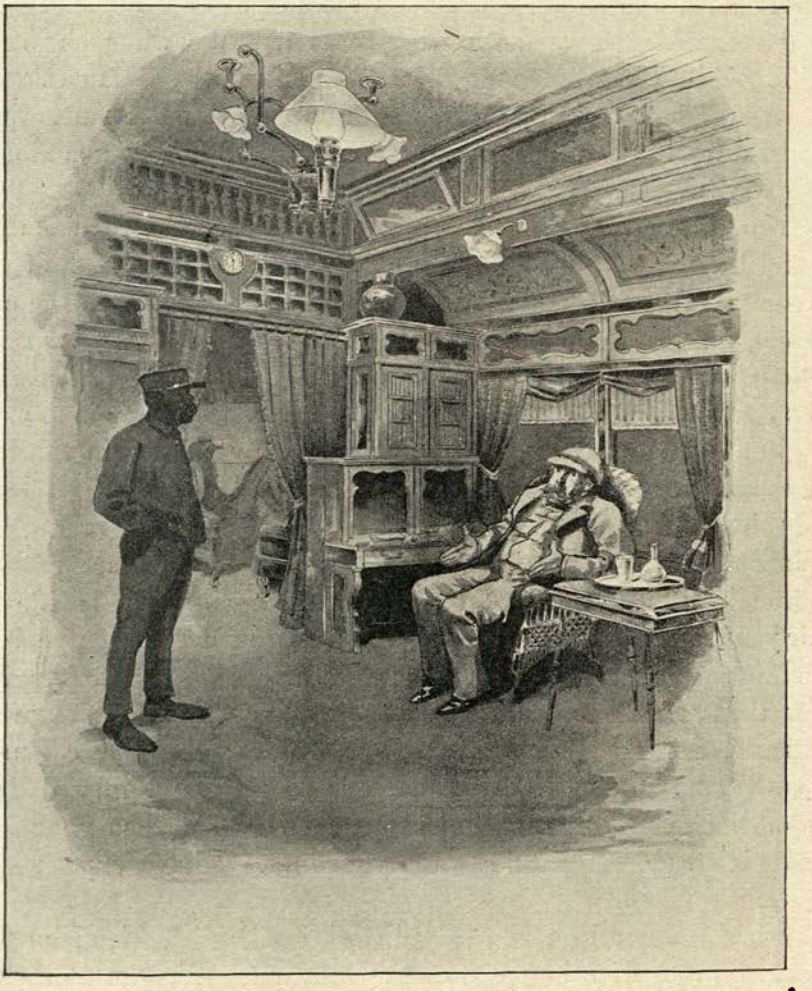
discovered that next to me was a mother with two children, who were already climbing over my armchair instead of their own, and fighting for and tearing the papers and magazines I had just purchased. There was another horror I hadn't noticed at my first glance, moreover. This took the shape of an infant of some months, which immediately began to squeal with a shrillness that forcibly reminded me of the siren on the Atlantic. No craft ever flew before the siren of an approaching Atlantic liner more quickly than did I from that infant. I at once abandoned my seat.

Now instead of going as one would in England to a station official, telling him you are going by the next train and taking your seat in it as a matter of course, I had to go into the city again, interview the officials at their office, and ask as a special compliment to be allowed to start a few hours later. All this is very surprising in a country where, of all places, time is money.

In a long journey you pass through many States, in the two senses of the word. Possibly you may find yourself in a state of thirst, but although you are surrounded by drinks galore you cannot get the wherewithal to quench it, for you are passing through a proclaimed State, and drinking in that is illegal. Or you may be passing through a State free from the temperance faddist, where intoxicating beverages are to be had for paying for them, and suddenly discover that you are in a state of hunger, say five hours after your dinner; but the coloured gentleman who officiates as cook is snoring, and fifty dollars won't buy you a mouthful of bread, so you find that your last state is considerably worse than your first. I have experienced both.

I had the good fortune to "strike" an English friend on my journey, and with him I shared a compartment in the Pullman. The overheated state of the cars caused us both to have an unnatural thirst, and we longed for a refreshing draught of air and liquid. Lunch was announced. I was quickly in the dining car, and sat down opposite to an American, who had already tackled his soup and poured out his first glass of claret from a quart bottle. Feverishly I seized the wine-card. My

vis-à-vis looked at me over his spectacles, and called out to the "coloured gentleman," "Bring another glass." The glass was brought, and the stranger (I had never seen him before) filled it



AMERICAN TRAVELLING. NOTHING TO EAT.

with claret and placed it in front of me. "Thanks awfully!" I said, "but—er—really—er—I am going to order. Don't let me deprive you of your wine."

"Why, sir, guess you may order what you like, but you

won't get it! I was caught once myself, fifteen years ago. Kean't buy liquor in this State we're strikin' now, stranger. I bring mine along with me now—enough for two, in case some green traveller crops up. You're heartily welcome, sir, and here's your health!"

This is the local legislation! My feeling of disgust for the

AMERICAN TRAVELLING. NOTHING TO DRINK.

arbitrary, narrow-minded, parochial parasite of the law-jobber was tempered by the generosity of the native, and this is only one instance out of hundreds I have experienced of the extreme kindness and courtesy of strangers in the States.

I could not resist this splendid opportunity to tantalise my Scotch friend and fellow traveller. He sat down beside me and I handed him the wine-card. He wiped his fevered brow

and his parched lips parted in a smile as he ran his eager eye down the list. When he had scanned the names (and prices) I broke in with :

"I say, old fellow, champagne to-day ; a magnum of the best —it's my birthday, so hang the expense ! Oh, yes, I know it's a ten-pound note, but I do feel this infernal shaking, noise and heat, and when else would we feel better able to appreciate a good sparkling 'tall drink' ? I pay, and I insist—you order it and see that we get it !"

My friendly stranger on the other side simply gazed at me without moving a muscle of his face, and said not a word, still I haven't the slightest doubt that he was thoroughly enjoying the joke in his American fashion. My Scotch friend's face brightened up at the prospect of refreshing his parched larynx with a long drink of champagne; but it was difficult to see whether he or the "coloured gentleman" looked the blacker when the latter informed him that the only beverage he could have was ginger ale! *Verb. sap.:* Never travel on an American railway without your own wine. Surely the railway companies, who justly pride themselves on the way they study the comfort of their travellers, should warn the unwary in time, for it is not everyone who is lucky enough to meet with a good Samaritan as I did.

A friend tells me that some of the "coloured gentlemen-in-waiting" on these cars have an eye for business, and when a stranger is victimised by these stupid and selfish laws, they serve up to him Rhine wine out of a teapot as weak tea !

If you doubt the truth of the following, ask any traveller who has rushed through the States at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour to verify it.

You sit down to the principal meal of the day in the dining car at say six o'clock. Not happening to be an American, you intend to eat your meal in a reasonable time, say an hour, instead of five minutes. Why hurry ? What is there to do before retiring to the sleeping car to be jolted sleeplessly about for seven or eight hours ? Nothing ; so take as long as possible over your meal. You leisurely order a wine from the list, and

it is brought, uncorked and placed by your side. After the soup and fish you think you will take glass No. 1, but no, not a bit of it! You are now rushing through a proclaimed State, and your glass and bottle are promptly removed. Sancho Panza never looked so surprised as you do. To add insult to injury, or rather injury to insult, you are brought that frightful cause of indigestion, "iced water." I have been told "by one who knows" never to touch the ice on these railway cars; it is not safe, though for what reason I cannot at the moment recollect. It comes from some wayside cesspool or out of a rusty copper boiler, or is the refrigerated perspiration off the railway carriage windows, or something dreadful; anyway, it is unsafe. So you look at it and toy with the next course on the chance of flying quickly through this detestable state of narrow-mindedness and broad absurdity. Your patience is rewarded. You fly past some wooden houses and blazing factories and vulgar advertisements of quack medicines, the vendors of which forsooth are those who prohibit a weary traveller from aiding digestion by drinking an innocent and harmless beverage. The "coloured gentleman" returns smiling with the bottle and glass.

"Guess we 've cut through that State; this isn't proclaimed."

You drink confusion to the priggish provincial faddist whose State we have just passed, and continue your dinner.

I am a slow drinker. During my late illness, the illness that caused my trip to America, I had to take all my meals dry —allowed to drink nothing whatever, not even a drop of water; so perhaps it is not unnatural that after months of this treatment I should find a difficulty in drinking before my meal is over. So when the above-mentioned incident occurred to me, it so happened that I was in no hurry to raise my glass to my lips. At last I took it up, but before I could transfer any of its contents to the interior of my throat a dusky hand was placed on mine and the glass was removed.

"Sorry, but we're in another proclaimed State now!"

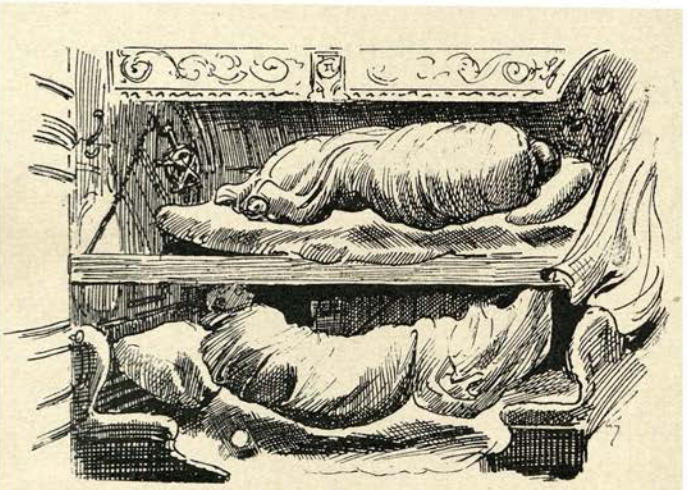
I prayed that one of these fiendish faddists might enter the car at that moment. I passed a solemn resolution that I would pour all the contents of the cruets down his cursed

throat and make hideous caricatures of him all over the wine list!

More wooden houses and their wooden-headed occupants were passed, and at last I was at liberty to have a drink.

Ice is not of necessity pure nor wine impure. If these ignorant fools are unable to drink without proving to the world that Nature intended them for beasts, it is no reason why they should make laws for their betters, particularly for the stranger flying through their country, which they misappropriately call free.

Again I hark back to the laying of railway lines, which I repeat we manage better in England than they do in the States. The sleeper in his berth in an American car is tossed up and down to such an extent that his vocabulary is exhausted in anathematising the sleepers under the rails. It doesn't seem as if the Transatlantic lines are ever going to adopt our thorough system of track-laying. I met a railway expert on the boat going out who had been to England to inspect officially the laying of a railway, and he assured me that if they were to take up all the tracks in America and relay them in our way it would financially break them, enormously rich as the railway kings of the States are.



SLEEP (!)

I must candidly say I don't care about sleeping in those cars. The heat can be avoided by paying extra and having a coupé to yourself, or sharing it with a friend, as I did. My first experience was on that journey from Chicago which I mentioned before,

and I shall never forget it. I had at the last moment to take the only berth left, and it happened to be a top one. I was the last to retire that night, and my struggles to climb to my perch were so ludicrous that I was glad there were no spectators. I placed my handbags, hat-boxes, &c., one on top of another, and mounted them as cautiously as an acrobat ascending a pyramid of decanters, and scrambled in. I then proceeded to divest myself of my articles of clothing. I noticed that the snoring of the gentleman in the berth underneath grew softer and somewhat stifled, and as I wound up my watch and placed it, as I thought, under the pillow, he jumped frantically out from behind his curtains and went head over heels amongst my improvised steps. Then I began to realise what had happened. I had not understood the mechanism of the arrangements, and under the impression that I was placing my clothes, &c., on the ledge, I was in reality dropping them on to the unfortunate occupant of the nether berth, hence the muffled snoring, and when my forty guinea repeater descended upon some unprotected portion of his cranium it put the closure on his dreams in a most abrupt manner.

When you are introduced to an Englishman he invariably invites you to eat something. "You must come and dine with us quietly at home, don't-cher-know," or "I must rig up a dinner for you at the club some night," &c. A Scotchman suggests your drinking something—urges upon you the claims of the Mountain Dew; a Frenchman wishes at once to show you something, the Bois de Boulogne or the Arc de Triomphe; a German desires you to smoke something; an Italian to buy something; and an Australian to kill something, but an American wants an opinion "right away."

"Waal, sur, what do you think of our gre—e—eat country? What do you think of this wonderful city? What do you think of the Amurrican gurl?"

This latter is a question which one is asked in the States morning, noon, and night.

To endeavour to effect a compromise by admitting that she is quite as charming as the English girl, as pretty—though of

course of a different type—still equally charming, is a waste of time. You will be met with the commonplace "Get out!" and

A WASHINGTON LADY.

an added enquiry, "Now don't you think she's just the most fascinating and lovely creature on this earth, and by comparison with your English girls ain't she just sweet?"

My own tactics were simple—I hedged.

"Well, you see," I replied to a question similar to the above, "I have met but few as yet of your representative American girls. To be sure, I have seen your cosmopolitan New York beauty, your Washington diplomat, and your Chicago daughter of Boom, and so on; but there are yet many fields of beauty unexplored, and I prefer to withhold my opinion till I have had an opportunity of judging from further experience. I am quite prepared to admit, however, that the general impression made upon an observant Englishman is that American ladies dress better than does the average Englishwoman; or, at any rate, carry themselves with more grace, and thus show off their gowns to greater advantage."

"Correct! That is absolutely true," said a lady to me in Washington, after I had delivered myself of the above stereotyped remark. "Your English girls have awful figures, and they know absolutely nothing about putting on their gowns. Why, my dressmaker in London—the very best—made me laugh till I was nearly sick, by describing to me the stupidity of her English customers. She declares that she positively has to pin on a new dress when sending it home, a label stating: 'This is the front'; and one day, when she omitted this precaution, she had a riding-habit returned with the complaint that it did not 'set' correctly. The lady had put it on wrong side foremost." This was told me in all seriousness by one of the brightest and most intelligent ladies I met during my stay in America, who, I am quite sure, was firmly convinced of the truth of the statement made by the dressmaker.

It happened that one day I had been hard at work in my rooms at the hotel, and as the daylight failed, before turning on the unrestful electric light, I lit a cigarette and threw myself into the rocking-chair to enjoy a peaceful quarter of an hour, when a knock came to the door and a card was brought to me, "Miss Liza Prettyville Simmerman, the *Examiner*."

Another interviewer! Had the card been Patrick McKee O'Fleister, the *Examiner* might disappear with the setting sun for aught I cared, but the name struck me as being pretty (lady

interviewers generally have pretty names). It occurred to me that it would be interesting to see if the name fitted the owner, so I said I would see her.

It fitted. "Sorry to disturb you," with a delightful accent and musical voice. A pretty interviewer! A pretty American girl with a musical voice! A *rara avis.*

I ordered up tea for two.

"You know, sir, what I am going to ask you. What do you think of the American girl?"

"That," I said, "I'll tell you on one condition, Miss Simmerman, that you first tell me what you think of her yourself."

"Ah!" she replied, with a laugh, "that is not so easy a task—we do not see ourselves as others see us."

A LADY INTERVIEWER.

"No, Miss Simmerman, and even when one listens to strangers, or reads their impressions, one is apt to form a wrong estimate of oneself. Let me therefore change the question, and ask, what do you think of the English girl?"

"Oh! I think she is delightful."

"How would you describe the typical English girl?"

"Well, she is very tall and thin, and quiet, and has a nice voice, lots of hair, and walks well."

"And talks seldom?"

"Yes, she is not as vivacious as the American girl, but she is more sincere and thorough, and a deeper thinker, and not so much merely on the surface as our girls are."

"But," I put in, "you say, do you not, that she does not know how to dress her hair or wear her clothes properly?"

"Yes, that is so, and it is noticeable more particularly in her headgear, which she wears well over her eyes; in fact the higher she is in the social scale, the more tilted is her hat. One thing the American girls do envy is the healthy, fresh, clear complexion of the English girl. The green of the grass and the splendid complexion of your girls are the two things which first strike the American visiting England. Both of these, we are told, are

due to the climate, and this doubtless is a fact, for when an American girl has been in England a short time the colour comes to her cheeks, only to disappear on her return to her native land. Another thing we admire is the English girl's figure. American girls are either slim as compared with English girls, or else very stout. We have not the happy medium of the daughters of England."

"Pardon me, but is not the pale-faced daughter of America a little spoilt?"

"From an English point of view, yes. American men's one idea besides work is the worship of American women. You say anything you like about America or Americans to Jonathan, but you must give nothing but praise to the American woman."

A SKETCH AT "DEL'S."

"But we in England love our women folk also."

"Ah! yes, but there is not such a contrast between an Englishman and an English lady as there is between an American and his wife. Our 'Qui Vive' women are so much superior to the men."

"I will admit that."

"Very well, then, I will admit that American girls are somewhat awkward with their arms, and have no idea what to do with them. As they walk they stick their elbows out, and when they stand still they hold their arms exactly the way the dressmakers pose when having a dress tried on."

"I suppose they have little use for their arms?"

"Well, as a fact, American girls do not busy themselves or enjoy work as English girls do. Their fathers, husbands, and brothers work, and they look on."

"Yes, I have noticed that all over the States. Women talk, men listen, but when men talk it is dollars, dollars, dollars. The girl is bored, and sighs for London or Paris, until she is old enough to talk dollars herself."

In face, I notice, the American girl is quite distinct from her English sister. I notice a difference in the way the upper lip sweeps down from the outer edge of the nostril; but more noticeable still is the fact that the cheek-bones of the American girls are not so prominent, and the smooth curve down the cheek to the chin is less broken by smaller curves. In social life the American girl charms an Englishman by her natural and unaffected manner. Our English girls are very carefully brought up, and are continually warned that this thing or that is "bad form." As a result, when they enter Society they are more or less in fear of saying or doing something that will not be considered suitable. As a matter of fact they are not lacking in energy or vivacity, but these qualities are suppressed in public, and only come to the surface in the society of intimates. American girls from childhood upwards are much more independent; they have much more freedom and encouragement in coming forward than ours. The vivacity and liberty expected of an American girl in social intercourse are considered —as I say—bad form for our girls.

YOUNG AMERICA.

The observant stranger will, if an artist, also be struck by the fact that the face of an American girl, as well as the voice, is often that of a child; in fact, if one were not afraid of being misunderstood, and therefore thought rude, one could describe the American girl better by saying that she has a baby's face on a woman's body than by any word-painting or brush-painting either. The large forehead, round eyes, round cheeks, and round lips of the baby remain; and, as the present fashion is to dress the hair ornamentally after the fashion of a doll, the picture is complete.

The eyes of an American girl are closer together than those of her English cousin, and are smaller; her hands are smaller, too, and so are her feet, but neither are so well-shaped as the English girls.

Let me follow the American girl from her babyhood upwards. The first is the baby, plump, bright-eyed, and with more

expression than the average English child; a little older, see her still plump, short-legged, made to look stout by the double covering of the leg bulging over the boots; older, but still some years from her teens, she is still plump from the tip of her toe to her eyebrow, with an expression and a manner ten years in advance of her years, and you may take it from this age onwards the American girl is always ten years in advance of an English girl; next the school-girl; then that ungainly age "sweet seventeen." She seems twenty-seven, and thenceforwards her plumpness disappears generally, but remains in her face, and the cheeks and chin of the baby are still with her.

AN AMERICAN MENU.

Suddenly, ten years before the time, and in one season, happens what in the life of an English matron would take ten. The bubble bursts, the baby face collapses, just as if you pricked it with a pin, and she is left sans teeth, sans eyes, sans beauty, sans everything. This is the American girl in a hurry, and these remarks only apply to the exhausted New York, the sensational Chicago, the anxious Washington, and the over-strained child of that portion of America in a hurry.

I have not quite made up my mind as to whether I like the American girl or her mother the better. They are both vivacious and charming, but of course the younger is the prettier, and in point of attractiveness scores more than her mother.

It is true, as I have said, that American girls do "go off" very soon. I must confess that one evening at dinner,

surrounded by charming young Americans, I was bold enough to say so. It was a very inopportune moment to have made the remark, for seated next to me was a remarkably fine and handsome young lady, who informed me that she had five sisters—I think it was five—and I was assured by our host that they were all of them as "elegant" as my fair neighbour, and that the mother looked as young as the daughters.

At the reception, after dinner, I was introduced to the mother, and found the exception that proved the rule. We had quite a discussion upon the staying powers of the American beauty; but despite all arguments I am convinced, through my own observations in England and America, that American ladies do not wear so well as English. No doubt this is due, in some measure, to the climate, and in a greater degree to the mode of living. However, before dealing with this rather ticklish subject, I had better finish what I had to say about the evening in question, or this particular young lady may take my remarks as personal.

We discussed age and wear and tear *ad nauseam*. I felt rather aggrieved by being put down by those members of the Press who had discussed my personal failings for the benefit of their readers, as several years older than I really am (all due, no doubt, to my premature baldness). So I asked for the secret of the American hair-preserving elixir, and my charming companion assured me that she had really and truly discovered an infallible composition for producing hair! This she promised to send to me, and upon my return to England I received the following charming letter, which I publish for the benefit of all those whose hair, like my own, is becoming, to quote an American paper, "a little depleted on the top of the dome of thought." I have not yet tried the remedy, but I intend to do so, and when I appear

MY PORTRAIT—*IN THE FUTURE.*

again on the American platforms I shall probably rival Paderewski, who owes a great deal of his success and fortune to his "thatch." The following is copyright: "LIKA JOKO HAIR 'RESTORER."

"My dear *Mr. Furnace*,

"Fearing you would think me lacking in a sense of humor I have hesitated to send you the receipt you asked for, but, being an American, I fear it would not be true to my country's principles to allow such an opportunity for promoting growth to pass unheeded.

Two tablespoonsful alcohol,
Two tablespoonsful flour of sulphur,
Two taplespoonsful castor oil,
One pint boiling water.

"Put in bottle, shake well and allow it to stand three days before using. Rub well into the scalp every night.

"Here it is, and I trust soon to receive the pen and ink sketch in proof of its unrivalled success.

"Very sincerely,

"Brooklyn, "_____."

"April 20th, 1892."

I suppose my benefactress, if I disclosed her name, would be worried to death by the multitudinous proprietors of shiny-surfaced "domes of thought." Notice she calls me a furnace! Too suggestive of the sulphur! alcohol!! boiling water!!!

I must confess that it was with some trepidation I accepted an invitation to a reception of the Twelfth Night Club of New York—a club for ladies only, which invites one guest, a man, once a month—no other member of male sex is allowed within the precincts of the club. I survived. Next day the papers announced the fact under the following characteristic American head-lines:—

TWELFTH NIGHT GIRLS REJOICE.

FURNISS GETS A WARM GREETING.

CARICATURIST TALKS TO TWELFTH NIGHT WOMEN.

ROTUND ENGLISHMAN TELLS HIS EXPERIENCES IN HIS BREEZY WAY.

I was pleased to read that the lady reporter considered that I "bore the courtesies with the grace of a well-bred Englishman and with less embarrassment than the average man evinces at being the only one of his sex present upon these occasions (!)." According to one of the iron bound rules of this club the guest of honour is the only man admitted, and as such Mr. Furniss was received with enthusiasm. If he could have projected his astral

I AM ENTERTAINED AT THE TWELFTH NIGHT CLUB.

body to the other end of the room, and from there have sketched himself as he turned off autographs to the pleading group of women, it would not have made the least funny picture in his collection."

I agree in this latter part, for the whole affair struck me as intensely funny, and not at all appalling—in fact, I spent a very delightful afternoon. A lady whose dress the papers described as "a costume of brown brocade and lace" played

beautifully. Another "dressed in grey satin and chiffon" sang charmingly. A third who wore "a skirt of black and a primrose bodice trimmed with lace" recited with much talent, and a galaxy of the belles of New York, ladies of society, and professional stars of the pen, the platform and the stage combined to make feel at home. I had to acknowledge in thanking them that although I perhaps failed to draw American women, American women had certainly succeeded in drawing me.

After this pleasant experience it was with a light heart I accepted a similar invitation when shortly afterwards I visited another city. Again I was to be entertained at a Ladies' Club, but to my surprise I found it, not as I did the New York Club, modestly accommodated in a large flat, but a club having its own imposing building—as important as any in the West End of London. Carriages lined the street, and a crowd surrounded the entrance. Still, I was not unhappy. The entertainment would surely be proportionately long, and I would have less to say. I was, as at the other club, unprepared, preferring to pick up some idea for a reply during the entertainment prepared to honour me. The hall and staircases were crowded with a most fashionable gathering; two large reception-rooms—with open folding doors—were well filled with ladies seated. The President met me at the door and escorted me to a small platform in the centre of the rooms, on which were a reading-desk and a glass of water! After formally and briefly introducing me, she asked if any man was present. It so happened that in a corner behind the piano one was found and immediately ejected, and I was left alone to begin! My first impulse was to make a rush for that corner behind the piano, but rows and rows of seated dazzling beauty formed a barricade I could not negotiate. I had in the few words of introduction caught the name of Sir Edwin Arnold and others who had stood where I did at that moment. Yes,—but they were doubtless warned beforehand of what was expected of them, and therefore came prepared. I, on the other hand, stood there "flabbergasted"! I confess I never felt so cornered. No, if I had been cornered—but there

on a platform to face the music! No, not the music,—there was none! I had to speak—about what? for how long? to whom?

I made a plunge. I confessed honestly I was unprepared. I explained that I had accepted the invitation on my arrival—believing I was to be entertained, not to be the entertainer.

RECEPTION AT A LADIES' CLUB.

That I had none of the flattering phrases ready of those who had stood before them on similar occasions, and furthermore I did not believe in such platitudes. This I quickly saw was my key.

"Now, ladies, as I am face to face with this unique gathering of American women—and alone—I have at last a chance I have long waited for. I want to tell what I *really* think of you. I respect you for your cleverness. To roll off empty compliments

and—if I could—poetical platitudes also with my tongue in my cheek, as others have done, would be to insult your intelligence You only want to hear me speak on one subject, yourselves, the American woman, and compare her with the English woman. Let me first speak as an artist.

"Now, if there is one thing I have heard repeatedly from the lips of American women it is that the English man is superior to the English girl. You, in fact, look upon the English girl with contempt. You certainly admire and emulate to a certain extent the fashionable Society women of England, but the ordinary English girl you treat with indifference, and speak of with contumely. You look upon her as a badly-dressed idiot. That may strike your ears as a sweeping assertion, but my ears have tingled over and over again by hearing that very sentiment coming from your own pretty mouths. Now, as we are alone, let me say a word or two on that point. You say the English woman is a fool. You say that the English man is bright, clever and brave. One has only to look round the world to realise that your opinion of the English man is right. That one little dot on the map, England, predominates the greater portion of the globe. That is the result of the plucky and accomplished English man you so much admire. Now, I will ask you one question. Did you ever hear of a clever man who had a stupid mother? The history of the world shows that all great men had mothers with brains. In considering this recollect that we are agreed that the English man is superior to the American man. Does that show that the American mothers are cleverer

WIFE AND HUSBAND.

than the English mothers? No,—it points to the reverse, that the English girl you look down upon, under her soft, gentle manner has something superior to you American women—she has solidity and brain-power. That is why the English man is superior to the American. Now, ladies, you, with your pretty faces, your charming manners, your vitality, and shall I say it? your worldliness, have boys who are—well, equal to what you consider the English girl to be. Of course it is always unsafe to generalise, but as you generalise yourselves and sweepingly assert that the English girls are born idiots, I want you to understand from a man who has not come here to tell you lies, but to tell you the truth, that if America is really to be the great country of the future, the sooner you begin to model yourselves on the English girls the better."

A DREAM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

I said a great deal more, but I shall not confess anything further about the charming American ladies just now.

We English have an impression that all American men, women, and children are politicians, and it is the dream of every youthful American one day to occupy the White House. But in the great contest of 1896 there was something deeper than mere ambition. When I went over in the steamer I travelled with some overworked, big city merchants who were sacrificing their holiday in Europe to vote for Mr. McKinley; the little children wore the national flag in their buttonholes; and the last evening we had at sea a lady called me on to the

deck and said, "Look at that beautiful golden sunset! It is a symbol that America is for gold." And as we looked behind at the sea-mist we had passed through, she found in that the symbol of silver! In fact, for a foreigner, I had had quite enough of the Presidential election before the steamer arrived at the White Star Line landing-stage.

I crossed the Herring Pond in chill October, so as to be in New York for the last stages of the Presidential contest. The last stages of these elections, although exciting and interesting from a political point of view, are not to be compared with the earlier scenes for effect. For the purpose of sketching scenes the artist should be there in the heat of summer, and in the heat of the Conventional controversies. At the time of brilliant sunshine, when in that year America was so much *en évidence* in England, when Yale was rowing so pluckily at Henley, when Haverford College was playing our schools at our national game, when the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston were being fêted right royally in the Old Country, when London was fuller of American visitors than at any other time—it was then that all the fun of political affairs was taking place in the United States for the fight for Gold *v.* Free Silver.

It is at the two gigantic Conventions at which the rival candidates are nominated that the artist finds material for his pencil, the satirist for his pen, and the man of the world food for reflection. By all accounts, these Conventions baffle description. Everything is sacrificed to spectacular effect. They take place in huge buildings decorated with banners, emblems of all kinds, startling devices, transparencies, and portraits of the candidates. Bands play different airs at the same time; processions are formed and marched all over the hall, carrying emblems and portrait banners, the State delegates carrying the State standards in front of each procession to the cheers and yells of their supporters. Similar demonstrations are carried on in the galleries. Girls dressed symbolically representing silver or gold, or some topic of interest in the election, wave flags and lead demonstrations, perhaps acting as an antidote to the less attractive surroundings.

The election being a purely commercial question, I attended the meetings held in commercial districts, where the excitement ran high. During the lunch hour crowds attend the political gatherings held in the centre of the business districts in large stores turned into halls for speechifying and demonstrations, and great as the subject is, and grave as is the issue, the ludicrous is the first feature to strike the stranger. A great empty store, running the whole length of the ground floor of one of the monster ten, twenty, or what you will storied buildings, was appropriated for the purpose. The bare walls were draped with stars and stripes, and innumerable portraits of McKinley and Hobart confronted you on every side. In the centre was a roughly-constructed platform; on this a piano and seats for the orators. At 12.30 sharp (the business lunch hour) a crowd surged in; bankers, brokers, dry goods merchants, clerks, messengers, and office-boys, straight from the Quick Lunch Counters—a great institution there—filling every corner of the hall. An attendant carried the inevitable pitcher of ice water to the orators' table; a "Professor" hastily seated himself at the piano and played a few bars; a solemn-faced quartette took its position in front of the rostrum, and the meeting was opened.

THE POLITICAL QUARTETTE.

The campaign songsters had taken a leaf from the Salvation Army, and appropriated all popular airs for political purposes. Praises of Sound Money and Protection were sung to the air of "Just tell them that you saw me," and denunciations of

Bryan, Free Silver, and all things Democratic to the tune of "Her golden hair was hanging down her back!" The quartette aroused the greatest enthusiasm. An aged Republican seated immediately in front of the platform, who had voted every Republican ticket since Lincoln was elected, waved his stick over his head, and the crowd responded with cheers and encores. The quartette retired, the chairman advanced, motioned with his hand for silence, and announced the name of the first orator of the occasion, who happened to be a clergyman—a tiresome, platitudinous person. Somehow, clergymen on the platform can never divest themselves of their pulpit manner. They bring an air of pews and Sabbath into secular things. The minister denounced Bryan and Democracy in the same tones he used in declaiming against Agag and the Amalekites on Sunday. At last he brought his political sermon to a close, and the quartette again came to the front, sang a few more political adaptations of popular songs, and the chairman announced the next speaker, a smart young lawyer of the Hebrew persuasion. After him, more songs and more speakers of all kinds, and at half-past one the meeting came to an abrupt conclusion. The crowd vanished like magic, the hall was empty, the lunch hour was over!

When night fell, oratory was again rampant in all parts of the city. At every street corner one saw a waggon decorated with a few Chinese lanterns and covered with portraits of the candidates. In front the orator shouted to the casual mob, and at the tail end his companion distributed campaign literature. One crowd exhausted, the waggon drove on, and gathered more listeners at another stand. In this way, in strolling through the streets, one was met with a fresh line of argument at every turning. Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, Socialists, etc., all had their perambulating orators. It was as if all the Sunday Hyde Park orators had taken to waggons, and were driven about through all quarters of the town, from Whitechapel to Kensington. At one street corner a Catholic priest was rallying his Irish compatriots to Tammany and Bryan, and urging them to shake off the fetters of the bloated British capitalist; and at

the next a Temperance orator was pleading the hopeless cause of the Prohibitionist party.

The campaign was not so much a fight between Silver and Gold as between Sound Money and Sound Lungs.

BRYAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Number of speeches delivered	501
Cities and towns spoken in	417
States spoken in	29
Miles travelled since the nomination	17,395
Number of words spoken on the stump (estimated)	737,000

WHAT BRYAN DID IN ONE DAY.

Travelled from Jacksonville, Ill., to Alton, Ill., and spoke in seven towns and cities.
Slept eight hours.
Talked seven hours.
Miles travelled, 110.
Speeches made, 9.
Persons who heard him, 60,000.

It would be impertinent on the part of any English journalist to use the ordinary language at his command to describe that scene. Let him copy the headings of those who have given the people of the United States a language of their own:

ARMY OF LOYALISTS.

A Hundred and Twenty Thousand Men March with Old Glory up Broadway.

GRANDEST PARADE IN ALL HISTORY.

The Great Thoroughfare a Tossing Sea of Red, White, and Blue and Gold.

Cheers and Music fill the Air with Melody.

Legions Marshalled for the Honor and Safety of the Union and the Prosperity of the People.

PATRIOT ARMY'S GLORIOUS MARCH.

WARRIORS OF PEACE, BATHED IN GOLDEN SUNLIGHT, PASS THROUGH STAR-SPANGLED LINES.

PARADE'S RECORD-MAKING FIGURES.

Number in Line, 125,000.
Miles long (estimated), 14.
Parade started at 10 a.m.
Parade finished at 6.26 p.m.
Number of spectators (estimated), 1,200,000.

No pen or pencil could give any idea of the intense feeling and excitement over that election. To realise its effect one must have seen the faces of business men in cities like New York—faces pallid with care, eyes restless with inquiry and uncertainty, mouths twitching with anxiety. To them Bryan spelt ruin. You could read that in the faces of every one of responsibility.

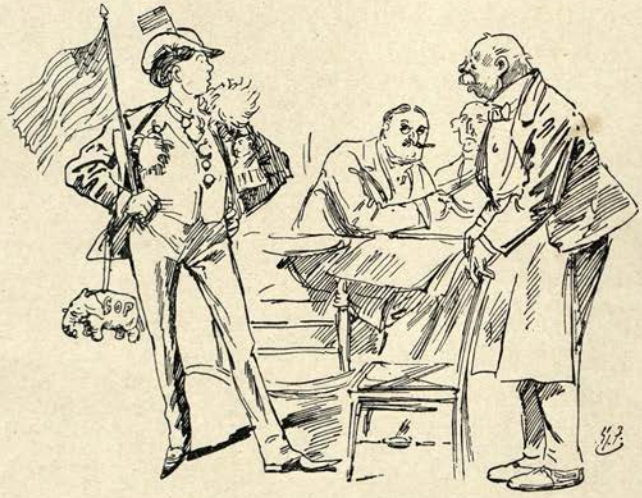
We had huge meetings and long speeches from morning to midnight. In the churches the pulpits were turned into hustings, and for the moment ministers preached the Gospel and McKinley in equal proportions. Miles of sound money men paraded the streets, and at night the rivers north and east were given over to political aquatic demonstrations. Huge banners flaunted the sky, and tons of party literature strewed the floors of every house; but the whole story was better told and more impressively demonstrated in the faces of those united in commerce—99 per cent. of the better class in the city. They looked worn and anxious; their words were words of confidence, but expressed with an uncertainty and reserve which were significant.

One day I met a prominent citizen—an ardent Republican—and I asked him how he thought the elections were going. He said, "I feel like the old woman Ingersoll tells of, who did not believe in ghosts, but was terribly frightened of them." This reminds me that the Free-thinking Ingersoll had been stumping the country, and clergymen, such as Dr. Parkhurst, had been turning their pulpits into political platforms to bring their influence to bear on the voters. To all those who were in New York during that momentous time the scene will linger in their memories when the names of Bryan and McKinley have ceased to interest them.

And the curious thing is that this is no exaggeration. To see, as I did, thousands of well-dressed city men marching past at quick time, with martial tread, to the music of innumerable bands, from half-past ten in the morning till seven o'clock at night, is a performance that Englishmen can hardly realise, and one that they will certainly never see in their own country.

Its very seriousness, simplicity, and impressive monotony made it all the more striking. Not a soldier to be seen, no triumphal cars, no break in the stream of respectability mechanically moving throughout the day. In England, on public demonstrations, one goes to look at the crowd, but here the crowd was the procession. This political fever seemed to work up the enthusiasm of every man, woman, and child when the march was over, on, I may tell you, a bright, hot Indian summer's day in November.

Crowds of the paraders continued to march in smaller squads



AFTER THE GREAT PARADE: "AM I TO SIT ON AN ORDINARY SEAT TO-NIGHT?"

through the side streets for their own enjoyment, and overflowed into hotel lobbies and restaurants, covered with emblems, flags, gold bugs, and chrysanthemums, which were brought into the city by thousands for the occasion. And then some humour was imported into the serious business of the day. One youth strolled into a *café*, and when he was offered a chair by the waiter, he drew himself up, and said, "Am I to sit on an ordinary seat to-night?" They blew their tin horns, rattled their rattles, and waved their flags in and out of every place until late at night, and they were still singing and demonstrating

in the morning, but with that extraordinary common-sense which is characteristic of Americans, the Bryanites and the McKinleyites shaking hands and setting about their business with redoubled energy, having another crisis in the country to record as a landmark in the history of the republic.

On the last day of my first visit to America I found myself in the head depôt of the New York detective force. The courteous and talented presiding genius of that establishment had left his busy office to show me over their museum, a chronicle of the city's crime, and as I was thanking him afterwards, he said:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well," I replied, "I have seen the best side of life in New York, now I should like to see the worst."

"The very worst?"

"The worst you have."

The worthy officer eyed me up and down as if he were going to measure me for a suit of clothes.

"Very well," he replied, seemingly satisfied with my resolute bearing and undaunted mien and determined visage, which showed my daring and enterprise. Beside me a Stanley or a Burton would have looked effeminate. "A detective will be at your hotel at ten o'clock to-night."

And he was.

I had just come in from dinner, and had changed my clothes for an old suit that had braved the weather in crossing, and was consequently well salted by Atlantic brine.

"May I offer you a cocktail?" I say.

"No, thank you," he replies.

(*His* nerve doesn't want fortifying, evidently!) Mine does, so I have a Manhattan as I hastily pencil a line to my wife to be sent to England in case I do not leave by the *Majestic* next day.

"Now, then, what's your programme?" said I in an airy way, as we reached the street.

"Trust to me," said the "'tec," "interfere with no one, and keep your pencil and your notebook in your pocket till I tell

you. Keep your mouth shut and your ears and eyes open, and as they say in the pantomime, 'you shall see what you shall see.'"

We were soon whizzing along the elevated railway, and I was trying to impress my guide with stirring tales of midnight meanderings in the greater city, London. I left out any mention of Dublin, for my companion rejoiced in a truly Milesian cognomen, and still bore strong evidence of his native country in his accent, mixed with a good dash of American.

"Guess you're a pretty 'cute Britisher, and shure it's the likes of you I'm mighty glad to strike in this *tre*menjious city!"

I felt somewhat flattered by this encouraging condescension, and I admit now that I did not feel particularly happy at the idea of bearding the thieving lion, with his hyena-like satellites, in his den. I felt something like a criminal under arrest myself, and I am sure that everyone in the car must have thought that the world-famed detective force of New York had added another notorious catch to the many they have so cleverly made.

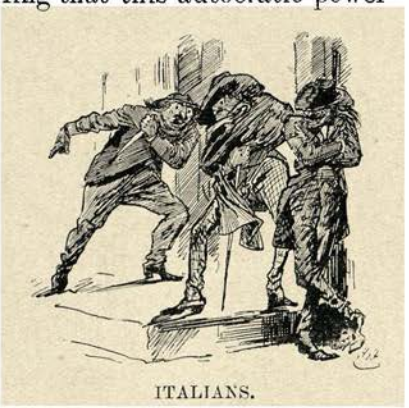
As we passed close to the windows of the houses, and actually looked into the rooms on the second and third stories, Detective Jonathan H. O'Flaherty would point out to me a room here and there which was being watched by his comrades, and as we approached nearer and nearer to the purlieus of the poor, he positively detected seated in rooms in shady hotels which harboured thieves a forger, a housebreaker, and other notabilities of a worse character. Indeed, I would not have been surprised had the arm of the law been literally stretched out at any moment, and one of these gentlemen transferred from his seat through the window and deposited by my side in the carriage.

America is a free country. England, we are assured, is not; but the fact that the police are allowed to arrest anybody they please without showing any authority whatever is a curious contradiction which the Britisher may be pardoned for smiling at.

Detective Jonathan H. O'Flaherty and I had a rather warm argument upon this point, and I must say that in the end I had to admit that there was a good deal to be said in favour of the utter want of liberty to which Americans have to submit.

"For instance," said my guide, "to-morrow is a public holiday. At daybreak I guess we'll be afther locking up every thief, vagabond, and persons suspected of being varmint of this description in this great city, and it's free lodgings they'll have till the holiday's played out. In that way crime is avoided, and the truth of the saying proved that 'prevention is better than cure.'"

"But there is an unpleasant feeling that this autocratic power may lead to mistakes. In England the police must have a warrant," I said.



ITALIANS.

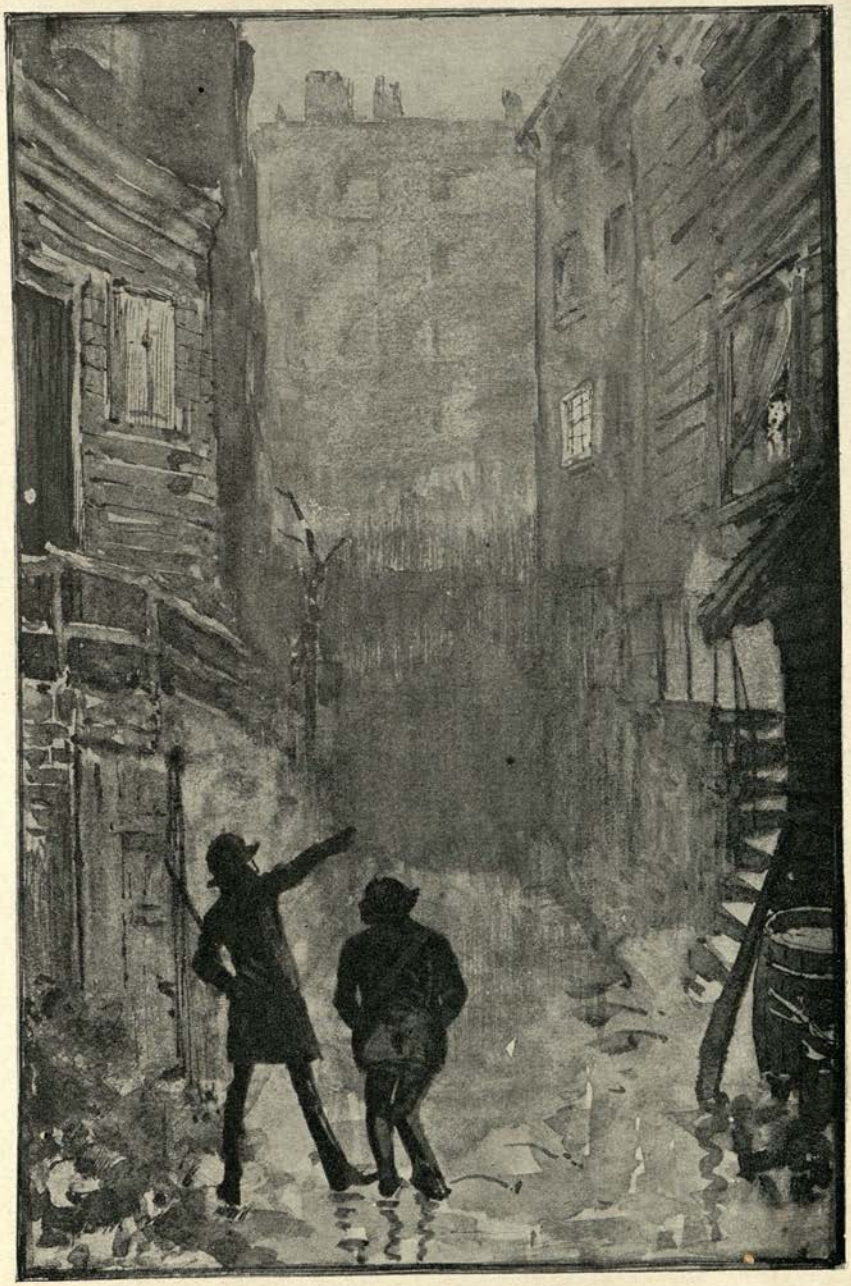
"Guess, stranger, if we waited for a warrant the varmint'd vanish, and there'd be the divil to pay. No, sir, I reckon we Amurricans don't wait for anything—we just take the law into our own hands right away. A short time ago I was sitting enjoying some singing in one of the saloons in the Bowery here, and right through in front of me sat two foreigners with the most perfect false whiskers on that I ever clapped eyes on. That was enough for me. I went outside, sent one of my men for assistance, and then sent in a theatrical lady's card to one of the gentlemen. The bait was taken, and he came out. We arrested him straight away, and made him send in for his friend, who came out, and we nailed him as well. Turned out afterwards that they had come to kill one of the actresses—love affair, revenge, and all that sort of thing. In your country guess you'd have arrested them after the murder; we had them before. There was no harm done, but they got a fine of a few dollars."

He put his hand suddenly upon mine as he said this. For a second I thought that he imagined *my* whiskers were false, and that this was only a plant to lock me up! It was evident my nerves were becoming unstrung, and as soon as we were in the street my good-humoured and excellent guide told me that in another five minutes we would begin our voyage of discovery. We passed through the Chinese quarter, down Mott Street, and I could not but feel a pang of sympathy for these aliens, looked upon by the Americans as vermin. It is a strange war, this between John Chinaman and Sambo for the vassalage of the States; but in poor England, the asylum of the alien, all nationalities have an equal chance, and the nigger, the Chinaman, the Jew, and the German can walk arm in arm, whether in the squalid streets of Spitalfields or the aristocratic precincts of Pall Mall.

But there is a war going on in London between two races of different colour, undisturbed and unseen, for the gory scenes of warfare are enacted in the bowels of the earth. It is to the death, and has been going on for years, the combatants being the red cockroach and the blackbeetle. Both came to our shores in ships from distant lands. The blackbeetles were first, and had possession of underground London, but the cockroaches followed, disputed the right of territory, and thus the war began. The latest reports from the seat of war assert that the cockroaches are victorious all along the line as far as Regent's Park.

But this is digression. I merely made use of the cockroach simile because it occurred to me as I traversed the Italian quarter and gazed upon its denizens, an occasional accidental rub against one of whom made me shudder. Innocent they may be, but they don't look it, and when I was taken up a court—a horrible, dark, dank *cul-de-sac*—and shown the identical spot which a few weeks beforehand had been the scene of a murder, I made a sketch in the quickest time on record, keeping one eye on the ghastly place and the other on a window where a ragged blind was pulled quickly and nervously back, and a white face peered suddenly out and as suddenly retreated.

I did the same, pulling my detective friend after me.



WHERE THE DEED WAS DONE!

It is said that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives, but not the ninety-ninth part knows how it dies. In the vicinity of Mulberry Bend I was shown a house in which another bloody deed had recently been perpetrated—another cockroach killed. The blood was as fresh and visible as that of Rizzio in Holyrood Palace, but this excited no curiosity among the passers-by—crimes are more plentiful than mulberries here.

Paradise Park, The Bowery, New York, is a very high-sounding address. It is one that any European might imagine as a retreat of aristocratic refinement and sylvan beauty; there is nothing in the name to suggest the Seven Dials of London in its old days; and yet the place is its counterpart, the only difference being that the Five Points, as it is called, is two degrees worse than the Seven Dials that's, all!

Standing at these misnamed crossways, I noticed hurrying past an Italian woman bearing a load of household furniture on her back, and followed by a man—her husband, I was told—cursing her.

"They always move at night," said my guide. "The women do all the carrying, and this is in a country where woman reigns *soo*preme, too!"

Next comes a youth with a crutch.

"One of the cleverest thieves in the city. No one suspects him—guess his crippling is his fortune."

I should like to tell you of other interesting people I saw, of my perambulations through Baxter Street, the Jewish quarter, of the visits to the joss house, opium joint, grocery stores, halls of dazzling delight, and dens of iniquity I made that night. I had my sketches and notes before me to continue this chapter, when I received a New York paper. In it I discovered an illustrated article headed "In His Own Black Art," purporting to be an account of my visit to the slums with a detective. After reading it I laid down my pen and took up my scissors, I felt it impossible to disclose any more. The rest I leave to my shadower

on that occasion, reproducing also some of the sketches this "faithful copper-fastened distorter of features" set down, with

IN AN OPIUM JOINT.

many thanks to him and a sincere wish that his headache is better.

"In His Own Black Art.

* * * * *

"Mr. Furniss writes very cleverly, it should be said. He writes good London English, for he, like many of 'the infernally good fellows' of Fleet Street, 'don't you know,' believes that the vernacular is only written in its virgin purity in that city. However, let that pass.

"But there was one thing that I couldn't consent, even as his friend, to overlook. Mr. Furniss was determined to go 'slumming.' He had letters to several members of the police department, but the friends who had given these valuable credentials had evidently selected only the captains of the highly respectable precincts. Of course, they could not imagine that Mr. Furniss would want to visit the joss house and opium

joints of Chinatown. Nobody would, to look at him. And yet, in his tireless study of 'American' character, he penetrated even these mysteries.

"Everything was arranged for the tour during the night before his departure on the *Majestic*. It was a charmingly dark night, admirably suited for those *chiaroscuro* effects that a black-and-white artist is supposed to seek even in his dreams. An experienced Central Office detective took him in hand with all the *savoir faire* of an Egyptian dragoman.

"HITTING THE PIPE.

"With the wisdom of an artist and the news-sense of a Park Row hustler, Mr. Furniss lit a cigarette, and said:

"'Show me all.'

"This remark filled me with terror. Was it right to permit this well-meaning but over-zealous friend of my country, my people and myself to sound the depths of social degradation in the metropolis and laid an otherwise charming book with screed and sketches dragged from the slums? He was likely to mistake Donovan's Lane for Harlem Lane, and Paradise Square for Maddison Square! Any man would be liable to do so after a few days' visit to a strange city. How many of the American birds of passage who flock to London every summer know the distinction between Mitre and Capel Courts? One is the scene of a ghastly Whitechapel murder; the other is the financial center of the Eastern world!

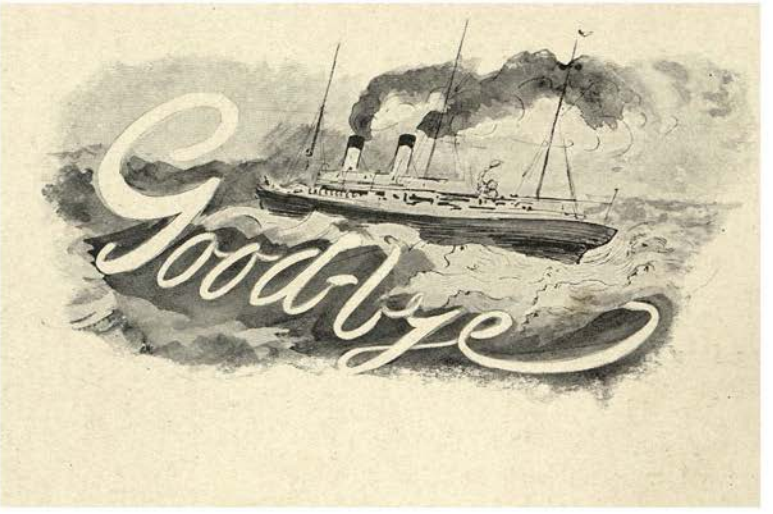
"When, therefore, it was seen to be impossible to dissuade the talented young caricaturist from his blue-glass view of metropolitan society, it seemed necessary to provide for our self-defence. One of the cleverest pen-and-ink artists in America was engaged to accompany the party as a second detective. A flying visit was paid to Mott Street, and the services of High Lung, a distinguished crayon manipulator, recently arrived (by way of Vancouver and the dark of the moon), were secured to make a Chinese-American caricature of the charming but over-curious Englishman.

"Everything worked to a charm. Mr. Furniss went where he intended. He saw all. He made sketches. He visited the shrine of the great Joss. He ate birds' nests and rice. He saw the deadly opium smoked, and 'hit the pipe' a few minutes himself.

"The night came to an end with dawn. Headache destroyed curiosity. Our own faithful, copper-fastened distorter of facial beauty set down in Mr. Furniss's black art what he had seen and did know. Here are the results, H. F. It is to be feared he has imitated your style.

"Bon voyage, master of the quick and the lead! Draw us, if you must; but draw not the long bow.

"J. C."



CHAPTER X.

AUSTRALIA.

Quarantined—The Receiver-General of Australia—An Australian Guide-book—A Death Trap—A Death Story—The New Chum—Commercial Confessions—Mad Melbourne—Hydrophobia—Madness—A Land Boom—A Paper Panic—Ruin.

SYDNEY—The Confessions of a Legislator—Federation—Patrick Francis Moran.

ADELAIDE—Wanted, a Harbour—Wanted, an Expression — Zoological — Guinea-pigs — Paradise ! — Types—Hell Fire Jack—The Horse—The Wrong Room !

WISE chroniclers are welcome to the opinion that "the dreaded Cape Leeuwin was first rounded by a Dutch vessel, 1622." All I can say is that the Cape has got sharpened again, for there is no roundness about save the billows of the Indian Ocean, which everlastingly dash against its side. I'll agree, however, with any chronicler that the cause of the chronic fury of the Indian Ocean at this point is caused through anger. To call that grand if barren promontory after a twopenny-halfpenny Dutch cockle-shell is a gross insult to the thousands of miles of sea between that point and any other land. Fortunately the little Dutch vessel had a name which sounds all right if only pronounced in plain English—*Lioness* in place of *Leeuwin*—but the vessel might have been called *Rats*, or *Schnapps*, or some other name even less dignified, and one that would have been adopted just the same. It is the principle of the thing that the great sea objects to, and it is not slow to show its rage, as all who round it know

full well. Chroniclers are found who seem to have agreed that the name is the whole cause of the roaring winds and waves around Cape Leeuwin, but that the roughness is in reality the result of satisfaction in bearing one so awe-inspiring, and that the "Lioness" is trying to live up to her natural wildness and fury, and fully succeeding in doing it.

I regret that I was in too great a hurry to visit Fremantle, which lies at the head of the Lioness, particularly as on my journey to Australia I had cut out the following passage from a description I came across of that place. I read this, and re-read it, and still continue to read it, as a choice specimen of the guide-book-maker's delirium:

COALING.

"The first *coup d'œil* of Fremantle is a white scattered township on an undulating plain fringed by a sea-beach and scant vegetation. As you land you are struck on all sides with the unusual activity around you. Long sinuous trains of loaded cargo trucks are coming and going, locomotive whistles warning the pedestrian to beware, lines of rails intersecting each other, crowds of lumpers, and the busy air of a large shipping centre bewilder you, and you are carried back to some old-world port where ships of all nations call and disgorge their lading."

There! Are you not anxious to go to a place with the assurance that you will be struck on all sides as soon as you land with unusual activity? Do you not burn to see what "a long sinuous train" is like? Are you not willing to brave the dangerous locomotives crossing the intersecting lines of railways, just to see those crowds of lumpers? Then to be bewildered by the busy mercantile air, and before you have time to fully realise all this you are to be "carried back to some old-world

port where ships of all nations call and disgorge their lading."

That last proposal settled my mind; no attractive trains or lumpers, undulating plains or scant vegetation, or anything equally attractive, would induce me to arrive at a place, after five or six weeks' travelling to get there, to find myself at once carried back to some old-world port before seeing something of the rest of Australia to repay one for the long and tedious journey. I therefore avoided Fremantle.

There is one attraction to visit that port which the traveller from the Old World will appreciate, after his experience of the fleecing dues and charges at Adelaide, Melbourne, and other Australian ports, in which officials all but tear the clothes off the visitor's back to tax them. In this port your mantle at least is free.

In spite of the following paragraph from the same source: "Western Australia has emerged into the full glare of the world's light and renown, and not to know its golden wonders is to argue oneself unknown," I determined to remain in obscurity.

The guide-books assure us Albany deserves more than "passing notice." This is true enough, but travellers do not always get a chance of giving the place its deserts. This was particularly the case with me on my first visit. Quarantine was then in force, and, with my fellow-passengers, I was forbidden to land. All I then saw of the people of Western Australia was limited to a few hours watching the coal-lumpers at work trucking coal along a plank from an ancient hulk moored by the side of the P. and O. steamship *Victoria*. After the animated scenes of coaling at Malta and Aden, and particularly the wild, indescribable scene at Port Said, coaling at Albany fell decidedly

flat. The only diversion that varied the monotony of the proceedings was when a truck would capsize in its Blondin-like trip and pitch the coals into the sea.

The most interesting personage in Albany is Captain B——, the harbour master. I call him the Receiver-General of Australia, for he is the first inhabitant of Australia to receive and welcome the new comer, and he is also the last to take farewell of the parting guest. Captain B—— has held the post of harbour master at King George's Sound, Albany, for over thirty years, and, though over seventy years of age, he seems equal to many years of service yet. Certainly a stranger gets a good impression of the country if he takes Captain B—— as a sample Australian, and one wonders, when one sees this fine old salt run up the gangway with the agility of a youth of seventeen, whether all Australians are equally active. Chatting with Captain B——, I complimented him on his youthful physique. "Why, sir," said he, "I can climb up anything. I can board the ship hand-over-hand on a rope and never touch the side with my feet." This seemed pretty good for a man of over seventy, but I did not regard it as an exaggeration. Captain B—— remembered his father and uncle, both naval men, going to the funeral of King George IV. His reminiscences included the experiences of singing in a choir at the coronation of the Queen, and also when Her Majesty was married. When the Captain ran down the gangway shouting orders to his men, the strength of his lungs was as evident as the agility of his body. Anyone who took this worthy official as a typical Australian would be greatly deceived. Diminutive in stature and voluble in speech, he is in every way the reverse to the average-born Australian. The Australian is generally tall, not to say lanky, and by no means communicative.

An American walked into the smoking-room of a P. and O. ship outward bound, as it was leaving St. George's Sound, threw

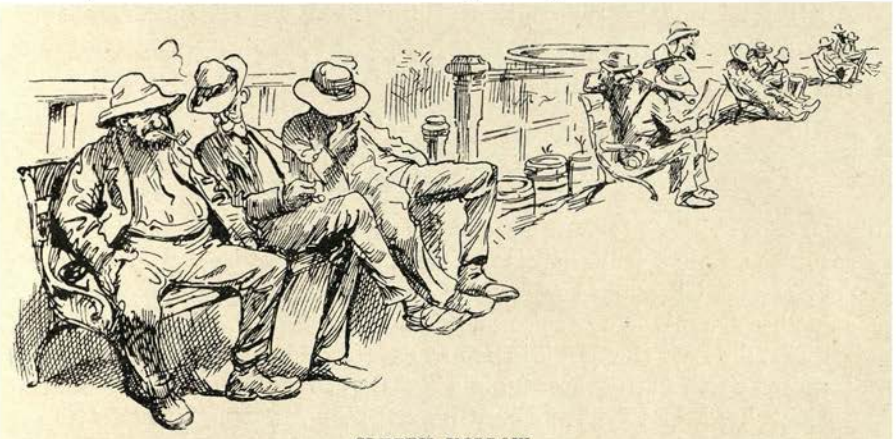
himself down on a sofa, stuck his feet on to a table, spit, and said to those in the saloon :

"I thank my stars I am clean out of that one-horse town Albany ! "

Another traveller who had joined the ship at the same town and who lay huddled up in a corner more dead than alive after a severe attack of typhoid followed by pleurisy, remarked :

"Well, you must admit, sir, it is the healthiest place in Western Australia."

"Co-rect, stranger—co-rect," replied the Yankee. "Co-rect! guess that's why I have cleared out. This darned Albany is 90 per cent. of climate and only 10 per cent. of business."



SLEEPY HOLLOW.

I visited Albany on my return journey. It struck me that in "Sleepy Hollow" 90 per cent. of the natives were in bed and the other 10 per cent. were dozing on the seats on the parade.

When I started for the Antipodes the place that I looked forward to seeing more than any other was Western Australia. It is the part of Australia most discussed at home, where it is being boomed with all the artifice of the promoter's gang. Every ship brings living cargoes to Western Australia ; every newspaper is full of Western Australia. On the front page are shipping advertisements offering every facility for quick and cheap transit ; in the centre of the paper leading articles appear to ventilate the wonders of the West ; towards the end of the

paper—in the City news—thousands eagerly scan the Stock Exchange for prices of Western Australia. There is another column still in which one might find interesting news concerning Western Australia—the deaths column.

When I arrived in Australia the one place that I determined nothing should drag me to was Western Australia. No, not all the gold in the mines would get me to that pestilential plague spot. Here is a place boomed "at home" and abroad at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when nightly speeches were made at banquets glorifying the charms of the speculators' Eldorado, Western Australia—when columns were written of its boasted civilisation, and cheers were given when "Advance Australia" was roared out, and bumpers were drunk by the stop-at-home wirepullers. Just read the following, published at the moment:—

"A. WESTERN PLAGUE SPOT.

"How Fever is Raging in Perth.

"Various visitors to Perth have expressed their opinions upon the awful conditions, from a sanitary point of view, of the Western city, and almost daily news is telegraphed across of the ravages from typhoid, pneumonia, and other diseases in consequence.

"That the state of affairs is in no way exaggerated by prejudiced outsiders is proved by a full-page account in a recent issue of the Perth *Herald*, and which is headed: 'Typhoid Fever in Perth; An Alarming Situation; The Position of Affairs Grows Worse.'

"The opinions of doctors, nurses, experts, and others are published, all going to show that public and private action is almost in every case as if the one aim was to increase the death-rate to the highest possible figures.

"The water supply is contaminated; drainage runs into the catchment area, and even fæcal matter is plainly evident in the samples analysed; there is no supervision of the milk supply; vegetables are grown under most dangerous conditions; stagnant drains are in almost all the streets; about public places of recreation there are fever beds; many of the population are crowded in small boarding-houses like rabbits, and ordinary precautions for the removal of filth neglected, even if that were enough in itself; houses are built on pestilential swamps; the wind blows the dust about spots where the typhoid excrement has been deposited to breed germs by the million; and bread, meat, and other food carts go about uncovered to collect it, as if to make sure that any who escaped all other sources of the danger should not be allowed to escape the plague.

"Even the public esplanade has to be shunned, the silt from the sewer which is being used for reclaiming being a mass of foul matter.

"It will interest 't'othersiders' to read this about the conditions of life :—

"'Many of the dwellings in which the t'othersiders are to be found huddled together are first-class fever "germinators." The rooms are small, the ventilation bad, the bed linen rarely changed, while not the slightest attention whatever is paid to sanitation. It is estimated that there are at least 400 small tenements, from two to five rooms, serving as "boarding" and "lodging" houses, and in these over 3,000 persons are sheltered.'"

Stories of how fortunes are made and lives are lost in the race for wealth in Western Australia would fill volumes.

A typical story, and a genuine one to boot, is worth recording. A well-known racing man travelling on a steamer round the coast was attracted by a seedy, out-of-elbows individual seated all alone. He got into conversation with him. The seedy stranger was reticent about himself, but voluble about others, particularly those who were making their piles in Western Australia—he was going there if he had to walk. The idea of a man walking was a repulsive thought to a racing man, so he most generously insisted upon this dilapidated acquaintance accepting £10 to help him to get to the goldfields. The stranger was to pay him back some day if he ever struck oil. Time went on, and one morning the Good Samaritan received a letter with the £10 enclosed and a request to make an appointment. The two met again. The out-of-elbows fellow-traveller turned up to keep the appointment he had asked for, dressed in the height of fashion; he not only looked a millionaire, but he was one! Yet he was sad and depressed, and recited the history of his good fortune to the good-natured sportsman in a most dismal tone. Though his words were full of gratitude and thankfulness, he seemed, strange as it may appear, somewhat reproachful.

"Yes, thanks to you, I have struck a gold mine, the one the world is now talking about, and you shall have half of it; that is the reason I asked to see you."

"Not I," was the reply. "I don't want it; besides, you have relatives."

"I had," said the millionaire, looking sorrowfully away. "I

had three brothers. I was very fond of them, and sent for them when my luck came and, thanks to you, my fortune also. They arrived in Western Australia full of life and hope and jubilation, three of the finest and strongest fellows in the Colonies. They were all dead and buried within a month—stricken down by the damned typhoid fever."

Every day I spent in Australia I had similar stories to these told me—of how those rushing into the death-trap to dig up gold were buried themselves instead. Every day I heard of

PROSPECTORS.

the swindles as well as of the sewerage. Both the towns and the business stank. Bogus mines were foisted into the "new chum," and huge companies started to work them; businesses advertised as big affairs with tremendous capitals were in reality a paltry village hut or two, with a few pounds of goods flung into them.

If you are not robbed in England right away by such swindles, you are invited to sail for Western Australia.

I met the manager of a Western Australian mining property, who was justly savage at the influx of "new chums" sent out

by the directors of the company he represents. These ne'er-do-wells, of all ages and of all degrees of stupidity and vice, arrive weekly, with letters of recommendation from the London directors, and in most cases actual contracts signed for berths as book-clerks, secretaries, corresponding clerks, &c., &c.—worthless incumbrances, but, even should they be found capable, not a berth open for one per cent. sent out: a fault showing that the directors in London are ignorant of the working of things they are supposed to direct. A sharp manager, finding himself face to face with a cargo of these silly "new chums" so landed, after going carefully over the binding contracts they came armed with, addressed them thus:—

"You, Mr. Nogood, hold a contract made in London by your uncle, a director of this company, to be engaged on arrival as clerk at £10 a week. You, Mr. Boozer, are to be engaged at £6 a week as book-keeper; and you, Mr. Flighty, at £5 a week as an assistant engineer, and so on. Now, gentlemen, in my position as manager here I may tell you plainly that your relatives and friends—the directors in London—are not conversant with the business here in detail. Were they, I am certain, gentlemen, you would never have signed these contracts agreeing to give your valuable services to us for such a ridiculously small remuneration. Things are dearer here than in London, you know; you could not live on such miserable pittances. Now I am unfortunately in the unhappy position that whilst here absolutely at the head of affairs and an autocrat, I am at the same time bound to accept these contracts made in London, and am therefore powerless to improve your unfortunate acceptances of these posts assigned to you. However, if you will agree to tear up these contracts I shall engage you weekly all the same, but at double salaries. Do you agree to this, gentlemen?"

They all did. The contracts were destroyed, they received double salaries, for a fortnight, were not asked to do anything, and were all dismissed with a week's notice by the autocrat, the manager of the property, who has his picked, tried, and trusted men to do all the work necessary.

The Western Australian boom is over. The rooks have

plucked every feather they can off the poor pigeon. The Land of Promise, the Land of Myth, the Land of Sharks and Sharpers, is discovered by the paying public, and is in disgrace. Truth will out, and the truth about Western Australia is out of the designing promoter's bag now, never to be caught in it again. Africa suggests a comparison. In mining there is a great difference between Africa and Australia. Take, for instance, the Rand in Africa: it is one long reef of general excellence, divided into mines all of solid value. Australian mines, with one or two notable exceptions, do not run so; they are short, broken and erratic.

Each of these when struck may or may not yield the three ounces to the ton they are boomed as having, but what is not explained to the investing public is the fact that the mines are limited and uncertain—they are not continuous, they are most expensive to open and work, and consequently they are practically worthless, and the investors' money is swamped and the land shows no return.

A man who has most exceptional experience in mining, in a conversation with me used an expression *d propos* of the character of the mining lodes. He said that they were "patchy." That expresses everything Australian. Australia is a patchy country. Look at the sheep stations: a good season or two, property investment, rush, extravagance, no rain, ruin, despair, exodus. So it is with land, with everything—it is patchy. The people are patchy. One set, pleasant, refined, kindly, lovable; the next objectionable, vulgar, low and detestable.

A friend of mine on board the steamer had the following interesting conversation with an Irish lady moving in Australian society:

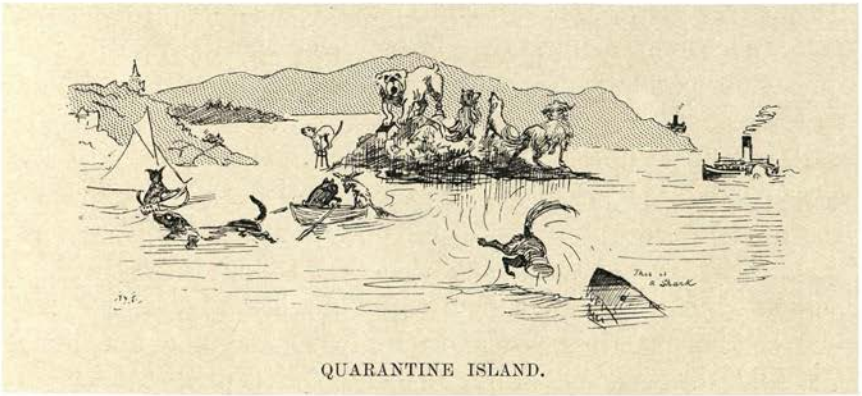
"Do you happen to know Mrs. Larry O'B. and Mrs. Mike O'C. ?

"Do I know thim? Well, iv course I do. Shure, me darlin', both of their husbands stood in the same dock wid moi husband on their thrial for murder—for killin' a process server in Oireland years ago. Moi husband was acquitted, worse luck!"

"Worse luck?"

"Yis. Maybe y'don't know as how the other two gintlemen got sintinced and were sent out here as convicts, and both of thim now are millionaires, and my poor man is still workin' hard for his livin' in the ould counthry."

Hydrophobia is unknown in Australia. A traveller on arrival has his pet dog taken from him and the poor animal is thrust into quarantine for six months. These four millions of inhabitants, spread over the largest colony in the world, consider themselves so precious they quarantine everything and everybody but lunatics. Why not quarantine lunatics? Are they not dangerous? Did not a whole city go mad? Stark, staring, raving



QUARANTINE ISLAND.

mad—Mad Melbourne—and yet a Maltese terrier is quarantined in the same port for six months!

Yet lunatics arrive and make lunacy rampant, and a whole city is left after such a visitation an asylum of melancholia—Mad Melbourne. Lunacy frequently takes the form of egotism. Peasants imagine themselves princes; Calibans believe themselves to be Adonises; beggars imagine themselves millionaires. It is a harmless vanity and hurts no one, but a mad city may ruin thousands by suddenly imagining itself a gold mine. Melbourne a few years ago imagined it suddenly became the hub of the universe. The world and his wife had but one burning desire—that was to live in Melbourne. Some lunatic started this ridiculous idea, and the boom spread like lightning. Melbourne was by this magic boom turned into an Aladdin cave. No

prairie fire ever started with such suddenness, with such fury, burning up, as it leapt and galloped along, all the reasoning powers and common sense of the people. Those who cleared a space around them to avoid destruction were tongued by the fire of speculation, and before they could move away were irreparably lost. Great and small, old and young, were carried away in the blaze of speculation. The frightened reptiles and beasts running in front to escape it were, it was thought, miserable fools who had not the pluck or sense to aid in setting speculation in Melbourne on fire. A fanciful picture on paper this? True, so was the great boom of 1887 merely a fanciful picture on paper. Had it been otherwise banks would not have failed, nor would families have been ruined wholesale, nor would trade and speculation have been left charred roots and stubble on the scene of folly—Mad Melbourne.

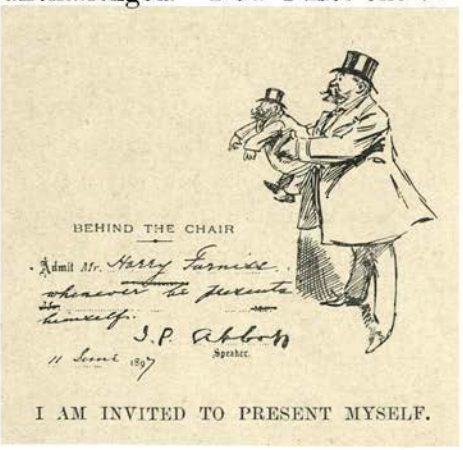
It is difficult to say how it began—it is unnecessary to say how it ended. I am told that at the height of the boom Melbourne went frantically and absolutely mad. Poor men and women rushed about fancying that they had suddenly become millionaires. In the few hours between breakfast and lunch they had bought a piece of land for £1,000, and in a few hours had sold the same block for £10,000—on paper. They then heard that the purchaser had re-sold it for £20,000 before dinner, they bought it back for £30,000, and re-sold it over supper again for £50,000, a good day's work—on paper. Everyone did the same—all were mad. Money flowed in from the Old Country in millions, champagne flowed freely all over Melbourne in gallons, everyone was intoxicated with joy and soused themselves and their friends in champagne to wash down success. Vehicles rushed speculators through the streets, trains whisked them to the land free, luncheons free awaited all at every turn, fortunes at every step. Melbourne was mad drunk—lost!

Buildings—comfortable, sensible buildings—were pulled down and "sky scrapers" and mansions were erected in their places. Bridges, good for a hundred years to come, were pulled down and millions spent in erecting in place of the old ones others not

more serviceable or of more use. Huge docks, not wanted, were built at fabulous outlays—all these buildings stand as monuments of Melbourne's Madness.

The extraordinary good spirits of the Melbournites is a healthy sign. Those who not only lost all their money invested, chagrined by their folly and left with liabilities that will cripple them for life, smile and bear their fall right cheerily.

Some of these notes made by me whilst seeing the Kangarooists at home "in a hurry" may not be received in the proper spirit. All new countries are sensitive, and resent truths coming from a stranger, while at the same time their home critics, though far more severe, are tolerated and unchallenged. Now I met one of the most prominent Australians, a man of the world, a leading legal light and a Member of Parliament. It was in the Legislative Chamber I had a conversation with him on matters Australian. He led off: "This bit of a place here (Sydney), with a population less than that of a second-class provincial town in England, has in it people with more cheek than would be found in the capitals of London, Paris and St. Petersburg rolled into one. Why, these people have some ingrained vain idea that everything and everybody connected with them are the most important things and the most important people in the world. Small-minded people in a large country—that is what they are—a country the size of Europe with a population less than that of London with the intellect of a country village. That is Australia."



I AM INVITED TO PRESENT MYSELF.

"And divided among themselves. Do you believe in Federation?"

This conversation took place in June, 1897, and three years after, Australian Federation had become a reality. It is therefore

interesting to repeat the opinion of this important Australian on Federation, exactly as it took place:

"Well—yes and no. I believe in the principle, properly worked, in a country ripe for it; but here in Australia, my dear sir, we do not know what federal government means. I have travelled round and round the world—ha! ha! not in a hurry, my dear sir, but with the object of seeing and learning all about the political workings of countries as well as other subjects. I travel so much sometimes that on waking in the morning I have to rub my eyes to think for a moment whether I am in St. Petersburg or Ottawa, San Francisco or London. I travel so much, one country and another to me is like walking out of this room into the next. I am, in this respect, an exception. This place is provincial, the minds of the people are essentially provincial, they do not understand big questions—Federation is a very big question. Now, sir, I am shown a new machine that you have at home for cutting your hair—good, it is scientific, a thing of beauty and tremendously costly. I say, 'Yes, that's all very well, but I cannot see how Mr. Furniss can afford such a machine for cutting his hair.' Then everyone cries: 'Oh, he does not believe hair should be cut!' Why, I say nothing of the sort—hair-cutting is an excellent thing, a necessary thing perhaps, but why have in a small establishment tremendous machinery to do it?

At that moment I caught sight of my head in a glass; the same thought struck me, why indeed?

"That is Federation here," my interesting acquaintance continued. "Here, in this little bit of a community, not the population of one city—London—spread over the whole of it want five separate governments to govern those few millions cut up into States!"

From all I could gather, Federation in Australia might possibly be realised some day, but it would be in the dim and distant future, certainly not "in our time"!

There is a good story told *à propos* of the candidature of "The Cardinal." Of course, the votes recorded for him were solely Catholic, the Irish turning up in great force. Two

gentlemen from Erin were found fighting a deadly battle. When separated and the battle changed for one of words in place of blows, Mike declared that he'd "livil the baste to the ground for not voting for the Cardinal."

"And who has he voted for?"

"Whoi the blackguard tills me he's voted for Patrick Francis Moran—who ever heard of Patrick Francis Moran?"

"Oive voted for the Cardinal—iv course Oi have," replied the other, "and it's glad Oi am that Oive nearly kilt that varmint for Moran's sake!"

Needless to explain to you Patrick Francis Moran was the Cardinal.

Kangarooists drive engines much in the same way as they drive horses, or anything else—a reckless, devil-may-care style.

A certain driver in Queensland was told to run the journey through and make no stoppages—this just suited him. On he went. He found the iron gates closed at a crossing in a town he passed through; he did not pull up—not he—he rushed right through, carrying the gates away. Of course, he was reprimanded for this recklessness.

"You might have killed the passengers."

"Why, we only carried two!"

This satisfied the Enquiry Committee as reasonable—in Australia.

This Queensland driver has his prototype in New South Wales. You will find him on the express between Melbourne and Sydney, known as "Hell Fire Jack," a *sobriquet* he has gained by his dash and daring in running the express. He had brought us on at a rare rate, and having completed the middle run, we pulled up to exchange drivers and engines. The conductor noticed me gazing at the portly form of the engine-driver, who had just jumped off.

"That is Hell Fire Jack. Jack is a wonder—here we are a quarter of an hour before time, and Jack had an hour and a half to make up in his run—he did it—Jack always does—he'd make up anything. It's he as nearly got the sack for making a splendid run some time ago—160 miles without a

stop. Nothing wrong in that? Well, you see we had four stops to make in that 160 miles, and he didn't make 'em. Some bookies in the train wanted to get to the races, and made Jack a handsome bet he couldn't get 'em there in time—Jack did—that's all—bless you, he's a wonder—never had an accident neither, not one! He knows all about engines—can stop and mend 'em on the road if it's wanted. And you ought to see him pick up his express disc with his train going at 60 miles an hour. There is a little arm sticks out of the side of the engine, and the disc is suspended at the station. Jack takes it, as I say, going 60 miles an hour, never eases up—not he—but the disc he has to drop in its place has fallen off long before! and the next train has to wait an hour to find it. Oh, Jack is a wonder—good-bye, Jack!"

I returned to the carriage relieved by knowing that Hell Fire Jack was no longer in charge. Two men were conversing about travelling of a different kind—one was saying to the other: "Why, the last time we met was on the Coolgardie Coach—wasn't as smooth going as this, eh? ha! ha! I shall never forget our driver—don't you remember how drunk he was, and how we had to tie him into his seat?—and when he did upset us we went flying a couple of hundred yards away. I saw him as I was landing on my head on the rock tied to his seat turning over, laughing at us. I wonder what became of the old lady and gentleman inside—they carried 'em off for dead, you know. He did make those horses fly—they were glad of the rest, never moved when first down, did they?"

I suppose this was the joke of a Hell Fire Tom. Motor-cars will soon be introduced into Australia; then we shall hear of Hell Fire Harry—and a funeral.

The Kangarooists really do not value life as we in the Old Country do—they certainly do not value horseflesh. You can buy a good horse for one shilling. Catsmeat in London is dearer than live horseflesh in Australia. They ride and drive anything and everything.

I recollect visiting the best-known horse-bazaar in the Colonies, and was shown round by an expert.

"That horse is all right, but I can't recommend it as a stayer. You want it for harness? Well, I don't like to deceive you; it ain't much good after going seventy miles—no, it's a rotten-hearted beast. It might go eighty miles at a stretch, but I won't guarantee more."

"Eighty miles! Good heavens! In the Old Country half that distance at a stretch would mean cruelty to animals."

"Maybe it would—those English horses have the best barrels in the world, and they are pretty to look at, but no legs. Why, 120 miles is a decent run here; rough work through the bush too, but then soft as tan—no hard roads like in the Old Country, you know."

"Yes, but the bush is the bush, and you have to go up and down ravines and over trees and obstacles of all kinds."

"Right you are. It frightens you at first, but, like the Irishman who said his wife didn't mind a beating as she had got so accustomed to it, these horses are accustomed to the ups-and-downs of the bush, and you get accustomed to it too after a few hours. You may have it pretty rough. Lor' bless you, some never stop at anything—there's Jack Madcapper and Tom Devil McCary, why, they are daisies. They buy their horses here—well, they work 'em, never stop to open a gate, let the horses go and clear it, over they go buggy and all. Fences? Well it's a little relish now and then to jump 'em, and you ought to see the buggies fly in the air. They always take a rope or two to mend up a bit. If a horse is injured, they go on with the rest and leave it, and wire us for another team. Horses ain't worth thinking about out here, and the gates ain't much use, nor the fences either, now that we have nothing to keep in them."

I turned to the "vet."

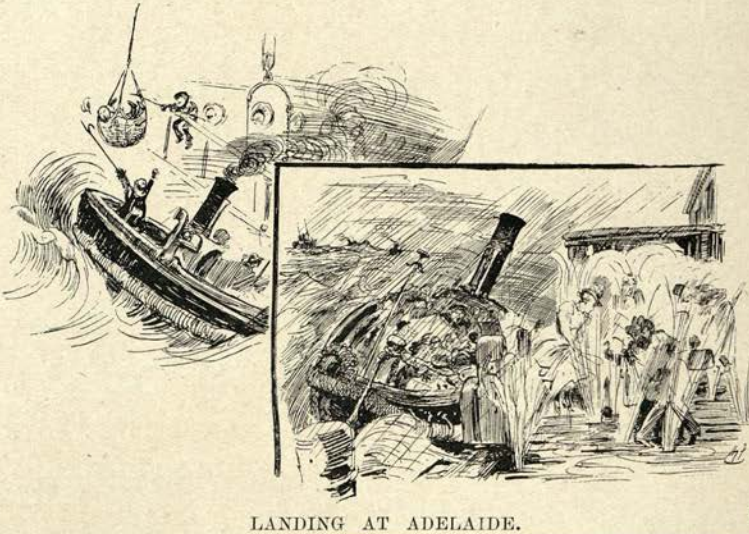
"Valuable race-horses are the best off after all, then?"

"Well, they have neither bits of gates nor fancy fences to negotiate; they have stone walls and solid five-foot timber jumps. They have to go over the whole lot clear, or come to grief. I have shot about 1,000 crippled first-class crack racers in ten years on the course alone."

"Then there is no love for the horses here?"

"Nonsense! we love 'em. Why, it is a touching incident, I tell you, when I come on the scene to save further pain for the poor animal. The boy who has had it in charge runs over with a cloth to throw over his favourite. Then he draws me on one side, and says, 'Don't shoot, sir, till I'm away, I can't bear it.'"

Adelaide is a charming place when you get there, but you have to get there first. Getting there is no easy matter if you arrive by sea, as you must when coming direct from the Old Country. Both for comfort and effect Adelaide is better approached by land, as when coming by rail from Melbourne.



LANDING AT ADELAIDE.

The railway has to cross the range of hills which shuts Adelaide in from the east, and some fine views of the city and the plains are obtained.

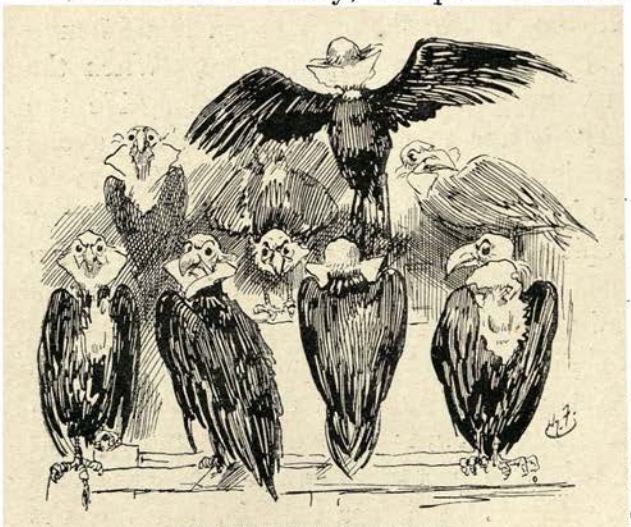
From the anchorage at Largs Bay the city is barely visible, and travellers have to take train through Port Adelaide up to the city, a journey of about eight miles across the plains. These plains have been cleared of trees, and the country is bare and uninteresting.

Before starting on this journey, however, the unhappy voyager has much to go through. In this respect Adelaide compares badly with Melbourne and Sydney. Sydney harbours the largest steamers in the centre of the city; Melbourne allows

them to come to the back door—at Port Melbourne; while Adelaide compels them to stay outside in the middle of the road, or roadstead, and a very rough roadstead it is. When the weather is at all fresh, the landing is positively dangerous. The steam launches which come out to the mail steamers are bound round from stem to stern with huge rope fenders. When the launches are jumping, wriggling and plunging alongside the steamers, it is no easy matter to get into them, and anyone but a sailor or a professional acrobat would find it safest to be lowered over the side in a basket. The voyage to the jetty at Largs Bay is a brief epitome of the Bay of Biscay, the Australian Bight, and the monsoons of the Indian Ocean. When you reach the jetty, you are hoisted on to it by practised hands as the launch jumps to the right level. Then—splash! and up comes a green sea through the boards and you are wet to the skin. Bathing, it seems, like education, is "free and compulsory" at Adelaide. Perhaps this is a part of the quarantine operations —disinfection by salt water. This sea bath is, however, the only thing, as far as I am aware, that the traveller gets for nothing in South Australia. Passengers' baggage is charged for when it lands at the jetty at the rate of 1*s.* 3*d.* per cwt., and the same has to be paid on leaving. When at last you get into the train!—such a train! but perhaps the railway department does not like the risk of having good carriages soiled by passengers' wet clothes—you compare this "boat express" with those of Folkestone, Dover, Harwich, and Southampton. The first-class carriages are not equal to the third-class on the English lines. Being an express, this train runs more than a mile without stopping. Then you have to change trains. When you get along again, you notice that the railway to Port Adelaide runs along the street without any fence whatever to prevent people from driving or walking on to the line. Fatalities of course are common, and excite little notice; bolting horses and consequent accidents are of almost daily occurrence, and the local residents get quite to enjoy being pitched out of their buggies. Life here cannot be dull, while it lasts. Passengers are lucky if they reach Adelaide within

an hour and a half of leaving the steamer, the distance being about ten miles.

The Zoological Gardens of Adelaide are particularly fine. The situation is lovely, the plan is excellent, and originality shown in the design of the houses. The specimens are fairly numerous and all excellent of their kind, and at most points, this is the best "Zoo" in the Colonies. The most original house is that of the guinea-pigs, which is a huge doll's house, complete with blinds and even a scraper at the door, and an inscription outside, "School for Young Ladies—conducted by the Misses Guinea Pig." The cage that attracted me most was that of Pondicherry vultures. Mr. Gladstone has often been caricatured as a grand old bird, but the Pondicherry vulture is a replica of the veteran statesman, collar and all.



PONDICHERRY VULTURES.

THE MAID OF THE INN.

There are many beautiful drives around Adelaide — at least, as beautiful as is possible when the scenery is marred by a barrenness of soil, a lack of greenness in the grass, an absence of wild flowers, and a dull uniform and sombre tint upon all the trees. The hills, which look somewhat featureless from the city, are riven in a hundred places by rocky gorges or gullies, and many well-made roads cross the range at various points. The roads to Belair and Mount Lofty, to Green Hill, Marble

Hill, Moriatta, and a score of other places, give at numerous points fine views of the hills and the plain, and some of the waterfalls, notably the one at Waterfall Gully and at Fourth Creek, are eminently picturesque in a rugged way. I was advised to ignore all these beauty spots in favour of one—namely, Paradise. The name seemed to augur well, and my adviser seemed so serious that I determined to make my way to Paradise. In my mind I conjured up a place of infinite romance and beauty, the choice of all the pleasant places in a pleasant land; the Garden of Eden of the Southern Hemisphere. Expectation was at flood with sunny imaginings as I journeyed over level and dusty roads towards this land of promise. I drew Paradise as I saw it, and the sketch will tell more about its beauties than volumes of description. I made for the hotel, and there I found a lady who took me into the garden and pointed out a gap in the fence through which I could squeeze my way into Paradise. I went expecting to be rewarded by a glimpse of the romantic and picturesque of which I was in search. I had been told of the wonderful orange groves of this place. There were trees with oranges growing—about enough to feed an average school-treat; and at last I saw the point of all the joke—a girl-child was tempting a boy to steal oranges; the serpent had left, so I made for the hole in the fence and quitted Paradise for ever,

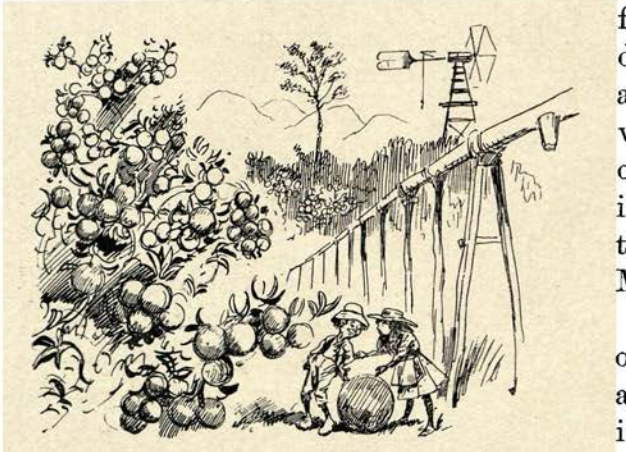
THE WAY INTO PARADISE.

PARADISE.

I have looked for the humorist who sent me there, but we have not met since, which is perhaps as well.

One of the chief characteristics of Australian city life is its lack of characteristic features. The types of civilised humanity one meets might be denizens of Islington or Battersea for any distinguishing trait to stamp them as Antipodeans. There is a certain breezy familiarity and absence of suavity in their manners and deportment, but otherwise they are an average lot of mixed Britishers and no more.

As soon as I arrived I went about in search of a type of the Australian girl for my pictures, and was sketching one from my hotel window as typical of a real Australian, when the Captain of our ship came in and said, "Oh, there's that Cockney, Miss So-and-so!"



ADAM AND EVE.

She came over in our ship second-class, and had never been in Australia before!

I recollect a similar instance in Ottawa, Canada. I was returning from Government House, where I had been taken by the Mayor to sign the visitors' book, and as we were returning in the electric car I sat opposite a fine, smart specimen of a youth. I whispered to my Canadian acquaintance, "Is that a genuine type of a true Canadian?"

"Yes, a perfect type."

I made the sketch.

The following evening I was the guest at Government House, and to my surprise I noticed that one of the servants at dinner was the typical Canadian I had sketched. He was MacSandy, fresh from Aberdeen!

But if I have been mistaken, others are sometimes mistaken in me, for a few hours before the surprise recorded above

happened I was in my hotel in Ottawa, the morning after I had appeared in the Opera House in the "Humours of Parliament." An eminent Canadian divine was ushered into my quarters, and addressing me said:

"Allow me to introduce myself, and to say that I listened with the greatest pleasure and profit to your most admirable discourse last evening."

I bowed my very best.

"I must say," continued the rev. gentleman, "that your efforts in the cause of Christianity in this city are marked by a fervour and earnestness that cannot fail to convert."

A TYPE.

"Really," I said, "you flatter me."

"Ah, no, sir; you are one of the brave soldiers of Christianity who march through the world addressing huge audiences and influencing the masses, taking life seriously, and denouncing frivolity and worldliness."

"Well," I said, "I don't think I do any harm, but I must disclaim for my poor efforts to amuse——"

"Amuse, sir!" repeated the astonished divine. "Surely I am speaking to the gentleman whose stirring discourse it was my good fortune to listen to last evening in Dominion Church?"

"No, sir, I was in the Grand Opera House."

"Then you are not Dr. Munhall, the Revivalist?"

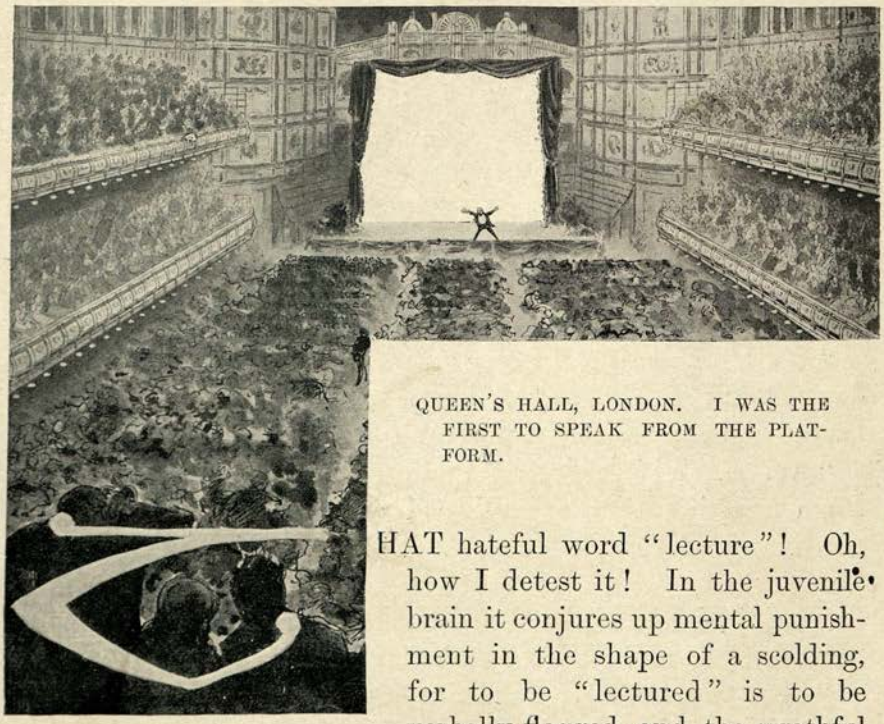
"Bless you, no, sir. I am Furniss, the caricaturist."

"Good gracious! where's the door? Let me out! They have brought me to the wrong room!"

CHAPTER XI.

PLATFORM CONFESSIONS.

Lectures and Lecturers—The Boy's Idea—How to Deliver It—The Professor—The Actors—My First Platform—Smoke—Cards—On the Table—Nurses—Some Unrehearsed Effects—Dress—A Struggle with a Shirt—A Struggle with a Bluebottle — Sir William Harcourt Goes out—My Lanternists Go Out—Chairmen—The Absent Chairman—The Ideal Chairman—The Political Chairman—The Ignorant Chairman—Chestnuts—Misunderstood—Advice to Those about to Lecture—I am Overworked—"'Arry to Harry."



QUEEN'S HALL, LONDON. I WAS THE FIRST TO SPEAK FROM THE PLATFORM.

HAT hateful word "lecture"! Oh, how I detest it! In the juvenile brain it conjures up mental punishment in the shape of a scolding, for to be "lectured" is to be verbally flogged, and the wrathful words that smite the youthful ear carry with them just as sharp

a sting as the knots of the lash that fall on the hapless back of the prison culprit.

To the boyish mind the lecturer is pictured as an old fossil to whom he has to listen attentively for an hour without understanding a word of his learned discourse. The funereal blackboard, the austere diagrams, the severe pointer and the chilly glass of water, a professor something like one of the prehistoric creatures he is talking about, with his long hair and long words, his egotistical learning, his platitudes and pauses and mumblings, combine to depress the youngster, who all the time is longing for the fresh air and an hour of cricket or football. Then the notes he is supposed to take! True, there is a certain momentary feeling of pleasure and importance on acquiring the first clean, new notebook and long, well-sharpened pencil, but it is of very, very brief duration. The boy won't be happy till he gets it, but he's anything but happy when he's got it! He sees (of course I refer here to public lectures) some "prehistoric gurls," as an Irish boy once termed them to me, taking copious notes, but the long words and learned phrases stagger the budding scientist and befog his as yet undeveloped brain. I am speaking from my experience when I attended the first of a series of lectures by leading professors of the Dryasdust species.

Nor does the subsequent cross-examination by the parents enhance in the youthful idea the pleasure of being lectured to.

In boyhood's days the student has to attend his lectures, and when they are over he rejoices accordingly; but what about the lectures in after life? Although I have given many of these latter myself, I cannot say that my experience as one of the audience has been very extensive, as I have only heard one or two. The first I heard was delivered by Professor Herkomer some years ago. The subject interested me, as I thought I knew more about it than the lecturer himself, and Herkomer's delivery was particularly good, but it was a "lecture" in the strict sense of the word. We were scolded, and went away like whipped boys. When I stood on that identical platform a few years afterwards *I* scolded everybody—it is the duty of the lecturer to do so.

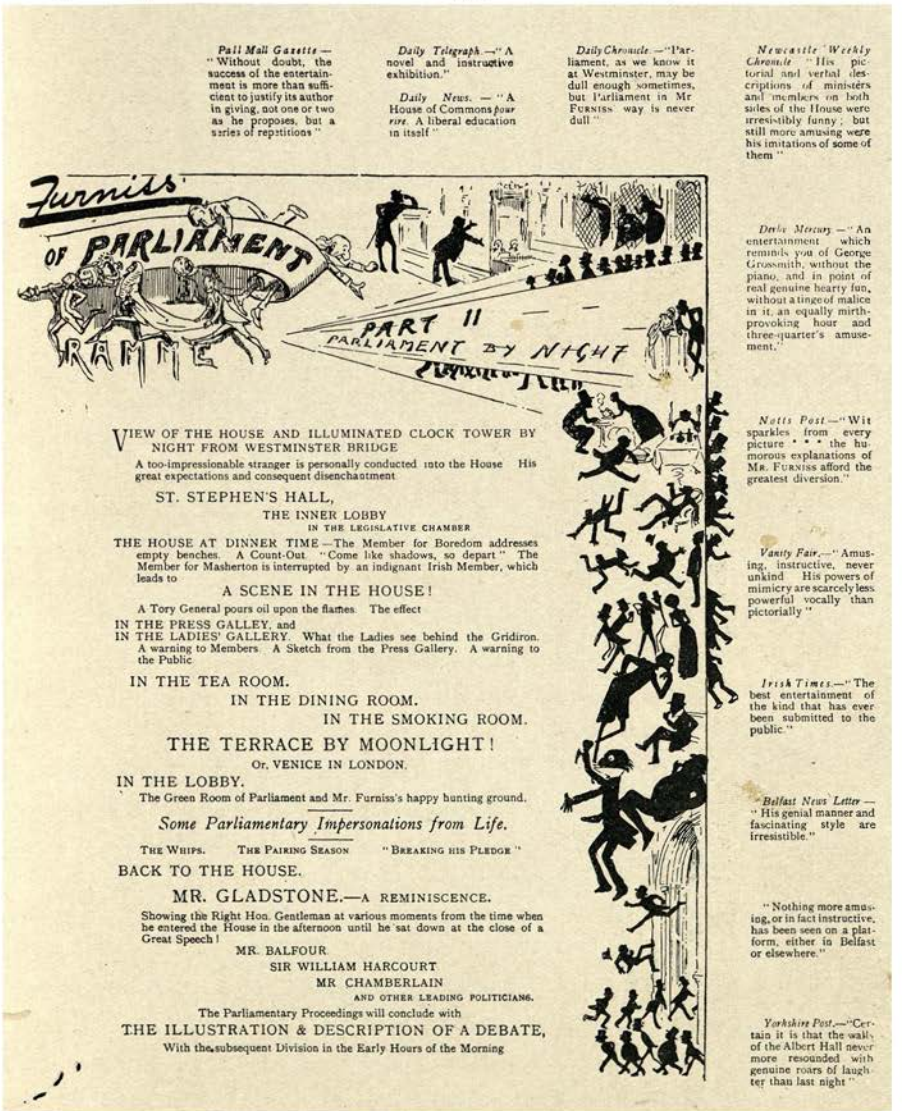
A lecturer must be a personage altogether superior—this is essential. If he does not possess this attribute, he must assume it. Modesty is ineffective; mock-modesty is distasteful; you must

The Era.—"Mr. Furniss has an easy air and a knowledge of dramatic effect. . . . Loud laughter attended the lecturer as in his own person he proceeded to illustrate the style of locomotion adopted by certain well-known representatives of the great British Public."
The Times.—"A more vivid idea of our Parliamentary procedure than could be obtained in any other way."
Saturday Review.—"The audience was enchanted."
The Graphic.—"By means of his own sketches, aided by an amusing running commentary, he supplies a complete picture of Parliamentary life."
The Stage.—"Perhaps Mr Furniss astonished even his intimate friends, and certainly all not intimately acquainted with him, by the excellence, pungency, and satire of his mimicry."
Harry Furniss is a wag.
Ha! ha! the humour o't!
All the tricks are in his bag.
He! he! the humour o't!
He can mimic, he can mime,
Draw, and act, and—what is prime—
Keep you laughing all the time,
Humph! humph! the humour o't!
Punch.
The Daily Graphic.—"Every Englishman ought to know something of the Parliament which makes his laws. He cannot do better than get a working acquaintance with the subject by laughing at Mr Furniss' merry Sketch."
The Standard.—"Upon his crystallized impressions of the manners of the members of the 'best Club in the World' he proceeded to expatiate in a most amusing strain. Altogether the Humours of Parliament is a happy idea."
The Star.—"Has not a dull moment, and is followed throughout with an absorbed attention. That the caricaturist should be able to extract so much fun from so solemn a topic is nothing short of miraculous."
Illustrated London News.—"The hearty laughter which greeted Mr. Furniss' exposition of the Parliamentary Humours had no echo of malice. Excellent sense as well as delightful fooling."
North British Mail.—"This entertainment cannot be compared to any other. It is absolutely unique, and is more amusing than anything else we have seen for many a day."
Harry
HUMOURS
PART 1
PARLIAMENT BY DAY
FROG
INTRODUCTION.—Personal. Explanatory.
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT 11 A.M.—Preparing for the Sitting. The Attendants of the House. Dust and Chaff. A Word about the House. At the Bar. Visitors.
A LITTLE LATER.—Early Members. The Fussy Mr. Nincompoop. Strangers Past and Present. The Hattitude of the House before Prayers. How the Commons Catch Cold. Punch in the Press Gallery. A Young Member makes his Maiden Speech.
THREE O'CLOCK!—Hats off. Strangers! The Mournful Procession of the Speaker. Private Bills and Petitions.
A BRIEF VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
An Appeal Case.
FOUR P.M.—Transformation of the House from the Court of Appeal to the House of Debate. An Imaginary and a Real Lord Chancellor. Giving the Royal Sanction to Bills. Black Rod at the Commons' Barring the Door in his Face. The Procession to the Upper House. Robes and Cocked Hats in the Lords. The Chancellor's Crier. A Suggestion. A Sitting in the Lords. The Two Lord Chancellors upon the Woolsack. A Question asked and Lord Salisbury's Answer.
BACK TO THE COMMONS. QUESTION TIME.—Heckling rampant. Questions upon the Business of the House by all Sorts and Conditions of Members. A sensible Sole and a sensitive Frog, being a long-winded answer to a very simple question, showing how a Minister often wastes the time of Parliament.
Mr Bellows-Scarum—the Alarmist.
The Member for Ballyhooley and the Assassinated Scarecrow! with the reply of the Chief Secretary. The Member for Ballyhooley becoming excited is called to order by the Speaker.
MOVING THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE HOUSE.—"Are Forty present?"
THE FIRST PART WILL CONCLUDE WITH AN EFFORT BY MR. FURNISS TO THROW SOME LIGHT UPON THE ORATORICAL STYLE OF THE MEMBER FOR BALLYHOOLEY.
An Interval of Ten Minutes.

instruct your audience. The commonest platitudes will serve if you call it a "lecture," and address them to an audience as if they were a lot of school children.

When a lecture-entertainment has been written, the question then is how to deliver it. Now, with the exception of returning,

thanks for "art" or "literature" or for "the visitors" now and then at a City banquet, I was quite unaccustomed to public speaking. A friend of mine suggested I should take lessons in


Pall Mall Gazette — "Without doubt, the success of the entertainment is more than sufficient to justify its author in giving, not one or two as he proposes, but a series of repetitions"
Daily Telegraph.—"A novel and instructive exhibition."
Daily News. — "A House of Commons *pour rire*. A liberal education in itself"
Daily Chronicle.—"Parliament, as we know it at Westminster, may be dull enough sometimes, but Parliament in Mr Furniss' way is never dull"
Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.—"His pictorial and verbal descriptions of ministers and members on both sides of the House were irresistibly funny; but still more amusing were his imitations of some of them"
Furniss' OF PARLIAMENT
PART II
PARLIAMENT BY NIGHT
Daily Mercury.—"An entertainment which reminds you of George Grossmith, without the piano, and in point of real genuine hearty fun, without a tinge of malice in it, an equally mirth-provoking hour and three-quarter's amusement."
Notts Post.—"Wit sparkles from every picture . . . the humorous explanations of Mr. Furniss afford the greatest diversion."
Vanity Fair.—"Amusing, instructive, never unkind. His powers of mimicry are scarcely less powerful vocally than pictorially"
Irish Times.—"The best entertainment of the kind that has ever been submitted to the public."
Belfast News Letter.—"His genial manner and fascinating style are irresistible."
"Nothing more amusing, or in fact instructive, has been seen on a platform, either in Belfast or elsewhere."
Yorkshire Post.—"Certain it is that the walls of the Albert Hall never more resounded with genuine roars of laughter than last night"
VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND ILLUMINATED CLOCK TOWER BY NIGHT FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
A too-impressionable stranger is personally conducted into the House His great expectations and consequent disenchantment
ST. STEPHEN'S HALL,
THE INNER LOBBY
IN THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER
THE HOUSE AT DINNER TIME—The Member for Boredom addresses empty benches. A Count-Out. "Come like shadows, so depart" The Member for Masherton is interrupted by an indignant Irish Member, which leads to
A SCENE IN THE HOUSE!
A Tory General pours oil upon the flames. The effect
IN THE PRESS GALLEY, and
IN THE LADIES' GALLERY. What the Ladies see behind the Gridiron. A warning to Members. A Sketch from the Press Gallery. A warning to the Public
IN THE TEA ROOM.
IN THE DINING ROOM.
IN THE SMOKING ROOM.
THE TERRACE BY MOONLIGHT!
Or, VENICE IN LONDON.
IN THE LOBBY.
The Green Room of Parliament and Mr. Furniss's happy hunting ground.
Some Parliamentary Impersonations from Life.
THE WHIPS. THE PAIRING SEASON "BREAKING HIS PLEDGE"
BACK TO THE HOUSE.
MR. GLADSTONE.—A REMINISCENCE.
Showing the Right Hon. Gentleman at various moments from the time when he entered the House in the afternoon until he sat down at the close of a Great Speech!
MR. BALFOUR
SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT
MR. CHAMBERLAIN
AND OTHER LEADING POLITICIANS.
The Parliamentary Proceedings will conclude with
THE ILLUSTRATION & DESCRIPTION OF A DEBATE,
With the subsequent Division in the Early Hours of the Morning

elocution from "one of those actor fellows." "It is not what you say but how you say it," he said to me. "Indeed!" I replied, rather nettled. "Matthew Arnold had a wretched delivery, and I think there was something in what he said." "True, but you

are not a Matthew Arnold, nor I should say a George Dawson either. So take lessons in elocution, my boy, and save yourself and your audience." Therefore, modestly I went to consult a professor of elocution with my lecture in my pocket, feeling very much as I did when I first walked to school, or to my first editor with my youthful artistic attempts. I had, by the way, attended an elocution class and a drawing class in my school days, but no boy was expected to learn anything from either.

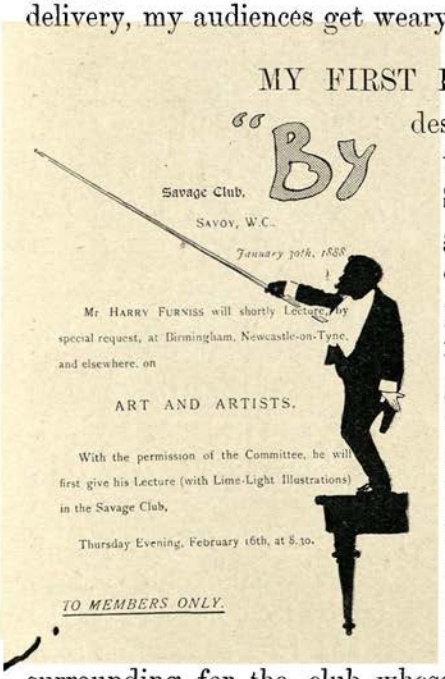
It is curious to notice how parents willingly subscribe to the school extra, "Elocution class," in the belief that it gives boys confidence. I was a nervous boy, so I joined. The drawing extra certainly gives a boy confidence, because he sees the feeble productions of the drawing-master and feels he has little to learn in order to become one himself. I shall never forget my first attempt in the elocution class at school. The Professor selected a piece for the day—it was to be learned letter-perfect. Now I unfortunately parodied it and burlesqued the Professor, who stood at the end of the library, giving us suitable actions to the words. We all faced him like a company of soldiers formed in a square. Being small, I, sheltered by the big boys in front, indulged in my antics with impunity. Certainly I did not want confidence at that moment. This over, we sat down round the library, and then the custom was to call out a boy to recite the piece of the day alone for the benefit of the others. He called upon me! Confidence had fled. I was not struck with stage fright, but with Professor fright. I tried to repeat the words and thought I did, but not until I was stigmatised by the Professor as incorrigible, and ordered to sit down, was I aware that I had really given my parody and not the piece.

When I went in search of another Professor this incident of my last came to my memory, and I felt unhappy. Attitude is everything, thought I. I shall look in at the picture galleries as I pass and compare the oratorical attitudes of the people of the past. I was rehearsing before one in the National Gallery when my antics attracted a lady. I looked round to see the effect—she was laughing. It was Miss Mary Anderson, the celebrated actress. I told her I was about to lecture and was

on my way to take lessons in elocution. "Do nothing of the sort," she cried. "The public does not want to hear your attempts at elocution. Say what you have to say in your own way. Speak slowly and distinctly, and let everyone hear right at the end of the room." So it came to pass that Miss Mary Anderson was my only teacher in elocution, and this was the only lesson I received. Although what I say on the platform may not be worth listening to, I take good care that no one has to ask me to speak up, and put their hands to their ears to hear what I am saying; nor do I think, as I avoid the "preachy" style of delivery, my audiences get weary of hearing my voice.

MISS MARY ANDERSON.

MY FIRST PLATFORM.


"By
Savage Club,
Savoy, W.C.
January 30th, 1888.
Mr Harry Furniss will shortly Lecture, by special request, at Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and elsewhere, on
ART AND ARTISTS.
With the permission of the Committee, he will first give his Lecture (with Lime-Light Illustrations) in the Savage Club,
Thursday Evening, February 16th, at 8.30.
TO MEMBERS ONLY.

"By desire," I rehearsed my first lecture, "Art and Artists," at the Savage Club, previous to my giving it in public. In those days the Savages smoked their pipe of peace in a long room in the Savoy, overlooking the graveyard where so many of their tribe lay at rest. I recollect the reading-room at the back looked on to a huge building with mournful black lettering on it, announcing the fact that it was the office of some Necropolis. Truly a doleful surrounding for the club whose members are engaged in promoting the gaiety of nations! The long room was divided into two, the longer portion being the dining-room, and the smaller one the card-room, and on Saturday evenings, when they all sat

round smoking their calumets, and singing their songs, and dancing their war-dances, the room was tried to its utmost capacity, and as on the occasion to which I am referring the tribe paid me the compliment of assembling in its numbers, the whole room was required. It was late in the evening when I arrived, and I found the lanternist in a state of agitation because the partition was not down, and he was, therefore, unable to put up the screen, as the card-players vigorously protested against any disturbance.

Now it has always struck me, perhaps more forcibly on this occasion than on any other, that the most selfish men on the face of the earth are to be found in the card-rooms of clubs. The time was close at hand for me to make my maiden effort in public lecturing, and I was not going to be baffled by a handful of card-players; so, backed by the authority of the secretary, I ordered them in Cromwellian tones to "Take away that partition!" The players were all but invisible, surrounded as they were by volumes of smoke, out of which there issued incalculable quantities of great big D's intermixed with the fumes of poisonous nicotine. Down went the partition, up went the screen, on went the game. I firmly believe they would not have looked up had Cavendish come to deliver a discourse from the platform on whist. I was quite prepared to proceed without disturbing their game, but a difficulty arose—there was no platform, and I required their tables for the purpose. The grumbling gamblers had to submit at last, and cards in hand they betook themselves to another room, so I was able to mount my first platform—a collection of tables. Now I don't know how it is, but it is a fact that there is nothing more unnerving than to stand on a table. The infantile prodigy who is put up on a table for the first time so as to be better admired by fair visitors, and who has previously struggled manfully from one end of the room to the other on the floor, totters and falls at the first step when raised to this higher elevation. Anyone can with ease stand on a chair and hang up a picture or anything of the sort, but standing on a table has the effect of making you grow weak in the knees and light in the head. This is not the effect of the

extra height, but the knowledge that the table was constructed so that you could put your feet under it, and, therefore, they have no right on top of it.

Have you ever been in a court of justice in Ireland and seen a witness perched upon a table? In that enlightened country a table takes the place of the witness-box. The result is delightful. Standing in a witness-box and leaning comfortably over the bar, you can be comparatively at your ease, your legs can tremble unobserved, and you seem to be in a measure protected from the searching gaze of the public. Not so in the Emerald Isle. The chair is placed in the centre of the table in the well of the court between the judges and the counsel, and the unfortunate witness, finding himself in this elevated and awkward position, becomes nervous in the extreme. His feet are a great source of discomfort to him. He doesn't seem to know what to do with them. First he tucks them under the chair, then he crosses them, then he turns his toes out, then he turns them in, and just when he is beginning to get accustomed to his embarrassing situation, the cross-examination begins, and he is at the counsel's mercy:

"Now thin, don't be gaping at the jury, sir; why arrn't you respectful and keep your eye on his lordship?"

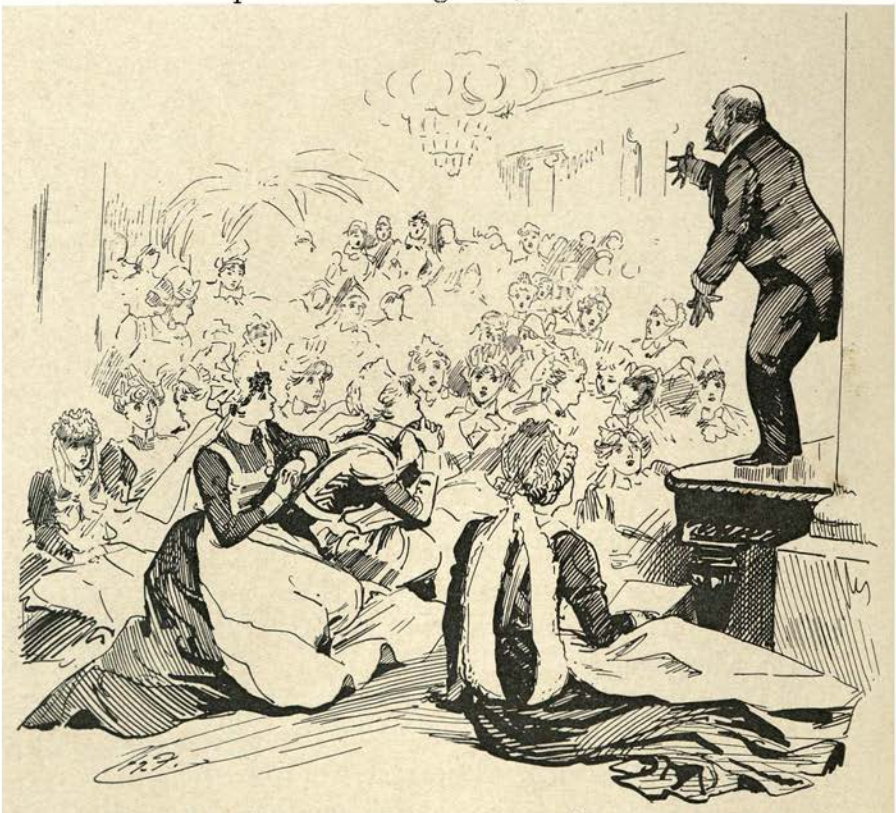
"Now, sir, attind to me whin I'm speaking, look me straight in the face, and answer me!"

"D'ye see this gintleman on me right? Now, now, don't hisitate, keep cool!"

It is more than the poor witness can do to keep on the chair. The judge is on his right, the counsel on the left, and the jury in front of him, and after vainly trying to keep his eye on them all at the same time, in obedience to his counsel's injunctions, he is requested by the opposing counsel to observe some witness in the court behind him. In my opinion the witness ought to be provided with a swivel chair, or else the clerks who sit round ought to be adepts in the art of table-turning.

Some years later I had another experience of speaking from an impromptu platform; perhaps the most unique audience I ever addressed. It was at Merchant Taylors' Hall, when a reception

was given to hospital nurses from all over the kingdom. My pencil perhaps can give a better idea of the sundry and various varieties of the "nursus hospitalicus" from the different nurseries of the country. There was no proper platform or stage, so the attendants had the task of moving all the heavy tables in the splendid hall together, so as to form a substitute.



GIVING MY "HUMOURS OF PARLIAMENT" TO THE NURSES.

This I thought very efficient, but when I mounted it I found that I could much better have given an exhibition of fancy sliding or skating than illustrations of the pedestrian peculiarities of Members of Parliament. I was inwardly pleased to think that my audience was entirely composed of skilled nurses, who were close at hand should anything happen, for I had serious misgivings about the slippery surface of my improvised stage. Visions of myself with a broken arm or leg floated before me,

and, indeed, I don't think I should have been so very sorry had an accident occurred, so enraptured was I by the sight of so much feminine beauty.

Those in front were all seated on the floor, while the rest were standing in the huge hall, there being no seats. I noticed that the prettiest dress was that worn by the nurses from the lunatic asylums. I felt that I would eventually come under the supervision of these ladies, for a military band, regardless of my performance, was playing a selection from the "Gondoliers" just outside in the corridor, and if I had not had it stopped, I would certainly have gone out of my mind. I particularly noticed on this evening that various points were passed over in silence by my audience which are invariably taken by others. In the second part of my entertainment I make a speech in the character of the "Member for Boredom," anent the use of black sticking-plaster in public hospitals. This is intended by me to be more of a satire than a humorous incident, and I am supposed to bore my audience as the honourable gentleman is supposed to bore the House; but on this occasion the nurses, who understood very little about politics, simply roared with laughter at the mention of a subject with which they were so familiar. Truth to tell, I was rather doubtful whether I had succeeded in entertaining the charming ladies, and was therefore particularly gratified to receive the following note from Sir Henry Burdett:

"DEAR MR. FURNISS,—I hope you were satisfied with your audience after all. They were quite delighted with your 'Humours of Parliament,' and the fame of your handiwork will be carried all over the United Kingdom and to the Colonies, for there were over 1,100 nurses present, and some from the Colonies. This is the greatest gathering of nurses which has ever been held, and I was much struck with the discipline they displayed in responding cheerfully to the request that they would keep quiet and settle down.

"If you were as pleased with the audience as they were with you, the meeting ought indeed to be a happy one. . . .

"With many thanks for your most excellent and successful performance, which gave just *éclat* to the gathering to-night,

"Believe me, faithfully yours,

"HENRY C. BURDETT."

The most difficult audience of all to address is a small audience. I feel far more at home before an audience of three or four thousand than I do before three or four hundred. But the most critical audience, I think, is a boys' school. Not that they criticise you so much at the moment, particularly if you appear as an antidote to Dryasdust. But experience has shown me that something one may have said has opened a fresh idea in the youthful mind, and the criticism, though frequently belated, is more genuine than that of the matured members of the public who simply wish to be amused for the passing hour.

SPEAKER BRAND, AFTERWARDS VISCOUNT HAMPDEN.

Sometimes I have discovered in my audience public men I am "taking off" in my entertainment. This more frequently happened in the "Humours of Parliament," where the M.P. of the place in which I appeared came if I was not too unkind to him. But it more often happened he sent a member of the family in advance, to find out whether the great man was lampooned or not.

A friend of mine on a visit to a country house informed me that his hostess, seeing I was "billed" for two nights in the neighbourhood, previous to arranging a house party to hear me, took the precaution to send the Curate the first night to report. He came back and condemned me and my show unmercifully; my manner, matter, and voice were all bad, and I was certainly not worth hearing. So the party did not go. It so happened that in the particular entertainment I was giving—"America in a Hurry"—I imitate a lisping country parson struggling through a wretched entertainment with a lantern!

The most trying, at the same time most interesting, experience I had was in my first tour with my "Humours of Parliament," when I appeared at Lewes. The ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, Viscount Hampden, was in my audience, and it was interesting to watch him as I gave my imitations of him, calling an unruly Member to order.

It was all but arranged for me to give my "Humours of

Parliament" before her late Majesty at Balmoral. I got as far as Aberdeen, but a death in the Royal Family put a stop to all entertainments.

SOME UNREHEARSED EFFECTS.

The dress suit and the regulation white tie are essential to those who appear in public upon the platform. Mr. Frederick Villiers, the popular war correspondent, is an exception to this rule. He appears in his campaigning attire, with his white helmet on and a water-bottle slung round him; but of course it would be somewhat incongruous for a man in evening dress, that emblem of civilisation and peace, more suggestive of the drawing-room than the battle-field, to dilate upon the platform on the horrors of campaigning, and to take you through the stirring scenes of "War on a White Sheet." It would be equally absurd for a lecturer on, say, "The Life and Habits of a Microbe," to be dressed in the garb of a backwoodsman; but I was once obliged to deliver a lecture on "Art" in a rough tweed suit.

It so happened that I was giving a series of lectures in the vicinity of Birmingham, and I was stopping with a friend of mine, the Director of the Art Gallery and Museum there. He suggested my leaving my Gladstone bag, containing my change of clothes, in his office, while I spent my day rummaging about old book shops for first editions and making calls on various friends. My host having had to go to London that day, I was left to my own devices, and it was about five o'clock in the evening when I went to the Museum for my belongings. To my horror I saw a notice up: "Museum closed at three o'clock on Wednesdays," and this was Wednesday! I rang and knocked, and knocked and rang, but all in vain. I crossed over to some other municipal buildings to see if there was anyone there who could help me out of my dilemma, but my spirits went down to zero when I was there informed that the custodian of the keys lived miles out of the town. Back I went to the Museum, fiercely plotting an ascent up the water-spout or a burglarious entrance through a back window, when, to my delight, I saw an

attendant gesticulating to me from a window three or four stories from the ground. My time was running very short, so I rapidly explained to him the predicament I was in, and implored him to throw my bag out of the window. He told me that he was a prisoner locked in to look after the building, that there were three or four double-locked doors between him and the private office in which my coveted bag was lying, and wound up with the cheering announcement that my case was hopeless.

I had only a few minutes left in which to catch my train. A glance at my cuffs showed me that one's linen has to be changed pretty frequently in a Midland town, so I made a frantic dive into a shirt-maker's.

THE SURPRISE SHIRT.

"White shirt, turn-down collar. Look sharp!"

"Yes, sir; size round neck, sir?"

"Oh, thirty, forty — anything you like, only look sharp." Time was nearly up.

He measured my neck carefully. The size was a little under my estimate, so I got the shirt, bolted for the station, and jumped into the train as it was going off, my only luggage being my recent purchase. I got into this, and soon I was on the platform in my tweed suit. I apologised to the audience for making my appearance minus the orthodox costume, saying it might have been worse, and that it was better to appear without my dress clothes than without the lantern or the screen. I believe they soon forgot there was anything unusual about me, but I think that as I worked up to my subject, and became more and more energetic, they could see that I wasn't altogether happy. That wretched shirt certainly fitted me round the neck, but the sleeves were abnormally long for me, and the cuffs being wide, they shot out over my hands with every gesture. If I

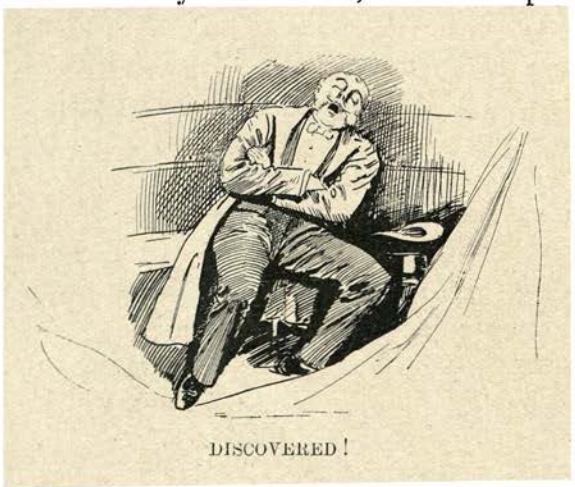
uplifted my hands imploringly, up they went, halfway up the screen; if with outstretched arms I drove one of my best points home, those cuffs would come out and droop pensively down over my hands; if I brought my fist down emphatically, a vast expanse of white linen flew out with a lightning-like rapidity that made the people in the first row start back and tremble for their safety; and when, after my final grand peroration, I let my hands drop by my side, those cuffs came down and dangled on the platform.

If my reader happens to be much under the medium height, and rather broad in proportion, I would warn him not to buy his shirts ready-made. I cannot understand the idea of measurement that leads a shirtmaker to cut out a shirt taking the circumference of the neck as a basis. I know a man about six feet high who has a neck like a walking-stick. If he bought a shirt on the shirtmakers' system, it would barely act as a chest-preserver; and on the other hand, this shirt in question, as I said before, certainly fitted me round the neck, but I nearly stepped on the sleeves as I went off the platform at the close of my lecture, and some of the audience must think to this day that I am a conjuror, and that on this occasion I was going to show them some card trick with the aid of my sleeves, which would have been invaluable to the Heathen Chinee. Indeed, this is not the only time I have been suspected of being a sort of necromancer.

I had a friend who was so anxious to improve his artistic knowledge that he used to come night after night with me to hear my lecture on "Art." It frequently happened that there was not a seat to spare in the hall, and on these occasions he used to come up on the platform and sit behind the screen, where he could see the pictures just the same. I think on the particular night I refer to I was delivering a lecture on "Portraiture," and at a certain passage I show a very flattering portrait, supposed to be the work of an old master. The portrait having appeared, I then dwelt upon the original, and pointed out "that no doubt, if we could see the original of this portrait, if we could see again the man who sat for it, I would not hesitate

to say that we would be alarmed at the inconsistency of pictorial art. I will show you, ladies and gentlemen, what I imagine this gentleman must have been like!"

As I was speaking, some old gentleman in the side gallery had either fallen asleep or was very excited by my remarks, for he somehow jerked the cord which fastened the top of the screen to the gallery, and snap went the cord and down came the screen! Behind it there was an expanse of empty platform, with a semi-circular seat, and on it sat my friend, the enthusiast on art, fast asleep! The limelight, no longer checked by the screen, fell full upon him, and the rounds of applause which followed showed me that my unrehearsed effect, which might have ruined the evening, had made it instead a great success.



DISCOVERED!

There are sure to be occasional mishaps when the lecturer is assisted by the lantern; but as in my case, when one is not taken too seriously, it is easy to turn the misfortune off with a joke.

A fly was the offender on one occasion in my experience. I was showing some portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment "The Humours of Parliament," and was doing my level best to rouse an appreciative North Country audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm for the man they worshipped so. I was telling them that at one moment he looks like this, and at another moment he looks like that, when I was amazed to hear them go into fits of laughter! In describing Mr. Gladstone I dilate upon him first in a rhetorical vein, and then proceed to caricature my own delineations, and it has always been flattering to me to find that the serious portraits have been received with a grave attention only equalled by the laughter with which the

caricatures have been greeted. But not so on this occasion. I spoke of his flashing eye (titters!), his noble brow (laughter!), his patriarchal head (roars!), and a mention of his commanding aquiline nose nearly sent them into hysterics! Now in my lecturing days mishaps may have occurred which were due to some fault of the lantern or operator provided by the society I lectured to; but with the splendid set of lanterns I had made for my entertainment, engineered by the infallible Professor who exhibited for me, I never troubled to look round to see if the picture was all right. But for a second it struck me that by some mischance he might be showing the caricatures in place of the serious portraits. Quickly I turned round, and the sight that met my eyes made me at once join in the general roar. There was a gigantic fly promenading on the nasal organ of the Grand Old Man, unheeding the attempts which were being made on its life by the Professor, armed with a long pointed weapon. It had walked into the Professor's parlour —that is to say, into his lantern —and taken up its temporary residence between the lenses, whence it was magnified a hundredfold on to the screen!

THE FLY IN THE CAMERA.

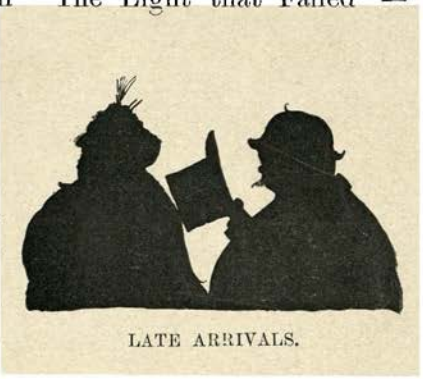
If anything of this kind happens to a Professor lecturing on some scientific subject, it is no laughing matter, especially to a gentleman lecturing at a meeting of the British Association. At one of these gatherings a well-known Professor was giving a most interesting and appreciated address, illustrated by the lime-light, on the subject of "Quartz Fibres." If I remember rightly, he was explaining to the audience that the strands of a spider's web were purposely rough so that the spider could climb them easily, but that a quartz fibre was smooth and glassy, and a spider would never attempt to ascend one. He showed on the sheet a

single thread of a spider's web and a single quartz fibre, and amid the breathless excitement of the audience a real live spider was put into the lantern. The applause with which it was greeted must have made the poor thing nervous, I suppose, or else it may have had an attack of stage fright; anyhow, it curled itself up in a corner and refused to budge. A sharpened pencil, which magnified on the screen looked like a battering-ram, was brought into play, and the unfortunate creature had to rouse itself. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will notice that it is quite impossible for the spider to ascend the quartz fibre—it may try, but it is bound to fail—but see how it will rush to the strand from its familiar web!" The spider received an extra dig with the pencil, and then with astonishing alacrity ran to the quartz fibre, up which it climbed with the greatest ease amid the roars of the delighted audience. The fact was that the Professor had omitted to explain that his argument only applied to female spiders. These have a pernicious habit of running after their spouses and belabouring them, so the poor hubby is provided by Nature with a hirsute growth on his legs which enables him to escape by climbing, and nothing would delight him more than for his wife to give chase to him if there was a quartz fibre anywhere near.

Sometimes there is no gallery in which to place the lantern, and then the pictures have to be shown from the floor of the hall, when it seems to be the delight of everyone coming in late to walk up the centre in the full light of the powerful rays of the lantern, presumably for the pleasure of beholding their image projected in silhouette on to the screen. Those awful feminine hats ought to be abolished, and all late comers ought to be made to find their seats on their hands and knees, as they run the risk of upsetting the thread of the lecturer's discourse, and the gravity of the audience as well. I remember once when I was giving my lecture on "Portraiture: Past and Present," and illustrating the portraits on medals, I came to some near the bottom of the screen. "Here," said I, "we have the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress of London, 1300 A.D." At that moment the Mayor and Mayoress of the town, who, for effect I suppose, had

come in a quarter of an hour late to the seats reserved for them in the centre of the hall, walked past the rays of the lantern, and were of course projected on to the screen, unconsciously burlesquing my picture, and causing an effect they had not anticipated.

I referred just now to mishaps that will occur with the best-regulated lanterns. The gas, for instance, may become prematurely exhausted, which necessitates a stoppage while the cylinders are being changed, and when Rudyard Kipling's work, "The Light that Failed," was published, I immediately sent for a copy, thinking that probably the author had tried entertaining with the aid of the limelight in India and had had some experience of this kind. I could give that clever author plenty of material for another volume on "The Light that Failed"—a collection of anecdotes connected with the magic lantern. But, as I said, it doesn't so much matter to the entertainer as the lecturer, who must be *au sérieux*, and when I was a lecturer I felt any mishap of the kind very keenly; but an entertainer is a privileged being, and can turn the matter off with a joke at the expense of his manager, his gas-man, his audience, or his subject. No less a personage than Sir William Harcourt happened to be on the screen when my gas went out one evening in Scotland. I had to retire from the platform while new cylinders of gas were being adjusted, and when I made my reappearance I assured my audience that it was probably the first occasion on which Sir William had been put out for want of gas!



LATE ARRIVALS.

I recollect, though, once at Bradford, where I was lecturing, the audience were put out for want of it, for the operators supplied by the association I was lecturing to were utterly incompetent. The gas was bad, to begin with—it became small by degrees and beautifully less, and suddenly went out altogether! So did the operators. They simply bolted out of the hall, and left the lantern to manage itself.

CHAIRMEN.

Du Maurier made a delightful drawing for *Punch* of a sandwich advertising contractor dismissing a man with a board on which was the letter H. "Now, look 'ere, you H! The public don't want yer, nor *I* don't, nor nobody don't—so 'ook it!" Or something to that effect.

I wish lecturers could dismiss chairmen in the same peremptory

RESERVED SEATS.

fashion, for I am sure the public don't want him, nor *I* don't, nor nobody. Their boredom had better be dropped like the poor letter H—which, by the way, some chairmen drop pretty frequently.

I'll classify the chairmen as follows:—The Absent Chairman, the Ideal Chairman, the Political Chairman, and the Ignorant Chairman.

The Absent Chairman.—I must divide the Absent Chairman into two heads. Two heads are better than one, but if both are absent—the one in body and the other in mind—it is evident no head is better than two. The absent in body does not turn up at the lecture—forgets all about it, or remembers too well what he suffered before. The lecturer and his audience are kept waiting. The absent in mind does turn up, though—turns up anything but trumps. He—"ah!—feels—ah!—the honour—ah! —of presiding this evening." He "has the honour—ah!—of introducing the lecturer, a lady—ah!—a gentleman, I should say, whose name is a household word. Who does not know the name of—ah (feels in all his pockets for syllabus)—of—ah—this gentleman who is about to delight us all this evening on a—yes, yes"—takes from his pocket a piece of paper from which he reads: "The Rev. Carbon Chalker, M.A., on Microbes found in the Middle Strata of Undiscovered Coal." "This rev. gentleman no doubt——" he proceeds, when he is quickly interrupted by the secretary, who jumps up and says, "Excuse me, Mr. Chairman, that is last year's syllabus you have in your hand."

The Ideal Chairman is one who rises and says, "Ladies and gentlemen,—I have the honour this evening to introduce to you Mr. Snooks, who has something interesting to tell you, and one hour in which to tell it. I will not stand in his way or take up your time by saying anything further." Now how seldom this happens! As a rule the chairman makes an excuse to deliver a speech on his own account. The most extraordinary case of that kind I ever heard of occurred at Birmingham. The amiable Member for one of the districts in Birmingham, whose name is always associated with "three acres and a cow," had to take the chair at a lecture given one evening to the people. As soon as the popular M.P. rose to speak there were loud cries of "Three acres—three acres! How is the coo? How is the coo?" It was just at the time when he had introduced that question. He rose to the occasion and made a long and elaborate speech upon the subject at heart. He went on speaking from about thirty-five to forty minutes. When he sat down the gentleman who had arrived from London to give his

lecture on "Wit and Humour" simply rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen,—I have the honour this evening to propose a vote of thanks to our member for his very interesting address upon the subject of 'Three Acres and a Cow.'" Someone else got up and seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously amid great laughter and cheering. Then the chairman rose and began thanking the audience for the compliment they had paid him, and for the kind way in which they had listened to him. And a twelvemonth later it dawned upon him that he was only the chairman of the meeting. This may be a pure invention, but it is the story as I heard it.

CHAIRMAN NO. 1.

A story is told of a distinguished irritable Scotch lecturer who on one occasion had the misfortune to meet with a loquacious chairman, the presiding genius actually speaking for a whole hour in "introducing" the lecturer, winding up by saying: "It is unnecessary for me to say more, so I call upon the talented gentleman who has come so far to give us his address to-night." The lecturer came forward: "You want my address. I'll give it to you: 322, Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh—and I am just off there now. Good-night!"

I cannot vouch for the truth of either of these stories. However, I have known chairmen myself who were very nearly as bad. I remember one—I think he was a doctor—who rose to introduce me. Instead of two or three minutes he took ten or twelve minutes. Of course he said I was very well known, and went on with some very flattering remarks about my work, and then he added: "Ah, how well I remember—yes, ladies and gentlemen, how well I remember years ago those

political sketches of the late Doyle and others, and when I think that in years to come that Mr. Furniss's attempts will be handed down to our children as I may say, recording the great events of the time we are passing through. Yes, let us see what the value will be to our children to know that Mr. Gladstone once—("Order, order," and "Hear, hear")—that, I say, Mr. Gladstone—(cries of "Sit down, we have not come to hear you")—that, I say, Mr. Gladstone, the grand old man of our time—("Sit down, sit down, sit down, we have not come to hear you—sit down")—Yes, and when I say that Lord Beaconsfield, whom I have no doubt you will see upon the sheet—("Wrap yourself up in yours, go home to bed, go home to bed")." Cries of this sort went on; the gentleman struggled on for about a quarter of an hour and then sat down. Well, I discovered afterwards that he was a very ardent politician, not altogether in tone with the audience, who were opposed to him in politics, and that he seized this chance of repeating a political speech he had often given to others of a different class. As a matter of fact my lecture that night had nothing whatever to do with Parliament; it was purely art matter; and this gentleman happened to be a great art collector and connoisseur, and in returning thanks for me afterwards made a very graceful little speech about art matters. If he had only asked me beforehand, of course it would have been a very agreeable opening instead of rather an unfortunate one. But it is quite as distressing to the lecturer to find that a chairman knows too much about his subject as to find one who knows nothing. If you happen to have delivered your lecture in another hall, and someone present who has heard you is the chairman of an evening when you are going to give it again, he will get up and inform his audience, with the usual flattery of chairmen, that there is a great treat in store for them, that he has had the pleasure of hearing you before, and you are going to tell them this, and going to tell them that, and in some cases he will even give a mangled version of some of the stories—in fact, will take all the plums out of the pudding that you have ready to tickle the appetites of your audience with.

Some chairmen impress their audience that they know far more about the subject than the lecturer. But worst of all is the chairman who knows absolutely nothing about the subject or about yourself. I remember one evening some pompous chairman getting up and saying: "I have great pleasure this evening in introducing to you Mr. Furniss. I know you have all heard of Mr. Furniss, and anyone connected as I am with engineering must look upon one of his great achievements with delight. All who have been to the great Metropolis and travelled along the Thames Embankment—a beautiful way that skirts the Thames—and have considered that at one time what was a heap of mud is now one of the handsomest thoroughfares in the world, must always consider that the work of the gentleman in front of you in being the constructor of that immense work deserves the gratitude of his countrymen, and I therefore take this occasion, before he rises to address you and enlighten you upon the engineering and the large contracting work in the great city in which he has the pleasure to live, to assure him as a brother engineer of the great work which he has performed for his fellow-countrymen."

On enquiry I discovered that a namesake of mine was the contractor for the Thames Embankment, which was built when I was in knickerbockers.

Of recent years I have had few experiences of chairmen, but proportionately their mistakes seem to be as of old. In the North of England last year I was specially engaged to appear before a literary society, and I supposed, by their paying me to go so far, they were, with Northern shrewdness, acquainted with the article in which they were investing. On these special occasions it is strange that a chairman is considered a compliment to the performer, and most certainly it affords the entertainer himself amusement. For instance, in this case I recollect my chairman—a most accomplished and representative man in the neighbourhood—was introduced to me as soon as I arrived at the hall. (I may mention it was not my first visit.) He quickly introduced me to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen,—This evening I have the honour of introducing to

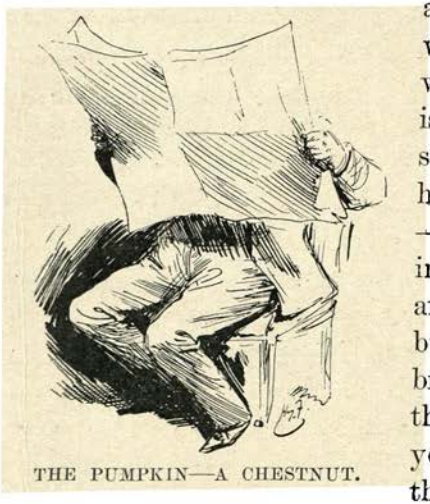
you a gentleman whom we have all heard about, but few of us, if any, have seen before. We all know his work in Parliament in the pages of *Punch* for some years past; we all have enjoyed the writings of 'Toby, M.P.' This is Mr. H. W. Lucy, of *Punch*, our old friend 'Toby, M.P.'" I was giving my "Humours of Parliament," and during the evening I, of course as "Toby, M.P.," informed the audience at times that this was Harry Furniss's idea of Parliament, but I begged to differ with that gentleman, and it was rather a variety for me to play a Parliamentary Jekyl and Hyde for one night only.

CHAIRMAN NO. 2.

If one must have a chairman, why should not the performer be allowed to turn a chairman into account, as that popular and versatile barrister, the late Sir Frank Lockwood, was in the habit of doing? When he lectured at Hackney he "brought down the house" in his description of Sergeant Buzfuz in "Pickwick" by giving a laughable imitation of his chairman — the late Lord Chief Justice, when Sir Charles Russell — cross-examining a witness. For all I know, others may follow the example of poor Lockwood. We shall read of the Bishop of Ripon giving imitations of the Archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Alexander Mackenzie is ready to make the musical world roar by his burlesque of Paderewski; and Lord Kitchener, when he returns from the war and gives the inevitable lecture, will delight military circles by his imitations of his chairman, the Commander-in-Chief.

But I personally have no objection to a chairman if I am announced as a *lecturer* and it is the habit of the particular society to pay the lecturer the compliment of formally introducing

him. But my appearances as a lecturer are few and far between, and when I, as I generally do, appeal direct to the public, I am most anxious to avoid giving my platform work any appearance of a lecture; yet the Press insist upon any entertainment given by men of my class being a lecture. I am a bit of an amateur conjurer, and I thoroughly believe were I to appear on the platform on a bicycle or on an acrobat's globe, and keep three balls in the air with one hand and spin a plate on a stick with the other, and at the same time retail some stories, the notice in the Press on the following morning would begin: "Mr. Harry Furniss gave an instructive *lecture* last night on subjects with which we are familiar. Some of his stories were good, some poor, and some we had heard before." And that is the rub! We had heard some stories before! I repeat I honestly have no objection to a chairman—the Ideal Chairman, who will inform the audience that you are an acrobat, and not a lecturer; but I do object to my friends and brother journalists who will tell the public you are a lecturer when you are not, keeping many of their readers away, and who will also publish your jokes. Of course, all stories are "chestnuts" an hour after they are told. When I first went on the platform I retailed new stories, but they were invariably served up in the next morning's papers, and were therefore known to many of the audience who came to hear me on the following evening. In fact, I once overheard a man at breakfast in an hotel saying, "No, I don't think much of Furniss; I have read that story of his about the pumpkin in the papers." Now this story of the pumpkin was an impromptu of mine the evening before, and I was naturally puzzled by over-hearing this remark. When the speaker left the room I took up the paper he had been reading. It contained an account of my effort



THE PUMPKIN—A CHESTNUT.

on the platform the night before, and my impromptu story was in it!

Of course, as in everything else, one must not be too original on the platform if he is to be served up in every course. If you treat general subjects in anything but a general way, and you are humorous and occasionally satirical, you will find that national failing, want of humour, will tell against you, as well as certain prejudices political and social. The selection of lecturers is generally in the hands of a committee. You have probably said something that grated upon the Radical opinions of one member, or upon the old Tory prejudices of another, or told some joke that they failed to see. So long as you keep to microbes, and heavenly bodies, and objects of the sea, you are proportionately successful with your dulness. But to be professionally humorous and a critic is to be eyed with suspicion. Your programme is criticised and generally misunderstood. Perhaps I can show no better instance of this than what occurred to me in connection with my old friend "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland."

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll") in some respects was the typical Oxford Don—once a schoolmaster always a schoolmaster. He lectured his friends as he had lectured his youths, and treated grown-up men of the world as if they were children. In due course I visited Oxford to give my entertainments—"Humours of Parliament" first; "America in a Hurry" followed a few years afterwards. In the latter I gave a wordless imitation of that eccentric American, Talmage, at the same time carefully pointing out to my audience that I imitated his gestures and voice—not Talmage in the character of a preacher, but as a showman; I was therefore surprised to receive the following letter:

"CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD.

"DEAR MR. FURNISS,—Yesterday I went to Russell's shop and bought four 5*s*. tickets for your American entertainment on the 23rd, thinking I would treat three young friends to it, and feeling quite confident that there could be no objectionable feature in any entertainment produced by you. An hour afterwards I chanced to notice in the programme the item 'A Sermon in Spasms,' and, in the quotations from Press notices,

a commendation of your 'clever imitations of Dr. Talmage's sermons,' and immediately went and returned the tickets. . . . It did not seem necessary to speak (to the shopkeeper) of the more serious aspect of such an insult to Christianity, and such profaning of holy things. . . ."

I hastened to assure the rev. gentleman that Talmage was an "entertainer," like myself, that I used no words in imitation of him; merely his eccentric manner and showman's voice. I also hinted that I always had a number of clergymen in my audiences, and those who had heard me found nothing whatever objectionable, nor could they detect in what I did anything touching upon sacred things. This brought a lengthy rejoinder, from which I quote the following interesting passage:

"The fact that thousands of clergymen have *not* been deterred by that announcement from going to the entertainment does not surprise me. In this age of ever-increasing irreverence, it is my lot to hear many a profane anecdote told; and the *worst* offenders in this line are, I am sorry to say, *Clergymen*."

If this was so—and the Rev. C. L. Dodgson could not possibly exaggerate any more than "Lewis Carroll" could avoid exaggeration—how much better it would have been for him to listen to my wordless and harmless imitation of a public entertainer than to sit in the Common Room and listen to profane anecdotes from the lips of his fellow ministers of religion!

To those about to appear on the platform I would give the same advice as Mr. Punch gave to those about to marry—"Don't." "Lectures," "Readings," or whatever they are called, are very little in demand now compared with twelve years ago. Many of the literary institutes and lecture societies are either dying from inanition or are content with a course of lectures of a poor description. This has been brought about by trying to do the thing on the cheap, and thereby disgusting the subscribers, who are not going to turn out of their cosy, warm houses on a winter's night to hear a poor speaker with a dull subject. The subscription lists are therefore depleted, and the societies cannot afford to engage experienced lecturers and entertainers.

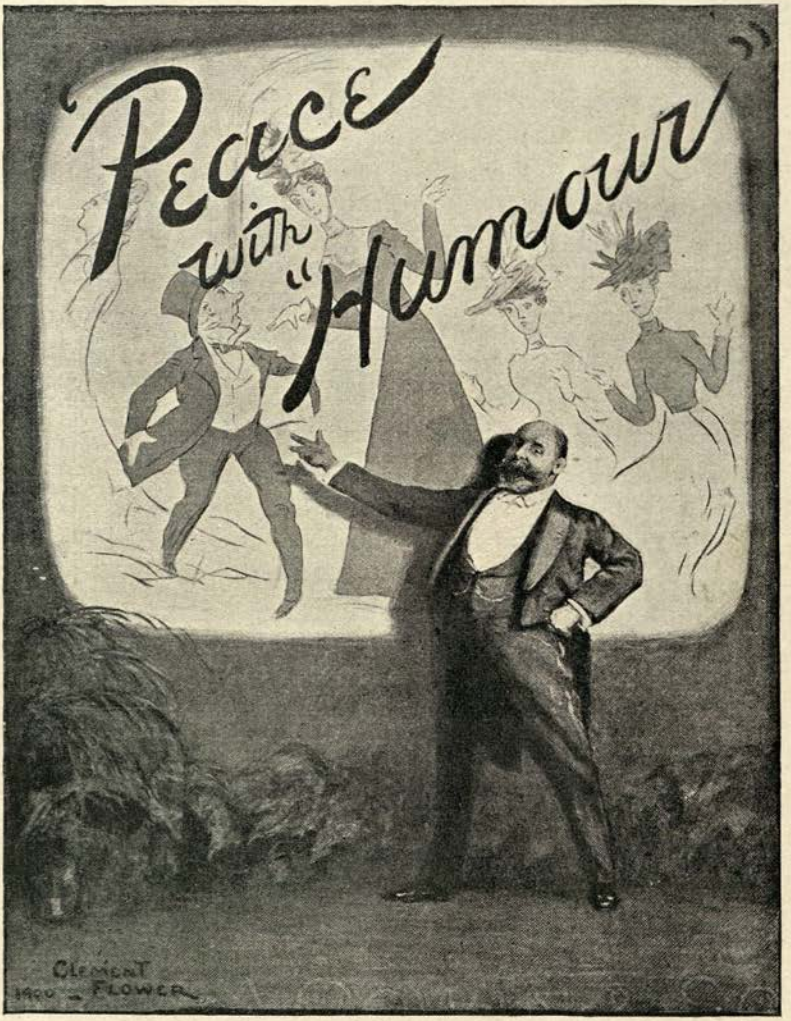
It is a great mistake to imagine one has only to "write something," and, provided with a few "slides," a reading-desk, and a glass of water—and a chairman, mount a platform and read. Of course, an agent can always "boom" a novice—someone who has travelled, or written a book, or gone to smash, or become notorious in any way—for a course of "lectures," provided there are sufficient chairmen to be found willing to act as an extra draw.

IN "THE HUMOURS OF PARLIAMENT."
BALLYHOOLEY PATHETIC.

Anyone nowadays thirsting for notoriety jumps on to the platform as a lecturer. He may have been "Perhaps a soldier full of 'cute ways, and fearless like his Pa! Stake your dollar sudden and quick to boom. Seeking a bauble reputation even at the Commons mouth." Or he may have been an aristocratic stowaway in a troopship, for instance, and become the hero in the pages of our new English - Americanised Press paying for and publishing his startling disclosures.

The lecture is the natural sequence of the boom fever—a lecture, say, on "Red Tape Rats." A reading-desk, a glass of water, a map, a few amateurish snapshot slides exhibited by means of a lantern, *and* a great and popular chairman—then success is assured. But the crowd is not present to be interested in rats, nor are the reporters there to write about rats, nor is the chairman presiding so as to refer to the stowaway's paper on rats. For the chairman has his own Red Tape Rats to let loose with which to startle the audience and nobble the Press. The next day the

report of the lecture is not headed "The Hon. Babbling Brook on Rats," but runs "An Admiral of the Fleet on Naval



HARRY FURNISS AS A PICTORIAL ENTERTAINER.
Drawn by Clement Flower. Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "The Graphic."

Reform," or "A Field Marshal with a Grievance," and a list of the fashionable party on the platform is considered of more importance than the lecturer's remarks.

In more tranquil times a penny-reading style of entertainment will suffice. A bishop or a duke may take the chair, and Charity take the proceeds. But the chairman with a name is the thing with which to catch the interest of the public.

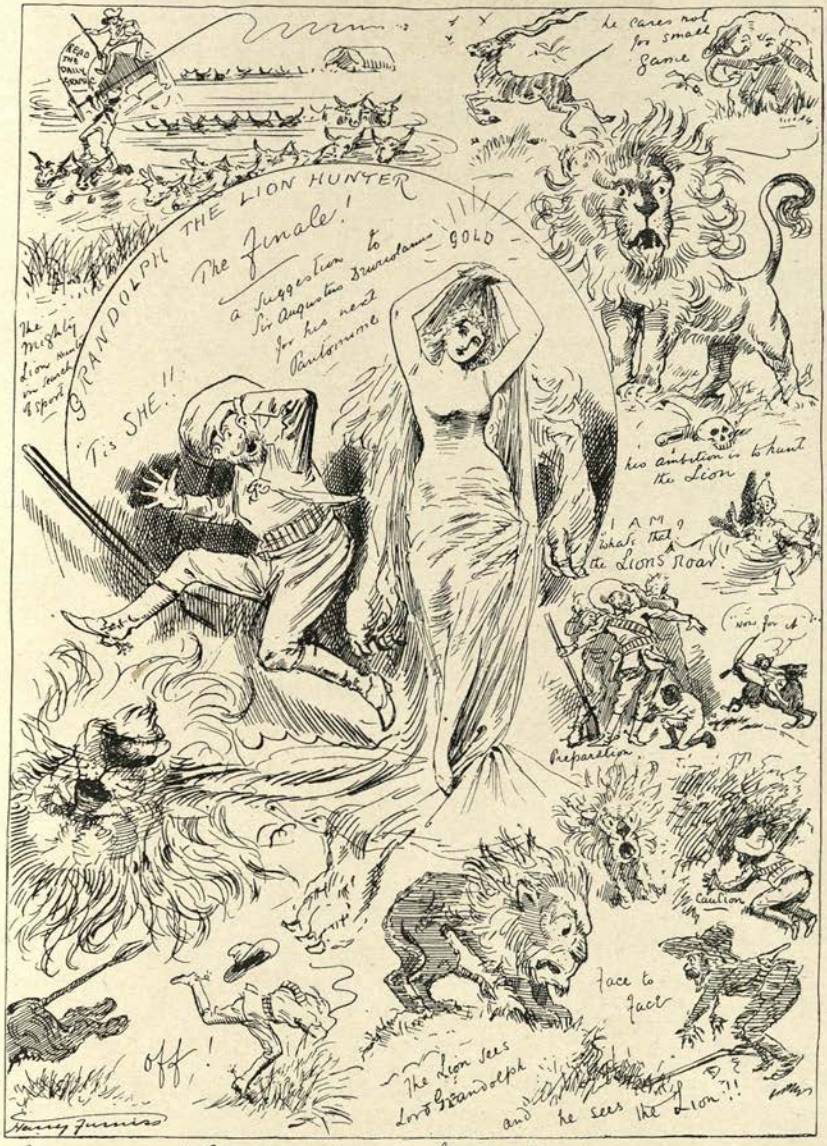
What I have said about lecturing in England applies equally to America and Australia, and I wish it to be distinctly understood that, as I am writing these lines for the benefit of those who think of accepting the tempting offers to go on the platform, I have no personal feeling in the matter whatever. Both in America and in Australia I have had splendid audiences; but in consequence of the long distances and expenses lecturing does not pay, and the stories one reads about men returning with thousands and thousands of pounds in their pockets are absolutely false. Do not believe them. They are manufactured statements for booming purposes. Dr. Conan Doyle honestly gave his opinion, and the correct one, that taking one thing with another you can make just as much money in England as you can in America or the Colonies. Of course there are exceptions,—I might more truly say accidents. Even a poor speaker, if he happens to be a clergyman (and some critics are unkind enough to say that these generally go together), and an author who has written a successful story, may in America have a great chance of making money, for the publishers and booksellers will advertise and push him so as to sell his books,—they will go so far as turning their shops into ticket offices. Then, too, he will find the *meenisters*, particularly if he is a Scotchman, will advertise him in advance from their pulpits, and probably in return get the "lecturer" to preach a sermon. Consequently he has two publics to work upon which no other lecturer or reader can procure,—the religious and the literary. But that is not a genuine test of the professional lecturer or reader. All literary men on the platform will get a certain number of people who have read their books in a celebrity-hunting country. They want to see the author, and once they have seen him they are satisfied. Return visits I know of, such as these, have been appalling failures. No, a man

must give an entertainment which is in itself amusing and of such stuff that people will go even if any one else had given it—metal attractive to his audience, instead of merely being looked upon as a curiosity in the same way that one looks upon an orchid in a flower-show or a prize ox at Islington. But for the ordinary man, no matter how good he may be, to expect to have a triumphal tour, returning with a shipload of American dollars, is, believe me, absurd on the face of it. The lecture business died out years ago. When that country was younger all the people in the provinces attended lectures as part of their daily education, but now that class of entertainment is as out-of-date as a German Reed entertainment.

I confess that I was overworked at one time. As an illustration of mere physical endurance it is perhaps worth recording. In fact, much in these pages might well have been published under the title of "Confessions of Endurance" in Sandow's magazine or in the *Lancet*, for the edification of those professional men who give advice to others not to overwork and invariably overwork themselves at the same time. Travelling every day, giving "The Humours of Parliament," with my imitations of ranting M.P.'s—nearly a two hours' tearing recitation—to large audiences every night, was perhaps sufficient for one man. The excitement of the success I made, the "booming," interviewing, and unavoidable entertainment at every town, the late hours, the early start, the business worries, fresh to each place, day after day, week after week, can only be understood by those who have gone through it. But this was only part of my work. Each week as I travelled I had to keep up my contributions to *Punch*—a whole page and several small drawings. I also wrote an article, fully illustrated, on every town I went to week by week for *Black and White* (subsequently reprinted in book form, "On Tour"), to say nothing of drawing in the train.

Let me briefly give a fair average of one day's work at the time :

Morning.—Start 9.30 train, eight hours' journey,—means up at seven, breakfast at eight. In train dictate letters



"Grandolph ad Leones"

REDUCTION OF A PAGE DRAWING FOR *PUNCH* MADE BY ME WHILST TRAVELLING BY TRAIN.

to secretary, who takes down in shorthand. (I never yet found a secretary who could write in a train. I can write quite easily; the secret is to *sit up*, holding pad in hand, and let the body move with the oscillation of the train. To write on your knee or on a table, or in any other way but this, is impossible.) 3.30 arrive at destination; go to hotel and order dinner. Then to my "travelling studio"—a large case fitted up with everything necessary for drawing in black and white. Straight to private sitting-room, order dinner to be ready in half-an-hour, at work at once—before the others and the luggage arrive. After light dinner, to hall or theatre to see if arrangements are complete. Then visit from local manager or secretary—friends—strangers, a walk round the town to get "copy," tea, a good hour's drawing (no matter how tired I can work on tea), dress, off to evening's work on stage; autographs to be written and people to meet; back to change, supper at some club, speeches; back 3 a.m., bed, sleep—no, only occasionally. Hotel servants turn on electric light, begin sweeping the passage—sw—w—w—whish, sw—w—w—whish! they chat and laugh just outside one's door; they gradually sweep down the long, long passage. Doze—sleep. Bang, bang! "Five o'clock, sir." Bang, bang! the Boots awakening commercial men for early trains. Thump, thump! baggage packing-room over your head. Commercial, or sportsman, or entertainer, or whatever he may be, whistles or sings loudly as he dresses. Altercation with Boots about trains in passage. Bells, bells! "Hot water, hot water. Bath ready, sir." Train leaves at 8.15. I'm up. Something attempted—sleep—something not done,—I have earned but not got a night's repose. So in the cold, wet, misty morning off again with a heart for any amount of work; still achieving, still pursuing, learning to labour—and not to wait!

Mr. E. J. Milliken, of *Punch*, frequently wrote to me in 'Arry verse. When I was confined to my bed with fever in the summer of 1893, I was terribly busy. I had my *Punch* work, my syndicated "London Letter" (a column-and-a-half of a newspaper, with four or five illustrations), and much other work

to do every week, and I, much against my doctor's and nurse's wish, worked all the time. *A propos* of this I received the following:

"'ARRY TO HARRY.

"DEAR 'ARRY,

'Ow are yer, old 'ermit? I 'opes you're gittin' on prime
For a sick man you put in good work, mate, and make the best use o' your time.
You're like no one else, that's a moral. When *I'm* ill I go flabby as suet,
But you keep the pot at full bile! 'Ow the doose do yer manage to do it?

"I'm glad to believe you're a-mendin', though kep' on the strictest Q.T.
The confinement must fret you, I'm sure, 'ow I wish I could drop in to see,
And give you a regular rouser. But that is a pleasure to come;
When we *do* meet again, we will split a fizz magnum, and make the thing hum.

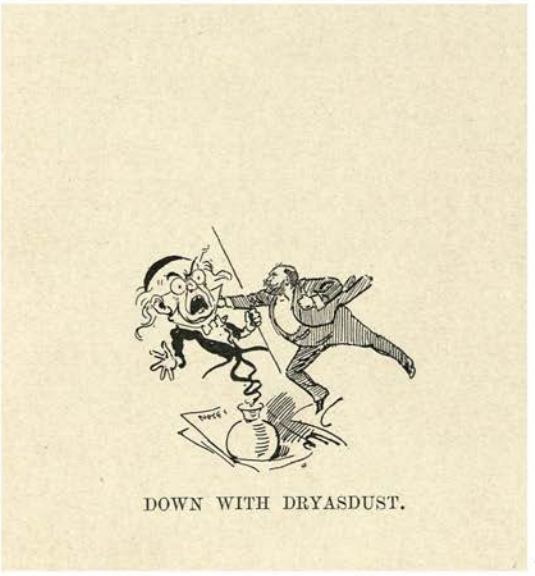
"I drop yer these lines just to show yer you ain't gone slap out o' my 'ed,
Because I'm cavortin' round pooty permiskus, while you're nailed to bed!
'Taint a prison I'm nuts on, old pal, and I'll swear as it doesn't suit *you*,
So 'ere's wishin' you out of it, 'Arry, and well on Life's war-path, Hurroo ! ! !

"I sent over my pasteboard this mornin' to do the perlite *cummy fo*,
But this 'ere is *entry noo* barney, a bit of a lark like, yer know.
I picter you jest rampin' round like a big arktic bear in a cage!
Well, keep up yer pecker, my pippin, and keep down yer natural rage.
I'm yours to command, when you want me, to gossip or work, fetch or carry;
And that Harry may soon be O.K. and a 'arf, is the wish of

"Yours,
"'ARRY."

I should like to confess my real reason for going on to the platform. The fact is that for many years I was mistaken in the country, particularly in Liverpool, Leeds and Bradford, for an artist who signed political caricatures "H. F.," and whose name, strange to say, is Harold Furniss. I understand he is about twice my size. So that I thought if I showed myself in public, particularly in the provinces, it would be seen that I was not this Mr. Harold Furniss. Now, unfortunately, on the stage or platform I look tall—in fact, bets have been made that I am over six feet high. On three or four occasions after I have left the platform or the stage I have had to grant an

interview to gentlemen who have made bets on this point. The explanation is, however, simple enough: as there is no one on the stage or platform but myself, there is nothing to give my height, so the particular object of my appearing in public was frustrated.



DOWN WITH DRYASDUST.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XII.

MY CONFESSIONS AS A "REFORMER."

Portraiture Past and Present—The National Portrait Gallery Scandal—Fashionable Portraiture—The Price of an Autograph—Marquis Tseng—"So That's My Father!"—Sala Attacks Me—My Retort—Du Maurier's Little Joke—My Speech—What I Said and What I Did Not Say—Fury of Sala—The Great Six-Toe Trial—Lockwood Serious—My Little Joke—Nottingham Again—Prince of Journalists—Royal Academy Antics—An Earnest Confession—My Object—My Lady Oil—Congratulations—Confirmations—The Tate Gallery—The Proposed Banquet—The P.R.A. and Modern Art—My Confessions in the Central Criminal Court—Cricket in the Park—Reform!—All About that Snake—The Discovery—The Capture—Safe—The Press—Mystery—Evasive—Experts—I Retaliate—The *Westminster Gazette*—The Schoolboy—The Scare—Sensation—Death—Matters Zoological—Modern Inconveniences—Do Women Fail in Art?—Wanted a Wife.

From a Photo by Debenham & Gould.

My attack upon the National Portrait Gallery was in the form of a lecture entitled "Portraiture Past and Present." I found the subject so large, so complicated, I may say so octopus-like, embracing such varied periods and phases, and throwing forth its arms or ramifications in so many directions, that I soon discovered I was struggling with a monster subject, with which was impossible to grapple completely in the limited time allowed for the performance. Still I managed in a light way to review the history of

portraiture from Dibutades to Millais, and from its display in the Temples to its discouragement at the National Portrait Gallery, taking as my text Carlyle's dictum that "Human Portraits faithfully drawn are of all pictures the welcomest on Human Walls," a sentiment that appeals to all, for there is no doubt human beings interest us more than anything else. The Pyramids of Egypt awe, but our interest is in those who raised them; Ancient Rome enchants in exact proportion to our interest in the Ancient Romans; the Forum is but a frame which the imagination instinctively fills with the forms of the mighty men who moved there; the Amphitheatre would have little interest but for those who made its dust; and when we wander through our Parliament at Westminster it is not so much the place that interests us as the senators associated with its name. I confess that when I travel on the Continent I cut cathedrals and study the people, in the boulevards, in the streets, in the market-place. When I have spare time in London I do the same, and at one time made a point of spending a day now and then wandering about the East End of London for the purpose of studying character; and it was while so occupied that I happened to stray into our National Portrait Gallery. I was astonished and disgusted at such a collection having such a name, and there and then decided that I would make this the subject of my lecture, and the following is briefly my indictment as I then laid it before the Grand Jury, composed of the Press and the Public:

"Of all places, a Portrait Gallery should appeal to you most, and the National Portrait Gallery is the place in which to spend a happy day.

"That is, if you are not critical. If you are, then get thee to a library and bury thyself in books of biography, for portrait painters were deceivers ever, historical portrait painters in particular.

"The National Portrait Gallery was founded about thirty years ago, and the founder, Lord Stanhope, had the audacity to ask for a yearly grant of £500 for the purpose of supplying the nation with a representative collection of national portraits.

The first purchase made by the trustees was a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh (rather suggestive of the undertaking ending in smoke). However, it has struggled on, such as it is.

"Truly it is in no sense a National Portrait Gallery, and although the richest and most civilised nation in the world now generally grants £1,000 a year to supply itself with representative portraits of its great men and women, being I may say about the price of one portrait by a successful painter, the portraits of our great lights do not swell the number of the collection.

"It has been difficult, no doubt, even with this immense amount of cash, to get portraits of those of the past. They have been locked up in the stately homes of England.

"Of late years Charles Surface, Earl of Spendthrift, knocks his ancestors down to the highest chance bidder, but the National Portrait Gallery knows them not.

"The reason of this is not far to seek.

"Taking up at random an annual report of the trustees, I read: 'The salaries of officials amount to £1,176, other expenses £591, the police £635, total £2,402.' And now we come to the interesting item: 'The money spent on the purchase of portraits £255'! But the particular section of the report dealing with this item says seven works have been purchased for £143 18*s.*—that is, £20 11*s.* 1*d.* each.

"Small wonder then that many works in the National Portrait Gallery of England—England where portraiture flourishes—are unworthy of the attendance of even £35 worth of policemen. Can we wonder when £635 is paid to the police to gaze at £143 18*s.* worth of portraits, the purchase of the year?" and so on.

The result of this "ridiculing the State," as the *Times*, in its leader, expressed it, for the penurious pittance it doles out of the revenues of the richest country in the world towards the maintenance of a National Portrait Gallery, was that I was the cause of arousing the Press of Great Britain to the miserable condition of the National Portrait Gallery, which ended in our having one in its place more worthy of the country.

Besides drawing public attention to the National Portrait Gallery, in the same lecture I put in a word for the struggling unknown portrait painters. Speaking of payment reminded me of the story told of Bularchus, a successful painter 716 B.C. Candaules, King of Lydia, paid him with as much gold as would cover the surface of the work. I told my audience that I doubted whether, if that system existed now, the portrait painters would leave any room at all on the Academy walls for subject pictures.

Would Meissonier or Alma Tadema, say, paint your portrait for three napoleons, and would you pay Slapdash, R.A., fifteen thousand for a larger one? I then made the assertion, "It is not too much to say that a fashionable portrait painter often receives £900 for his name, and £100 for the value of the picture to the sitter as a portrait. It is the artist's autograph with a dash of something attached." I asked, "Why should snobbery tempt those away from an honest, well-painted portrait by a less-known man, to accept a failure with a Society signature?" a query that was replied to by my receiving any number of letters from all over the country asking me to recommend artists; in fact, at the time I might have started an agency for portrait painters. One of the artists I suggested had already had a very striking portrait of the Chinese Ambassador, Marquis Tseng, hung in the Academy, and over that painting he had had a trying experience. His sitter, like Queen Elizabeth, objected to shadows, not like the conceited Queen through vanity, but, being an Oriental, he really did not understand what the shadows were, and rushed to the glass to see if his face was dirty. He was a high official in his own country, and naturally anxious not to be mistaken for the Dirty Boy. Again he got into a frightful state at the glazy appearance of his skin—it was an oil painting.

"Only opium-eaters have shiny skins, and I am free from that vice. This is a libel, sir, and will disgrace me at home."

Then he had no idea of perspective, but a great idea of his own rank, and commanded my bewildered brother-artist to paint the red button on the top of his hat, the feather down the

back, the orders in front, and was disappointed that his different coats and sashes, three and four deep, could not all be shown at once.

Another illustration of the difficulties of portrait painters I gave in the same lecture has since been so frequently repeated in the Press that I fear it will be stale to most of my readers—the story of the man who called upon the portrait painter and asked him to paint his father.

"But where is your father?"

"Oh, he died ten years ago."

"Then how can I paint him?" asked the artist.

"Why, I've just seen your picture of Moses, and surely if you can paint the portrait of a man who died thousands of years ago, you can more easily paint my father, who has only been dead ten years!"

Seeing the sort of man with whom he had to deal, the young artist agreed to paint the defunct gentleman, and the picture in due time was sent home. It was carefully hung on the drawing-room wall, and the newly-blossomed art patron was called in to see it. He gazed at it for some time in silence, his eyes filled with tears, and then, slowly nodding his head, he said softly and reverently, "So that is my father! Ah, how he is changed!"

But out of this lecture comes another story—the story of "The Great Six Toes Trial." I must start at the beginning of its strange, eventful history, the same way as, in my lecture, I began with the origin of portraiture.

Now the late George Augustus Sala, in his leader in the *Daily Telegraph* on this lecture, accused me of not giving the origin of portraiture. "Mr. Harry Furniss was bold enough to maintain that, although Greek art remained the model art of the world, portraiture had very little to do with it. Mr. Furniss should not tell this story to the prehistoric toad, for that reptile's presumably long memory might enable it to remind the graphic artist that thousands of years ago the art of portraiture was invented by a sentimental young Greek girl, the daughter of a potter of Corinth, Dibutades." In the same

article he sneered at "a whimsical caricaturist lecturing his contemporaries," and in his references to me was about as offensive as he could be.

The second stage was my letter to the Editor of the *Daily*

G. A. SALA.

Telegraph. That paper not printing it, I sent it, with a note, to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who gave both letters a prominent position:

"SIR,—Can you find space for the publication of the following letter which I addressed to the *Daily Telegraph* in answer to their leader in last Friday's issue, as the insignificant paragraph, 'Greek Portraits,' which

alone the *Daily Telegraph* inserted, in no way states the facts of the case?"

"SIR,—The writer of the leader in your issue of last Friday is guilty of the very fault of which he accuses me. He charges me with not acquainting myself with the subject I treated of in my lecture; he has manifestly not troubled to acquaint himself with that lecture. The ignorance—at any rate, the omissions—that he lays to my door do not exist. Did he expect me in the course of a short hour's lecture to a general audience—which was certainly not prepared for any history or technicalities—to bring forward in my opening sentences the whole story of the rise and development of Greek portraiture? The principal omission of which he complains is the legend of the daughter of Dibutades—calling it an omission because, forsooth, he did not read it in the *Times* report! But, in point of fact, not only did I give the story at length, but I reproduced on the screen Mortimer's well-known picture of the incident. Surely it is not too much to ask, even for a caricaturist to ask—for such he somewhat scornfully terms me—that when so powerful a personality as a leader writer levels his pen against an individual, however humble, he should not depend upon the report of another newspaper, the exigencies of whose space naturally prevent, it may be assumed, the devotion of more than a column verbatim report to any utterances of a 'mere caricaturist.' But, frankly, does the nature of my own occupation in the arts preclude me from pronouncing a correct judgment on portraits and portraiture? For that, after all, is the burden of your article. Is not an opinion, if correct, as good coming from a bootblack as from a Royal Academician? If so, I submit that mine, if worthy of discussion at all, might at least be ascertained and be considered with respect. If not, then I bring the lecture of Professor Herkomer, A.R.A., published on the very same day as your article, to witness that my judgment was a fair one. By a curious coincidence, he lectured at Leeds on the self-same subject within twenty-four hours of the delivery of my own little lecture; he travelled over much the same ground; brought forward in some instances the very same examples as I, and deduced very much the same conclusions."

I happened to call in at the Garrick Club on my way to the *Punch* dinner, and there found a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* containing the leader, on the margin of which was written with the familiar purple ink, in Lewis Wingfield's handwriting, "G.A.S. on Hy. F." Wingfield was Sala's neighbour and friend, so this settled any doubt I had about the authorship of the article I have just referred to. When I showed it to du Maurier, who sat next to me at dinner, he said, "I say, old chap, I'll tell you a capital story about Sala which you might use.

When he was an art student, he tried to get into the Art Schools of the Royal Academy, and for that purpose had to draw the usual head, hand, and foot. When the Examiners counted the toes on the foot Sala had drawn, they found six, so "Sala didn't get in, don't you know!" Now, as other journalists had quoted Sala against me, and a Nottingham paper attacked me in a long and rather vulgar and offensive leader, I, finding myself shortly afterwards the guest of the Literary Club in Nottingham, seized the opportunity to reply. I regretted—though I supposed it was flattering to me—to find that quite recently, although I had been treated for many years with the greatest kindness in the Press, I had been rather attacked. "I was proud," I said, "to find that the first person to attack me in the Press was the greatest journalist the Press possessed—Mr. George Augustus Sala." What I really said after this I print side by side with what I was reported to have said:

"WHAT I SAID.

"I have not the pleasure of Mr. Sala's personal acquaintance, but no one has a greater admiration than I have for that great man in literature. Mr. Sala began life as an artist; not only so, but he began in that walk of art which I pursue, like another great man of the pen had done before him, for, of course, you all know the story of Thackeray going to Dickens and offering to illustrate his books. Dickens declined Thackeray's offer, and it is generally believed that that refusal so annoyed Thackeray that he became a writer and a rival to Dickens. It was a very good thing for him and for literature that Dickens gave him the refusal he did. Now, Mr. Sala, as I said, also began life as an artist, and I am informed that when an applicant for the Royal Academy he had to send in for examination the usual chalk drawings

"HOW I WAS REPORTED.

"He (Mr. Furniss) had not the pleasure of Mr. Sala's persona acquaintance, but no one had a greater admiration for him than he had as being a great man in literature. Mr. Sala began life as an artist, and not only so, but he began in that walk of life which he (Mr. Furniss) pursued. He went to Dickens, and wanted to illustrate his books, but Dickens would not have the sketches; afterwards Mr. Sala went into literature, and it was a very good thing for him and for literature that Dickens gave him the refusal that he did. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. Sala began not only as an artist, but as a caricaturist, and he had to send into the Academy Schools three 'short drawings,' as they were called, of a head, a hand, and a foot. Unfortunately for Mr. Sala, he had six toes upon the foot

of a head, a hand, and a foot. The Examiners, however, discovered that Sala had drawn six toes on the foot. He was rejected, and no doubt this caused him, like Thackeray, to forsake the pencil for the pen, and he is now Art Critic of the *Daily Telegraph*.

"In 1851 Mr. Sala painted the pictures upon the walls of an eating saloon, and that probably had given him the taste for cooking which he had evinced ever since."

he drew, and the Examiner, having counted these toes, pointed the matter out to Mr. Sala, who did not get into the Academy Schools, so now he was the Art Critic of the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1851, Mr. Sala painted the pictures upon the walls of an eating saloon, and that probably had given him the taste for cooking which he had evinced ever since."

The reporter had evidently trusted to his memory, and not to shorthand notes—thus the blunder. I pointed it out, and at once corrected it in a letter printed in the same paper a day or so afterwards. My object in all sincerity was to have a joke—du Maurier's joke—at Sala's expense, but in leading up to it my very complimentary and perfectly accurate parallel illustration of Thackeray was unfortunately, by the reporter's carelessness, attributed to Sala!

This correction was entirely lost sight of by the Press, and I was accused by papers all over the country of having falsely accused him of offering to illustrate Dickens. Papers printed apologies to Sala, and in some cases paid Sala's solicitor money to avoid actions-at-law. I then heard that he was going for me. I found a letter from Burnand to that effect the evening I returned from a lecturing tour. Strange to say, that night Sala and I were both guests of a Medical Society's dinner at the Holborn Restaurant. Both had to make speeches. I spoke before Sala, and referred to a misquotation from a speech I had made in the country, and purposely then and there made the *amende honorable*, of which he at least understood the meaning. He ignored this altogether, and I now merely mention the incident to show that he was vindictive from the very first. He would not listen to reason. Sir George Lewis, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Burnand, and other mutual friends failed: Sala remained obdurate. It was freely reported after the verdict

was given that the plaintiff never had any desire to make money out of me, and had specially instructed his counsel not to ask for damages! As a matter of fact, when our mutual friends implored Sala not to proceed with such a trivial and ridiculous action, he admitted that he wanted money, and in conversation with Sir George Lewis—who all through acted as my good friend, and Sala's too, doing all in his power (which is great) to induce Sala to accept my necessary *amende*,—Sala declined. He had already pocketed several amounts from papers publishing the Nottingham paper's fanciful report, and said to Sir George: "When Friswell libelled me, I got £500 damages; and why should I not be equally successful against Furniss?" "Yes," said the astute Sir George, "but you must remember that I got you that £500, and now I am on the other side."

What I really said, and what I was reported to have said, here I plainly show are two very different things. Still, in the words "and now he is Art Critic of the *Daily Telegraph*" there was a germ of libel—slander one must call it, as the words were spoken—so I was advised to withdraw. Sala, however, made this an impossibility, and the silly action, fanned into "almost European importance," to quote Lockwood, was to be. To make matters worse, just before the

GREAT SIX TOES TRIAL

I received a note from du Maurier:

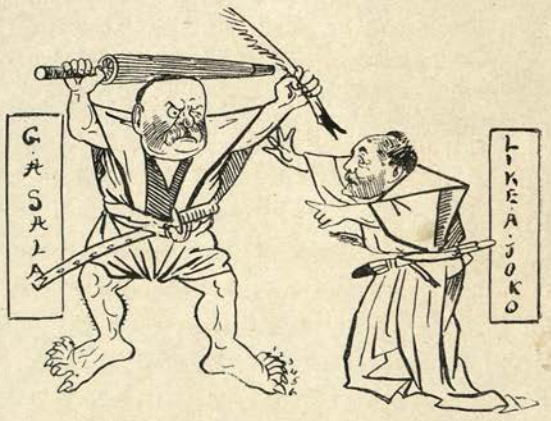
"I am awfully sorry, old chap, but the capital story I told you of Sala and the six toes was about another fellow after all!"

Although a letter from me was published immediately correcting this ridiculous blunder on the part of the reporters, pointing out that what I did say was that Mr. Sala was not the only literary man who began life as an artist; and that I had

quoted casually as an instance that *Thackeray* in early life went to Dickens, my correction—though well known to Sala—was, to my surprise, ignored, and the words *I had never used* were made the point of the whole action!

Mr. Kemp, counsel for Sala, rolled them out with unctuousness; then paused for the Judge to write them down. Mr. Sala, in the witness-box, in melodramatic style denied that he had ever taken sketches to Dickens, and the jury noted that fact. Yet I had never said he did! and furthermore Sala knew I had referred to Thackeray and not to him. Still, for some reason I could never understand, Lockwood allowed this to pass, and cross-examined Sala, admitting that he had heard the story of Thackeray and Dickens—as to my right as a critic—but never denied that these words attributed to me were absolutely a false report! The next point Sala made was that an "offensive caricature" (reproduced by permission on this page) was by me! It was Mr. F. C. Gould's. Sala knew this; so did Lockwood, but he did not deny it: in fact, when the jury considered their verdict, the two points they were clear upon were (1) that I said Sala had offered work to Dickens, and had been refused; (2) that I was the author of the clever (but in Sala's opinion most offensive) caricature of himself and me.

COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF.



MR. F. C. GOULD'S SKETCH IN THE *WESTMINSTER*, WHICH SALA MAINTAINED WAS MINE.

I prompted Lockwood in Court, but he told me that he would not bother about facts, or call me, or deny anything—he took

the line that the whole thing was too absurd for serious consideration, and that he would "laugh it out of Court."

One report says that "Mr. Lockwood handled Mr. Sala very gently in cross-examination, and got from him an explosive declaration that Mr. Furniss's statements represented him as an ignorant and impudent pretender. 'Don't be angry with me, Mr. Sala.'"

But the Judge was angry with dear, good, kind Frank Lockwood, and scotched his humour, and refused to allow him to "laugh it out of Court." It annoyed him, and he summed up dead against me. Lockwood could only squeeze one joke out of the whole thing.

Sala in cross-examination said to Lockwood in a bombastic, inflated, Adelphi-drama style:

"That was not my greatest artistic work. Perhaps my greatest was an engraving of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. It was from my original drawings. I engraved it on a steel plate, and it contained many thousand figures."

Lockwood: "All, I suppose, had the proper number of toes?" (Laughter.)

"They had boots on." (Continued laughter.)

Sala got five pounds for the Judge's want of humour, not for mine.

Having no chance of making my little joke in Court, I took my revenge by accepting a commission to report and illustrate my own trial for the *Daily Graphic*, and the following—the only authentic account of the Great Six Toes Trial—appeared the following morning:

"It was unfortunate that the Royal Academicians were all busy varnishing their pictures for the forthcoming exhibition at Burlington House when the Great Sala-Furniss Libel Case was heard on Friday last, and that in their absence you have had to apply to me (the defendant) for sketches of the scene in Court. What a chance Mr. Calderon has missed for a companion picture to the one he is painting of another great legal battle—the Parnell Commission! A picture in next year's Royal Academy of the trial between two art critics is surely worthy to be

handed down to posterity, say, in the Council Room of the Royal Academy.

"That the subject is not a picturesque one, I admit, but I can offer the painter an historical incident connected with it that should recommend itself. We all know that Sir Francis Drake playing at bowls when the Spanish Armada was sighted is a favourite theme with artists. In this case, although there is nothing Spanish about it, there is a parallel incident. I was, like Drake, by the sad sea waves, not playing at bowls, but sketching a common, or garden, donkey, when a telegram arrived from London to say that the great trial was in sight, and my presence was demanded at the Royal Courts of Justice (Court 3) at eleven o'clock the following morning. Let it be recorded that my nerve was equal to the great Admiral's—I finished the drawing of that donkey.

DEFENDANT.

"The morning was a gloomy one, and no doubt the weather had something to do with the solemn tone of the proceedings. A collection of briefless barristers, irritated jurymen, and wet umbrellas in dark corridors is not enlivening; and when you arrive, to find the Court crowded, and you happen to be, like me, considerably under the medium height, and rather broad in proportion, it is difficult to come up at all, much less smiling, to the feet of justice. Here is a subject for a *Punch* puzzle. The defendant—how is he to get into Court? It is a mystery to me how I managed to squeeze myself through. I stuck to my hat, and my hat pulled me through (alas, a new one!). The hat was more rubbed the wrong way by the trial than was its wearer; but it is an item in the expense of legal warfare that ought not to be forgotten by the taxing master. However, I found myself sitting next my consulter and friend, the 'sage of Ely Place,' in good time. Although a case is down to be

MY HAT.

tried in a particular Court, it may be transferred to another Court at a moment's notice. This is bewildering to the parties interested and, from what I saw, irritating to the legal fraternity. Tomkins *v.* Snooks is down for trial, Court 2. The legal call-boys bustle in the counsel and others engaged. Mr. Buzfuz, Q.C., pushes his way into Court, surrounds himself with briefs and other documents, when some mysterious harlequin of the Law Courts changes Tomkins *v.* Snooks to Court 4, and calls upon Brown *v.* Jones, who are packed away in Court 3, waiting their turn. Buzfuz gets very angry, and bustles off to Court 4. In fact, getting your case into Court reminded me forcibly of that amusing toy, so popular then, called 'Pigs in Clover'—wigs in clover, I was nearly writing. I apologise at once for the mere thought. We were transferred from one Court to another, and our friends sat out a case in the Court advertised to try ours, wondering what on earth 'The Prince of Journalists' and I had to do with 'chops and tomato sauce.' What followed has been pretty fully reported, so I need not dwell upon it. Indeed, I could not live in the frightful atmosphere of those Courts, and would gladly pay twice five pounds to be allowed to sit on the roof if ever I find myself a defendant again.

THE PLAINTIFF.

THE EDITOR OF *PUNCH* SUPPORTS ME.

"According to the reports, 'the plaintiff was supported by his wife, and the defendant by the editor of *Punch*.' The solemn occasion demanded a certain amount of gravity, which was particularly difficult for me to retain, as my 'supporter,' although fully alive to the tremendous bearings of the case and the importance of the issues, failed to hide in his expression those 'happy thoughts' that flow ceaselessly through his fertile brain. The outward effect was a see-saw antic with his imposing eyebrows—a proof to me that his sense of the ridiculous had got the better of his gravity. 'Put on your gloves at once,' he whispered impressively to me. 'Why?' I asked. 'Because you may then leave the court with clean hands!' (The 'putting

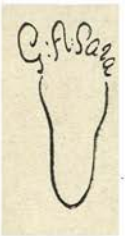
on the gloves' must not be taken in a double sense.) But this is a digression. You merely ask for sketches in Court. Well, I send you my recollection of Mr. Kemp, Q.C., trying to be very angry with me; of my 'brother caricaturist' (*vide* reports), Mr. Lockwood, struggling to be very angry with Mr. Kemp, and pointing to the defendant, 'That miscreant!' (note the effect upon me), and the Judge very serious with everybody. As an antidote, I was spoiling a beautiful sheet of white blotting-paper by drawing recollections of the donkey I was studying in the country when I was summoned to town to take my trial. I am anxious to make this public, as I now remember that I left that sheet of sketches in the court; and who can tell? Some one may yet 'invest those sketches with an almost European importance,' and the number of five pounds I shall be called upon to dole out all round will be something appalling.

SIR F. LOCKWOOD AND MYSELF.

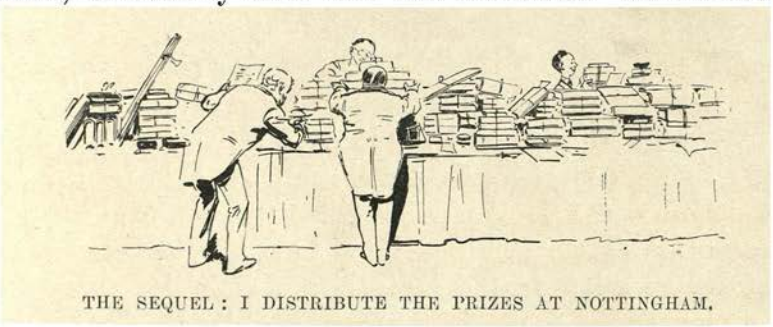
"*A propos* of this truly great trial, the *Observer* remarked, in its leader upon it, that 'future treatises on the law of libel will, if properly and picturesquely indexed, be enriched with this entry, "Art critic, statement held to be a libel upon, see Toes." Indeed, the antics of the law of libel ought to be written, edited, let me suggest, by Mr. George Lewis, and illustrated by the genius of Mr. Frank Lockwood. I will supply a footnote."

Over this *jeu d'esprit* on my part Sala waxed very wroth, for besides having to pay £80 costs of his own, he brought upon himself columns of chaff, of which the following is a fair

specimen. "The Prince of Journalists," wrote a wag of journalists, "is lamenting that he has jumped out of the Furniss into the fire, for of a surety five pounds will hardly repay Mr. Sala for the roasting he will receive from his good-natured friends." Skits showing six toes were plentiful, jokes in burlesque and on the music-hall stage were introduced as a matter of course, and private chaff in letters was kept up for some time. One private letter I wrote du Maurier, "Sala has no sole for humour — you have made me put my foot in it," and added the Six Toes signature sketch. In this no doubt du Maurier found inspiration for Trilby.



In the witness-box Mr. Sala took up a curious position with regard to that filched and fatal joke. He said that I told that joke because he had been invited to distribute the prizes at the Art School at Nottingham shortly before, and that I had run down and, like the miscreant who sowed tares in his neighbour's wheat, deliberately made him look ridiculous. As a matter of



THE SEQUEL: I DISTRIBUTE THE PRIZES AT NOTTINGHAM.

fact, I neither knew that Sala had distributed the prizes, nor that he had ever put in an appearance at Nottingham. Sala in his evidence said, "I have always been well received there (Nottingham). The people have always been very kind to me, and they expressed surprise at the libel." Nottingham people reading this, assured me it was the very reverse of the facts, that Sala was socially anything but friendly and most objectionable in his behaviour when there; and they invited me to distribute the prizes the following year, which I did—the last

stage of all of this strange, eventful joke, which ended, as it began, in good-natured laughter.

THE one confession I desire in all seriousness should reach the ears of my fellow artists is that my object in attacking the Royal Academy ("Royal Academy Antics," 1890), was a thoroughly unselfish one. "It was published for the sake of those who, for one reason or another, are not within the inner circle. I was prompted to call the discriminating attention of the public to the evil the Academy works and permits to exist," by appeals from artists outside—heartbroken men and women smarting under unfair treatment; I received letters recording cases of gross injustice, followed by ruin and poverty—which made my blood boil. The shortcomings of the Academicians had been the subject of criticism for many years, yet no improvement resulted. As the *Times* pathetically observed: "At least it should not be taken for granted that improvement is impossible till improvement has been attempted. This much has been forced upon us by the painful knowledge of the many bitter, often heartbreaking, disappointments which cloud the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, when London looks bright and blooming, and everyone and everything around seems so full of life, and so eager and capable of enjoyment. It is impossible for those whose office carries them behind the scenes, in the midst of the festive and fashionable crowd which throngs the stately rooms of the Academy, not to think of the poor lodging and the shabby studio, and the easel, the rejected picture, the subject of so much labour, the spring of so many hopes, which was expected to win bread, if not fame, for the painter." Perfectly true,

but oh, how pathetic! to those, like myself, "whose office carries them behind the scenes." It is pleasant to keep friendly with those Royal Academicians and their friends and worshippers —that "festive and fashionable crowd"—and to be on good terms with the givers of banquets and the pets of Society; but I care little for such, for I am neither a logrolling journalist nor a Society-seeking artist, and at the risk of having my independence mistaken for egotism, I have always expressed my opinions openly and freely, quite regardless of, and not caring one jot for, those whose friendship I lost in consequence—no, not even as in this case, where the very artists who confessed to me, and who appealed to me to attack the Academy, subsequently avoided me, as "it wouldn't do, don't you know, to be seen with Furniss, as I am in the running for the Academy." This was my dedication.

THE SEE-SAW ANTIC.

The one object in view was to disabuse the public mind of the erroneous impression that the Royal Academy is an unprejudiced official public body, that they elect only the best artists, and reject only the unworthy—in fact, that R.A. should be

considered a hall-mark on work, as too many believe it to be, to the detriment of the majority of artists. "Most of those artists who write and talk of art may be considered prejudiced—no one can well say that you are. What is the Royal Academy to you?" was said to me. I was even encouraged by some of the Academicians themselves, who had from time to time fruitlessly attempted to introduce reforms; but notwithstanding the efforts of the right-minded members of their body, the majority adopt the Fabian policy of sitting down and doing nothing, or bury their heads, ostrich-like, till the storm of indignation raised by their unworthy selfishness and indolence has blown over.

I went thoroughly into the subject. I read Blue-books, criticisms, sober, solid reviews, Royal Academicians' confessions and defence. I read everything connected with the history of the Royal Academy from beginning to end. Then I appeared on the platform and gave lectures on Art and Artists and the Royal Academy, which drew forth leading articles from the *Times* and nearly every paper in the land.

In my researches I found that the Royal Academy has been a narrow-minded clique from its very initiation. It was procured by the trickery of an American (its first President), West, from that "dull lad brought up by narrow-minded people," George the Third, described by Thackeray: "Like all dull men, the King was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like . . . Reynolds. . . . He loved mediocrities—Benjamin West was his favourite painter."

> "A royal patron on the sly secured,
> Which from the first its cheek to shame inured."*

It was a contemptible pandering to unblushing and self-interested sycophancy, involving practically the ruin of all that the best spirits in the art world had laboured for since the commencement of the century. A society of unmitigated selfishness was thus started, and still continues. When everything else around has been reformed, as the country has advanced and increased,

* Soden's "Rap at the R.A."

the Royal Academy remains exactly as it was when so hurriedly formed one hundred and thirty years ago.

To all this I received endless confirmation, but, alas! the writers did not give me permission to publish their names. I have on my desk before me as I write this page a letter from the editor of our most artistic illustrated weekly: "Allow me to congratulate you; keep pegging away. The Royal Academy of Arts (plural) is nonsense; it is, as you say, a Royal Academy of oil. If the R.A. had done their duty years ago, we would not see such farcical statues in the streets, nor should I (as at present moment employed) be writing to Berlin and Vienna for assistance in matters where skill and taste are required by art workmen." The President of a certain Royal Academy wrote: "I have just read your 'Royal Academy Antics,' and I must confess that, as far as I can judge, many of its strictures are deserved; . . . but I can venture to say that many of the antiquated mistakes made by the parent Academy have been carefully avoided by our governing body."

THE FIRST P.R.A.

From all sorts and conditions of artists and art employers I received congratulations. Those from the poor struggling outsiders alone repaid me for the trouble I had taken. At that time, only eleven years ago, the Royal Academy and other picture shows were in a very different position from what they are now. Art is no longer a fashion; proportionately the Royal Academy is going down. The glory of Lord Leighton, one of the brightest of Society's stars, attracted hosts of fashionable people to the gatherings of the Academy, and Sir John Millais, too, was much run after by the fashionable crowd. Now that these are gone, the Academy has lost all interest in smart Society. "Academy Antics up to Date" would not have any sale. "An Artistic Joke" in Bond Street would not have

any visitors. I fought for the weak when they were crushed by the strong. Now that "My Lady Oil" is feeble and powerless, I desist.

"The Royal Academy has been the subject of many bitter attacks," wrote the editor of the *Magazine of Art*, "during the last hundred years—attacks which, directed against unjust or antiquated rules, have usually been well founded. But never, perhaps, has so effective a charge been made as that which Mr. Furniss brings in his entertaining volume; and if it be true that ridicule will pierce there whence the shafts of indignation will rebound, no little good may be looked for from the publication."

NO WATER-COLOUR OR BLACK-AND-WHITE NEED APPLY.

Precisely so. Others, serious and influential, had exposed the R.A.; I tried what ridicule would do. But the public did not take me seriously, and the Press took me too seriously; and as the public does not buy books on art, but is content with a *réchauffé*, my object to a certain extent was defeated.

My Lady Oil of Burlington House is a very selfish creature; she persistently refuses to recognise her twin-sister Water Colour, giving her but one miserable room in her mansion, and no share whatever in her honours. My Lady Oil is selfish; My Lady Oil is unjust to favour engravers and architects, and to ignore painters in water-colours and artists in black-and-white. She showers honours on her adopted sisters, Engraving and Architecture, because the former mechanically reproduces her work, and the latter builds her pretty toy-houses for her children to live in.

This is really altogether absurd when you reflect that it is in water-colour that English art excels, and that the copyist, the engraver's occupation will soon be gone, beaten away by slightly more mechanical, but more effective, modes of reproduction.

Sooner or later John Bull will open his inartistic eyes, and see that mediocrity in oil is not equal to excellence in water, and that those who originate with the pencil are far before copyists with the graver and drawers of plans.

I then advocated a National Academy, a Commonwealth of Art, presided over by a State Minister of Fine Art, in which mediocrity will find no space till a welcome and a place have been given to all earnest work, regardless of its nature.

Where the number of works of any one man will be limited, and where there will be no such mockery of good work as "rejection for want of space."

Where all the fine arts, and especially the national fine art (water-colour paintings), shall be recognised as arts, and the best of the professors of them shall at least be eligible for election.

Where the committee of selection and hanging shall be—as in the Salon—elected by the body of exhibitors.

Where reasonable time shall be given to the proper consideration of every work sent in.

Where the women, in the rare event of their being equal to their brother brushes, shall be elected into the magic circle.

Very few of the great public who find the splendid Tate Gallery "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," recollect the disgraceful treatment the donor of it received at the hands of the Government and others. The way in which Mr.—afterwards Sir—Henry Tate was "held up to derision and contempt by a handful of irresponsible cranks" was a public scandal. Mr. Tate, in consequence, temporarily withdrew his princely

offer of £150,000 to the nation. All his friends, and they were legion, deeply sympathised with him. I, being one of the few who were asked by Mr. Tate to meet at his house and consider the form of the "British Luxembourg" before the offer was made public at all, took upon myself to write to the *Times* as follows :—

"Red-tapeism has triumphed, and all your art-loving readers are disgusted, but not altogether surprised, to find this morning that Mr. Henry Tate has retired from the scene with his princely offer of £80,000 and his magnificent collection of pictures, which was to form the nucleus of the proposed gallery of British art. It is a bitter disappointment to the munificent Mr. Tate, and a warning to others who, like him, come forward with their purse and their pictures and offer them to an unartistic nation. It is bad enough to find that a splendid gift like this cannot be accepted; but even worse features in this lengthy controversy have been the gross personal attacks and ungenerous insinuations made against the would-be donor, which must be particularly hurtful to his modest and unobtrusive nature, and I now write to suggest that all those who sympathise with him (and surely their name is legion) should show him some public mark of their appreciation. To the British mind this at once suggests a banquet, and I would most willingly undertake all the arrangements in connection with it if my present state of health did not preclude my doing so; but, without a doubt, among Mr. Tate's countless admirers there must be many eager to adopt and carry out this suggestion."

Of course I was chaffed in the Press for so "characteristically, though gravely," suggesting such a thing. My object in making the proposal was misunderstood. I was accused of putting the crowning absurdity on the whole thing, of making a cheaply canonised martyr of Mr. Tate, and some ungenerously hinted I was following up my joke of my "offer to the nation" by another. In fact, for the first time in the history of England, a public man was not to have a public dinner when there happened to be a matter of public importance to celebrate and ventilate! On the other hand, I received a letter from Mr. Tate, from Bournemouth, the day my letter in the *Times* appeared, in which he thanked me for my warm-hearted letter in the *Times*, but begged of me not to press my proposal in his honour. "As you say, I am a modest man, and it would be more than I could stand. What I *should like* would be to

see the artists calling a public meeting and protesting against the way in which British art has been shelved." In the same letter he assured me "that too much could not be said in condemnation of Sir Frederick Leighton's and the Academicians' supineness." In writing to thank me for dropping the proposed banquet, he again referred to his great surprise and disappointment that neither Sir Frederick Leighton nor any one of the Academicians had given his scheme any support, and complained that the President of the Royal Academy had been much more loyal to his friend Lord Carlisle "than to the cause of British art."

THE OLD BAILEY.

In the winter of 1885 the following paragraph ran through the Press:—"A statement has been circulated from a quarter that may be taken as well informed, that the City Lands Committee of the Corporation of London have perfected plans for the improvement of the Central Criminal Court. It is not improbable that the process of reform has been accelerated by a recent letter to the public Press of Mr. Harry Furniss, the well-known comic artist, who, having been summoned as a juryman, suffered many woes while waiting to be called into the box." As the *Saturday Review* remarked, the bitter cry of the outcast juror which I uttered is familiar enough to the public ear, but I had given it a more penetrating note than usual; but it did not hesitate to say that it would not produce any more effect upon those whom I sought to influence "than the less articulate, or even than the absolutely inarticulate, protests of many generations of his fellow-sufferers." And the *Saturday Review* was right, for fifteen winters have passed since I wrote my protest to the *Daily News*.

"I cannot help thinking the prisoners at the Old Bailey have every reason to congratulate themselves they are brought there as prisoners, and not as jurymen. They are well looked after, and have a clear way into Court, and plenty of room when they get there. These are their advantages; but, alas! the lot of the poor jurymen is not such a happy one. For some reasons, which may (or may not) exist in the mind of the

summoning officer, I received a demand from him to appear and perform a 'super's' part in trial by jury at the Old Bailey Petty Sessions. I arrived at the Court punctually at the hour requested, and after fighting my way through a mixture of other small ratepayers, detectives, bailed prisoners, and nondescripts, I came to the first floor. Then I entered a dark passage, 'standing room only,' and found it quite impossible to get near the Court, the outside of which resembled the entrance to Old Drury on Boxing Night. 'There ain't no room; just stand outside there!' where I managed to keep my temper and my feet for a considerable time. By degrees I squeezed into the Court with my hat and temper ruffled. I arrived at barrier No. 1. 'Have I been called?' 'Name?' 'Yes, yer 'ave, long ago; fined five pounds for not answering to your name'; explanation. Shoved on to barrier No. 2; explanation repeated. Shoved on to barrier No. 3; explanation repeated again, and reached barrier No. 4. The Judge: 'Swear'; and I swore. Final explanation; fine taken off. I have an excuse. 'Stand down!' Here I remain for an hour and a half in a pen, huddled up with more 'Hexcuses,' as Mr. Husher calls us, some of whom, by their own statement, came from houses in which there were infectious diseases. Imagine how nice this would be with the jury-box full! I must admit the presiding Judge performed his task of selection with discretion, particularly when he let me off. But I observe that before the Judge there is a bouquet of flowers. I am told that this is the survival of an old custom of placing hyssop before the Bench by way of febrifuge to protect him from pestilential vapours from the dock. I would like to suggest that a bunch of hyssop be again substituted for the bouquet of flowers. In justice, I ask you this: Is it reasonable to fine an over-taxed ratepayer five pounds for not having heard his name through a musty brick wall? And may I through you make a proposal—that busy professional men should be exempt from this annoyance on payment of one guinea per annum, and that this fund should either be employed in building a new court, or provide fees for a really competent jury of junior barristers, who undoubtedly would be the right men in the right place?"

My "cry" was taken up by the Press. "Purgatory is no name for it," "The Old Bailey Scandal," and other startling headlines failed to move Bumbledom. The most celebrated Criminal Court in the world, situated in the richest city, to this day remains a public scandal and a purgatory to unfortunate jurymen. My suggestion in this "amusing jeremiad," as it was called by one paper, contained one serious proposal; but my protest against the only form of conscription known to our laws, and my suggestion that the jury should be paid junior barristers,

was, I confess, the only humorous idea I had in writing the letter! The major portion was serious—so again I have been a victim to the want of humour on the part of my journalistic friends.

THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT. *From "Punch."*

Mr. *Punch* appeared as my "champion stout and warm" in a series of verses, a few of which I quote:

"That citizen is now in Court, a dismal den and dusty;
Frowsy and foul its fittings be, its atmosphere is fusty;
And oh, its minor myrmidons are proud and passing crusty!

"They chivy him, that citizen, hustle him here and there;
One elbow looseth his trim tie, one rumpleth his back hair:
They greet his queries with a grunt, his grumblings with a stare.

"A close-packed crowd doth hem him round, a tight, malodorous 'block'
Of fustian men and women gross, of dry and dusty lock;
His 'By your leaves' they heed no whit, his struggles wild they mock.

"He may not stir, he cannot see. At length, in tones of blame,
He hears them toss from lip to lip his own much-honoured name:
'What! Fined for absence!!! That be blowed!' He swells with wrath and shame.

"And through the throng he madly thrusts, like Viking, through the press
Strewing his path with buttons burst and fragments of his dress,
Claiming reversal of that fine with dearly-bought success.

* * * * *

"How long, oh British citizens, will ye in patience bide
The torture of the Jury-box remorselessly applied,
The Usher's haughty insolence, the Bobby's baleful pride?

"How long shall the 'twelve honest men,' our constitution's end,
Be treated worse than criminals, their time and money lend,
Long hours of thankless horror in their country's cause to spend?

"*Punch* riseth in indignant wrath, your champion stout and warm:
'Tis time that Somebody should take this old abuse by storm,
And sweep out the Old Bailey with the besom of Reform."

I have to confess that letters to the Press have, as a rule, little effect in reforming; in fact, my only direct success was caused by an illustrated letter to *Punch*. The tent-jobbers were evicted, and the pleasant and not altogether picturesque pavilion for cricketers, in the centre of Regent's Park, was erected in consequence of this letter of mine to *Punch*:—

THANK YO-O-U!

"DEAR MR. *Punch*,—I have discovered a nasty spot in one of the lungs of London. As you are the Doctor to cure all evils, I trust you will take up the case.

"I re-visited the neighbourhood of dear old Regent's Park last week. I strolled through the Zoo to renew the acquaintance of all my friends there, deserted in the 'Out of Town' season, and longing in vain, alas! for their day in the country. It was early; the Park was deserted, except by the birds, and here and there laughing

children with their nurses. Everything was pleasant, so fresh and green, and free and easy, unlike the West End 'lungs.'

"I sat myself down on a bench. Shut out from the madding crowd, one could breathe in comfort. I recalled Locker's lines in praise of Piccadilly—that crowded thoroughfare, dusty and noisy—and while trying to fit them in to suit the beautiful scene around me, I nodded, and fell asleep.

* * * * *

"Bang! I'm awake! What's that? A cannon-ball hit me in the back? I'm all of a heap on the grass, my hat one way, my umbrella another—

REGENT'S PARK AS IT WAS. *From "Punch."*
A ROUGH SKETCH ON WOOD.

and I nowhere! or, where am I? Dear me, am I dreaming? Have I been carried by a shot? (Volunteers do practise in the Park.) Was it a suburban race-meeting? Yes, it must be, and one of a low order. And yet this is surely Regent's Park!

"'Thank you, sir!'—'Thank y-o-o-u!'—'Th-a-n-k y-o-o-o-u!'

"I pick myself up. *Is* it the monkeys' half-holiday? Yes! They are imitating boys playing cricket. Their cages are close at hand.

"Bang! Another blow!! This time I receive the enemy's blow—as an Englishman should—in front. It brings me up standing—I see it all! The monkeys are boys; the cages are practising nets; and the balls come off the bats! A nurse in charge of five children is under fire—in terror that some of her little ones may be hit and killed—and it is a wonder they are

not. I gallantly cover her retreat, for no park-keeper is to be seen Then I turned my attention to what I thought—when half-dazed, but not altogether wrong—was a corner of a low race-meeting, or gipsy encampment. Here is a sketch, sir, made on the spot. It certainly was like both—dirty unfinished tents, casks, rubbish and rags, something boiling, and some people brawling, the grass all worn, and the walk cut up! An eyesore, a disgrace, sir!

"A somewhat artistically-built kiosk stands a hundred yards or so away. If the mass of cricketers want another, by all means let them have it, and drive the unsightly tent-jobbers out of the Park.

"If this sort of thing is allowed by officials in charge, then, sir, I venture to think the sketch heading this letter, 'What it will come to,' will be an actual illustration of fact.

"Yours truly,
"STURMIE STUMPS."

Unfortunately my more recent attack on "Lord's," and my letters and articles on various other public matters, have not met with the same success. Even domestic annoyances have been ventilated by me, and I fondly hope have had some effect.

A propos of the foregoing, I may here make full confession of how

I FOUND A SNAKE IN REGENT'S PARK.

The following incident may prove interesting to the public in general and naturalists in particular:

While taking an early walk in Regent's Park on Saturday, June 12th, 1894, I captured, not the proverbial worm, but a specimen of a rare species of snake, which was indulging in a constitutional on one of the broad paths. "What a gigantic worm!" was my first thought, but on my using my stick to arrest its further progress it rose in the orthodox snake-like fashion at my cane, throwing itself into an attitude of defence and hissing with anger. The park-keeper, park-labourers who were mowing the grass close by, and divers members of the British public, from the piscatorial street arab with his minnow-ensnaring thread and bent pin to the portly merchant wending Citywards, were soon on the spot, and really that diminutive reptile caused more consternation than would have been the case had it been instead an Anarchist bomb. I sent over to the

cricket pavilion for a tin canister wherein to cage *pro tem.* the wily stranger, and excitement waxed high as preparations were made to accomplish the fearsome feat. This was safely managed by the aid of a newspaper, which naturally enough, considering the events of the week, proved to be of a sporting character, and the viper, probably anxious as to the result of the Oaks, glided to the column containing that news, whence it was expeditiously shaken into the canister, which I perforated at the top, and walked off with my tinned snake to the Zoological Gardens hard by, where its roaming propensities were kept in check within the walls of the reptile house.

I was somewhat startled to learn that my captive had not escaped from the Gardens, which did not contain one of its species, and Mr. Bartlett gave it as his opinion that there must have been a number more wherever this one came from. This new danger further enhanced the charms of Regent's Park, which on Saturdays is a perfect pandemonium, the pedestrian having to exert a great deal of agility to dodge the whizzing cricket balls and avoid being maimed for life. Now that we have had snakes in the grass we may expect vultures in the air, and who knows that in time to come we may not be shooting big game in the jungles of the north-west!

The above is the substance of a letter I wrote to the *Times*, the publication of which caused no little consternation in some papers and no little chaff, at my expense, in others. The London evening papers appeared with startling contents bills and sensational headings:

"LIKA-JOKO, THE SERPENT HUNTER."

"SNAKES IN REGENT'S PARK!"

"THE TALE OF THE SERPENT." "SNAKES ALIVE!" &c.

The *Westminster Gazette*, "In the hope of gleaning some valuable information about this newly-discovered fearful reptile which lies in wait for wayfarers in the wilds of Northern London," sent a representative post-haste to interview Mr.

Bartlett, the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens. This report in the *Westminster* is headed:

"He thought he saw an elephant
Upon the mantelpiece;
He looked again, and found it was
His sister's husband's niece,"

and then proceeds to throw doubt upon my veracity.

THE LATE MR. BARTLETT.

"Mr. Harry Furniss has been suffering from a delusion very similar to that of the subject of Mr. Lewis Carroll's nonsense-verse. Mr. Bartlett is a man of few words, though what he does say is both interesting and humorous. Without replying"—(the *Westminster* representative required him to tell him all he knew about my snake)—"he took up his pen and, on the back of a visiting-card which lay before him, he drew a circle as large as the card would hold, the ends of which did not quite meet. 'There,' he said, 'that is about the actual size of Mr. Harry Furniss's snake. You see its size is not alarming, and its nature is not venomous. In fact, it is absolutely harmless.'

"'But it is of rare variety, is it not?'

"'The variety is not common, certainly, though I have known it for the last eighteen or twenty years. It is known as the small crowned snake (*Coronella lævis*), and is occasionally found in Hampshire and in one or two other counties. The first specimen I had was brought to me from Hampshire by a friend of mine, a young officer. As he pulled it out of his hand-bag in this room I saw it biting at his fingers. I thought it was a viper; but, of course, on examining it I soon saw what it really was. It has no fangs, and it is, as I said, quite harmless. At its full size it may measure from fourteen to sixteen inches. As for its rarity, here is a fairly long list of the specimens we have had, and we have several at present. But come along to the reptile house and see it for yourself.'

"Arrived at the reptile house, Mr. Bartlett called the keeper, and in solemn tones and with a grave countenance requested him to 'show this gentleman Mr. Harry Furniss's serpent.' The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then gradually a broad grin spread over his face as he

replied: 'Oh, yes, sir, if I can find it, but I am not sure about that.' However, he removed the lid from a glass case containing several lively little creatures just about as large as a fresh-water eel at the age at which it is known to the small boy who tries to catch it in his hands as the 'darning needle.' After groping about in the sand at the bottom of the case he found the specimen required and handed it over to Mr. Bartlett, who held it in his hand and allowed it to make savage darts at his fingers. 'You see,' he said, 'it is a lively little thing—extremely spiteful, but quite powerless to hurt me.' After it had been put back and carefully secured, lest it should make another descent upon London, Mr. Bartlett gave his theories as to how it might have got into Regent's Park. 'There are two ways in which it might have come here,' he explained. 'I imagine it has been brought in some of the plants or shrubs which have been provided for the Park gardeners; or else somebody may have brought a female with young ones from the country and carelessly allowed this one to escape. But stray animals like this are almost sure to come to us sooner or later. Whenever people find anything unusual, they think it must be an escaped specimen and forward it here. Why, when the great explosion on the canal occurred in 1874, the glass in our aviaries was shattered. Of course a great number of our birds escaped, but it was in November, and most of them were glad enough to return to the warmth and to the food provided for them. But people were continually sending us birds for a long time, and, in fact, more birds were sent here than had actually escaped.'

"'Then, as a last question, Mr. Bartlett, what does the fuss which has been made about this snake mean?'

"Mr. Bartlett looked more solemn than ever as he suggested: 'Well, Mr. Harry Furniss is fond of a joke—Lika-Joko is a capital name for him; he may have been serious, or he may not."

I was serious, and so was dear old Mr. Bartlett, whom it was my privilege to know well, but he did not let the representative of the *Westminster* see this.

I replied to the above article:

"On reading your descriptive interview with Mr. Bartlett *à propos* of my finding a reptile in Regent's Park, I was, believe me, far more surprised than when I captured the primary cause of your representative's journey to the Zoological Gardens. You endeavour to sum up the incident and my veracity by quoting the following lines of Mr. Lewis Carroll's:—

"'He thought he saw an Elephant
Upon the mantelpiece;
He looked again, and found it was
His sister's husband's niece.'

"Now it seems to me that another extract from the same work would have lent itself better to your requirements :

"'He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that I cannot speak!"'

I very much regret that it—the snake—cannot speak, for were it gifted with articulate power your representative could hold a *vivâ voce* interview with his snakeship, and therefore become enlightened as to the real facts of the case. The reptile might also disclose the locality he hails from, as that important point is still shrouded in mystery.

"As soon as I had read your article, which deals somewhat frivolously with a very serious subject, I went forth to the Zoo in quest of Mr. Bartlett, but that gentleman had left town. Perhaps the article in question had something to do with his departure. Why I sought to see him was to put to him the following questions to test the accuracy of your statements :

"1. How comes it that you informed me on Saturday that the snake was a foreigner, while according to the *Westminster Gazette* it is English?

"2. Did you not give it to me as your opinion that it must have come in fruit? You are now made to say that it must have been brought in plants or shrubs, and if that is so, why did the Park gardeners declare that they had never seen anything like it before?

"3. Did you not say it was only a week old, and also that where it came from there must be a number more?

"4. Did you not emphatically declare that you had no specimen of the kind in the Gardens, and was it not for this reason I made you a present of this one? How do you reconcile that with the following passage in your interview with the representative of the *Westminster Gazette:* 'As for its rarity, here is a fairly long list of the specimens we have had, and we have several at present'? And did you not give as a reason the reptile could not have strayed from the Gardens the very cogent one that you had none of the kind in your collection? And may I ask whether you really have any or not? For if you have, and the one in question has escaped, what is to prevent rattlesnakes and cobras and other venomous specimens from escaping also?

"5. If, as you say, you doubted my seriousness, why was the snake duly entered in the books of the Zoological Society, from whom I received a formal letter of thanks for the presentation?

"6. Would you not rather handle a snake, however dangerous, than the special interviewer of a London evening paper?"

This I followed with another letter, which explains the conflicting information received at the Zoo:

"Since writing to you it has struck me that probably your representative saw Mr. Bartlett senior, whereas I deposited my snake into the care of, and received my information from, Mr. Bartlett junior (the present superintendent). This may account for your representative describing in

SKETCH BY MR. F. C. GOULD.

his article Mr. Bartlett drawing a circle the size of my snake on a visiting-card, and that, too, without the two ends of the circle coming into conjunction. This is so utterly absurd that it is evident Mr. Bartlett could not have seen the reptile at the time. The exact measurement of my baby serpent is seven and a-half inches in length—nearly an inch longer than the word 'Westminster' at the top of your front page—and it is *still growing!*"

So did the story grow—in correspondence, in prose, in verse, and in picture. Mr. F. C. Gould treated the subject in

Japanese-Lika-Joka spirit, and from quantities of verse I select the following from the *Sketch* as the best:

"PICKED UP NEAR THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

"'I am the snake of Regent's Park;
I lie in wait for men of mark.
I'd gladly give my latest breath
To fright a funny man to death.
So when from ambush I espy
A comic artist passing by,
I think there is no joy like this—
To stand upon my tail and hiss.
For it is quite a novel charm
To see him start in wild alarm
And haste to tell the awful crimes
Of Horrid Serpents in the *Times*.
It used to be a bitter pang
That I was born without a fang,
That Nature made me as a toy
For any silly idle boy.
But now the humble snake may pass
For lurking cobra in the grass,
While people think that Regent's Park
Is Kipling Jungle after dark!'"

Several letters appeared. One from a "Harrow School Boy," in the *Times*, was generally accepted at the time as a solution of the mystery:

"SIR,—I keep snakes as pets, and allow them a wriggle on the grass every day. Early last week I missed one, a little black chap about 10 to 11 in. long, and have not seen him since. Perhaps the one Mr. Harry Furniss found on Saturday is my lost pet, carried away, not by one of the expected vultures, but by a roving Regent's Park rook."

This soothed some nervous readers' fears; but not all. Another correspondent wrote:

"The tale of the Regent's Park serpent (*Likajokophis harryfurnissii*), discovered, patented, and greatly improved upon by the vivacious caricaturist, appears to be even now not told to its bitter sequel; for I am credibly informed at the Zoological Gardens that an official of a large hospital in the neighbourhood was sent there yesterday to enquire how soon it would be safe for the convalescent patients to resume their daily

airing in the Park, as to the probabilities of further lethal reptilian monsters lurking within its fastnesses, etc."

The truth of the matter was, several snakes were at the same time found in gardens of private houses close to the Zoological Menagerie. "Mr. A. B. Edwards" wrote, from an address close to the Zoo, to the *Daily Telegraph*, a few weeks after my finding the cause of all the snake sensation:

"This afternoon we were taking tea in our garden when we saw a snake 2 ft. long frisking on the lawn close to our feet. Fortunately one of our fowls had got loose from the cage, and came to pick up the crumbs. When it caught sight of the snake it pounced upon it, and a great battle was fought between fowl and serpent. After ten minutes' hard fighting, the snake lay dead. Your readers may be interested to hear of this, and, being forewarned, they will be forearmed against snakes in their gardens."

The *Westminster Gazette*, *à propos* of this:

"'Lika-Joko's' snake may now crawl away into its native insignificance when it reads of the exploits of its comrade, who preferred death to captivity."

But my snake did not crawl away; far from it. The man in the reptile house, who "looked puzzled" and grinned, and had to grope about the sand at the bottom of the case to find the snake for the edification of the *Westminster Gazette* interviewer, did not grin to that purpose for long. Never before in the history of the Zoo was the reptile house so crowded. Day after day people thronged to see the specimen of *Coronella lævis* found on the path in Regent's Park. Not one looked at the two splendid specimens of the largest and finest and fiercest snakes bought that very week by the Zoological Society, at a cost of three hundred pounds. My snake was valued at anything between sixpence and eighteenpence, but it brought more money to the turnstiles of the Zoo than all the other snakes put together in twenty years.

From an address not half-a-mile from the gates of the Zoological Gardens a gentleman wrote to the *World* about a snake he found in his garden. A London and North-Western guard found a boa-constrictor, 22 feet long, in his van! "The son of a well-known Member of Parliament" found a huge snake in one of the rooms of his father's London house. In

fact, snake-finding became an epidemic, and if I had come across any more of the ophidian brood, I would have feared the consequences. Alas! the British public killed my snake—as it has killed many another celebrity of the hour—by too much attention and flattery. But how the cause of all this excitement got on to the path in the centre of Regent's Park remains a mystery. I feel certain myself it had escaped from the Zoological Gardens through the drains, and the fact that others were discovered in the vicinity of the Park at the same time explains the confusion and mild chaff accepted by the *Westminster* interviewer as a complete explanation, forgetting that officialism when criticised is much the same all the world over.

"The Harrow School Boy" correspondent—probably a very old boy—is not alone in his strange choice of pets. A lady who had sent her pet snakes to the Zoological Gardens—not by "The Roving Rook Post," but by the usual course of presentation—happened to visit the Gardens at the time that other great attraction was drawing all London, the great Jumbo craze. When she arrived to see the elephant of the hour, the crowd was so dense around his cage that there was no chance of getting a peep, so she marched off to the reptile house and soon returned with one of her pets coiled round her neck. She took her stand close to the people engaged in struggling to pat the trunk of the Jumbo, feed it with the most expensive sweetmeats, decorate it with choice flowers, and weep bitter tears over its impending departure. (The public of the present day can hardly realise the excitement over this favourite elephant.) Struggling at the same time to be prominent in this Jumbo worship, however, the head of a snake appearing suddenly over one's shoulder is too much for some of us. One after another the visitors vanished as the snake thrust its head near them, and soon the ingenious lady had the place and Jumbo to herself.

THE LADY AND HER SNAKES.

She was not a professional "snake-charmer," but an eccentric lady of private means; her pet was large, but harmless. Strange to say, about the same time a company of Japanese "snake-charmers" were causing a sensation at a show in the West End of London by their performance with snakes of a well-known dangerous species. Some of the reptiles they performed with fell sick—languid and useless for sensational show-work. They were despatched to the "Zoo" by the manager to be looked after—possibly the climate affected them. They would not eat anything, and were gradually pining away, when it was discovered that their poison-fangs had been extracted, and their mouths were sewn up with silk. Charming, certainly!

Having lived close to the Zoological Gardens for over twenty years, and being a Fellow of the Society, I have spent a great deal of enjoyable time rambling about its ever-interesting collection. The "Zoo" is very like London itself—one never exhausts its interest. There is always a surprise in store for those even most intimately acquainted with it. One suddenly comes across an object of interest that has existed in the place for years, but one has not happened to pass at the moment that object appears. How many visitors to the "Zoo," for instance, have ever seen the beavers at work? To see them, the most interesting animals in the collection, one has to go very late or very early. Knowing old Mr. Bartlett as I did, I frequently saw interesting events, and heard from him interesting tales of the Gardens.

Another letter of mine to the *Times* took the form of a confession. It was what was described in the Press as "a humorous, yet withal pathetic complaint" (December, 1895) respecting the irritating inconvenience caused by so-called "modern conveniences," which do not always act satisfactorily. I had been driven to "let off steam" (which is better accomplished through a pen than with a pencil) by my experience in one week of the modern inventions which are designed to facilitate business and to benefit the public generally, and I still seriously question if these wonderful inventions and the extra expense incurred by adopting them are not a mistake.

The working of the telephone has become, of course, a farce, and the sooner the Government take it up the better. Several large business houses have given it up, and in the working of the telephone London, which ought to be the most favoured, is probably the most unfortunate city of any in the world. I have tried half-a-dozen times in one day to ring up different people on the telephone without succeeding in getting through, and have had to send notes by hand.

DO WOMEN FAIL IN ART?
THE CHRYSALIS.

The electric light is another disappointing "improvement." It has gone out four times in one week, and we had to use candles and lamps.

Then the District Messengers' wire, which I had in communication with my house, would not act. I rang up for a cab; no response. I rang up again; nothing came. I sent out for a cab, and was late for dinner. The next day a representative called casually to inform me that we could not use the wire for two or three days, as something had gone wrong.

I then tried the phonograph; but I had more correspondence about it than I had through it.

A plague on these experiments in the advancement of science intended to facilitate our work and add to our comfort! The electric light kills our sight; the telephone destroys our temper; the District Messenger call ruins our dinner; and, conjointly, they waste our time and deplete our purses.

When there was a controversy in the *Daily Graphic* I wrote in the interests of women to make one confession:

Do women fail in art?

Confession—Certainly not.

In the opinion of many, women fail in nothing, but base man

fails in appreciating women in art as in everything else where appreciation of talent is due. The fashion-plate young lady, with her doll's face, her empty head, and her sawdust constitution, monopolises all the attention that selfish man can afford to give outside thoughts about his own sweet self.

Every year we see some work in the Academy from the easel of a woman which is far better than many of the works exhibited by Academicians, and although when that selfish body was being formed there were not enough men to supply the number of figure-heads required, and two women were requisitioned to launch the ship, all the gratitude shown to the sex has been years of continued insult. Yet there are certain Academicians who paint like women for women, and instead of leaving it to women receive all the honour and remuneration; and those having this feminine art and spirit behave the worst to those whom they copy. The pretty-pretty pictures of conventional coquetries which we have served up year after year by the chefs of this pastry of art might be concocted by the dainty fingers of the lady artist just as well as, or even better than, by the effeminate man who takes her place and robs her of her honours. But after all, are not the women themselves to blame? Art, I hold, is nowadays purely a commercial affair. Burlington House is simply a huge shop, and it is all nonsense to talk for one instant about the encouragement it gives to art, or to take seriously the prosy platitudes which are poured forth year by year at that picture tradesmen's dinner—the Royal Academy Banquet. Women are not invited —women, forsooth, whose works on the walls have done their share towards bringing the shillings to the turnstiles of the Academy. But more ridiculous still is the omission of lady patrons of art, for it is well known that this feast is given with two objects—to advertise the coming show, merely "chicken and champagne" in theatrical phraseology, and to feast Mr. Crœsus, who buys the pictures of his host.

Now, it is the influence of women that makes the majority of men buy pictures. Few men buy pictures to please themselves; they buy them to please their wives. Why women are not patronised in art is for this simple reason, that women would

rather patronise the work of a fool, if that fool be a man, than the work of a genius, if that genius happen to be a woman. I agree with Mrs. Jopling, that "with men success is reached with a fair wind and every favour, while with women those only succeed who have the power of weathering many storms." Quite true. Grace Darling will row out to help some feeble man struggling in the billows of incompetency, but she will sit on a rock and see a woman sink before she will stretch out a helping hand. If women fail in art, it is because women fail to help them, and I hold that but for women we might even to-day find the Royal Academy incapable of forming a quorum without calling in lady artists, as they did before. I see that the two ladies most qualified to speak about this subject disagree on the most essential point. Mrs. E. M. Ward gives it as her opinion that if women studied with the same quiet devotion as the male student they would be more successful; but Mrs. Louise Jopling asserts that young girls show quite as much disposition for art as young men do. I have no hesitation in saying that the latter opinion is the correct one. The male art student vies with the medical student in playing the fool. A friend of mine has recently been driven out of his studio, which was situated next to an art school, by the asinine behaviour of these "quiet devotional students." But in any school I have been through I have noted with astonishment the painstaking sincerity of the lady students.

THE BUTTERFLY.

All that has been written on the subject from time to time seems to me to be quite devoid of common sense. We all know

what a delightful poet Mr. Sterry is, and how fondly he sings the praises of women. Probably he has been so engrossed in describing the grace of the girl that he has failed to look for the natural elegance of the boy. Possibly no artist admires the female form more than I do, but any artist will corroborate me when I say it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to find a graceful young female model, while you seldom find a youth who is really awkward. The playground of a girls' school is a conglomeration of awkward figures, awkward running, awkward gesticulating, enough to make an artist shudder, while the cricket or football ground of a college is the best study an artist can possibly have for the poetry of motion. Mr. Sterry cannot be in earnest when he says that girls think the study of anatomy tiresome, drawing from the antique a bore, painting from the nude superfluous, and studies of the old masters uninteresting. An afternoon round the art schools and art galleries will prove to him the very reverse. But then the "lazy minstrel" cannot intend his readers to take him seriously, for he says that women have greater delicacy of touch and facility of manipulation than men, and that their hands are less awkward and their fingers more lissom than those of the sterner sex. In poetry, my minstrel, yes; in reality, bosh. Where are your women conjurors? You say that their brain is not strong enough to second their manual advantage, but that they can "knock off" a pretty water-colour or oil study of flowers, or a graphic caricature! Caricature, indeed! Perhaps no one has seen more caricatures than I have, but I have never seen a caricature by a woman. If women have a failing, it is lack of humour. We poor caricaturists know that; but we also know that whereas women can compete side by side with painters on the line of the Royal Academy, we are not honoured by even a failure in caricature.

It is curious how clever lady artists become when they happen to be the wives of successful painters, but it is a significant fact that while all writers seem to agree that marriage is the cause of obliterating artistic ambition in women, it has in many cases been the birth of genius; and while domestic companionship with an artist will make a woman a painter, no

caricaturist has ever succeeded in making his wife a humorist in art, and I shall ask Mr. Sterry what he means by placing "graphic caricature" on a par with "knocked-off" pretty water-colours and the weak studies of flowers by lady amateurs. Mr. Sterry is an artist himself, and this disparagement of a most difficult and most unique art fully qualifies him to be a member of the Royal Academy.

At the beginning of the Victorian Era art was at its lowest ebb. The young lady students of the period were copying those impossible lithographed heads which formed the stock-in-trade of the drawing-master, or those fashion-plate Venuses whose necks recalled the proportions of the giraffe, with the eyelashes of a wax doll, and fingers that tapered off like the point of a pencil. These sirens of the drawing-board were invariably smelling a rose or kissing a canary, and always had a weakness for pearls. They used to be drawn upon tinted paper, and when the faces had been duly smeared over with the stump to suggest shadow, and after the drawing-master had endowed the work with artistic merit by the application of white chalk to the high lights, the pearls, the canary's eyes, and the pathetic tear-drops upon the damsels' faces, the immortal productions were ready for framing. The giraffe or swan-necked angel was the keynote for all ideal work, and even the recognised artists of those days, with one or two brilliant exceptions, followed in her train.

EARLY VICTORIAN ART.

Now she rushes into a large oil picture—perhaps a portrait of her brother in riding costume, *et hoc genus omne*. These are caricatures, but, like many of the pictures on the walls of the Royal Academy, they are unconscious ones.

As I am writing about the failure or success of women,

I should like to introduce a curious request once made to me.

It is a very common thing for me to receive all sorts and conditions of curious letters from all sorts of people. The following, sent to me from the Colonies, is worth reprinting:

YOUNG LADY'S PORTRAIT OF HER BROTHER.

"DEAR SIR,—I have taken the liberty to address you upon a little matter, and earnestly hope you will exert and use your influence on my behalf to the utmost of your ability. I am a young man twenty-three years of age, of good family, handsome, worth in stock and cash about £18,000. I intend coming to reside in dear Old England permanently (the land of my birth) as soon as I can dispose of my property and stock to an advantage here. I came out to Africa as a youngster, and have remained here ever since. I've not had an opportunity even of paying a visit to England. Will you be good enough to try and induce some young lady to correspond with me with a view to matrimony? I should like to get married upon my arrival, and live in joyful anticipation of meeting my love at the docks or station. I am well aware that I am transgressing the rules of good breeding and etiquette by my familiarity and audacity, but the fact is I am totally unacquainted in the city and know of no one else in whom I could put implicit faith and confidence with regard to so delicate a matter. Pardon me, therefore, dear sir, if I have been in any way intrusive or have unwillingly offended you. I have had scores of favourable opportunities to get married here, but, to tell the plain truth, I would sooner die than marry anybody not of my own nationality. She must have a lady's blood in her veins, and born and bred in the auld country, or I'll die a confirmed old bachelor. The society of these Cape girls is somewhat detestable to me, and their ways, looks, figure, dress, education, refinement, and accomplishments are not to be compared to Old England's. Hoping I've not occupied too much of your valuable time, and trusting to hear from you at your earliest convenience or opportunity, with kind regards, I beg to remain,

"Yours truly,

"———."

I was puzzled to know what to do with this letter—I really felt for my correspondent. I therefore printed his request in a London letter I was writing at the time and which appeared in the principal local papers in the United Kingdom, and also in the papers of America and Australia, and added a portrait of the lady I had selected, with the following note :

WAITING.

"Unless the publication of this letter leads to some favourable offers I shall send my unknown, but hymeneally disposed, correspondent this sketch of a lady capable of looking after so young and venturesome a man, seated at the docks waiting his arrival, for unless he has a sketch or photograph how is he to identify his 'love' amidst the crowd which greets the homeward-bound steamer?"

And I have preserved a few out of the scores of letters I received, to hand to this gentleman should I ever have the pleasure of meeting him.

Judging from this, the manager of a matrimonial agency must indeed get a curious insight into the minds of the maids of Merry England. This single experience has been quite enough for me.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DINER.

My First City Dinner—A Minnow against the Stream—Those Table Plans—Chaos—The City Alderman, Past and Present—Whistler's Lollipops—Odd Volumes—Exchanging Names—Ye Red Lyon Clubbe—The Pointed Beards—Baltimore Oysters—The Sound Money Dinner—To Meet General Boulanger—A Lunch at Washington—No Speeches.

The Thirteen Club—What it was—How it was Boomed—Gruesome Details—Squint-Eyed Waiters—Superstitious Absentees—My Reasons for being Present—'Arry of *Punch*—The Lost "Vocal" Chords—The Undergraduate and the Undertaker—Model Speeches—Albert Smith—An Atlantic Contradiction—The White Horse—The White Feather—Exit 13.

PROBABLY no meal varies so much in the time of its celebration as that most important one, dinner. Some people still exist who dine at one o'clock; some also there are who daily observe that fearsome feast yclept "High Tea." The majority of people dine at various times ranging between seven o'clock and half-past eight, but there is one individual alone who dines at six. It is the City Guilder. Time was when City princes dwelt in City palaces, and rose at five, breakfasted at seven, lunched at twelve, dined at five and retired to rest at ten; but nowadays these magnates are lords of the City from ten till four, and of the West End and the suburbs for the remainder of the twenty-four hours, and they would in the ordinary course of things invite you to dinner

at eight o'clock or so. What inscrutable law, then, compels them to hold their state dinners at the dread hour of six?

For it is at this time, when the ebb-tide of humanity sets strongest from the City, that the honoured guest of a City Company may be seen fighting his way, like a minnow against stream, in a hansom to his dinner at the hall of the Guild. Still, he goes "where glory waits him," so what recks he that the hour is altogether uncongenial and inconvenient?

Nevertheless, I know as a matter of fact that this earliness compels many invited guests to decline the honour and pleasure of dining with a "Gill" (as "Robert" would say), who would without doubt accept the invitation were the hours of the Guild as reasonable as their cuisine is excellent.

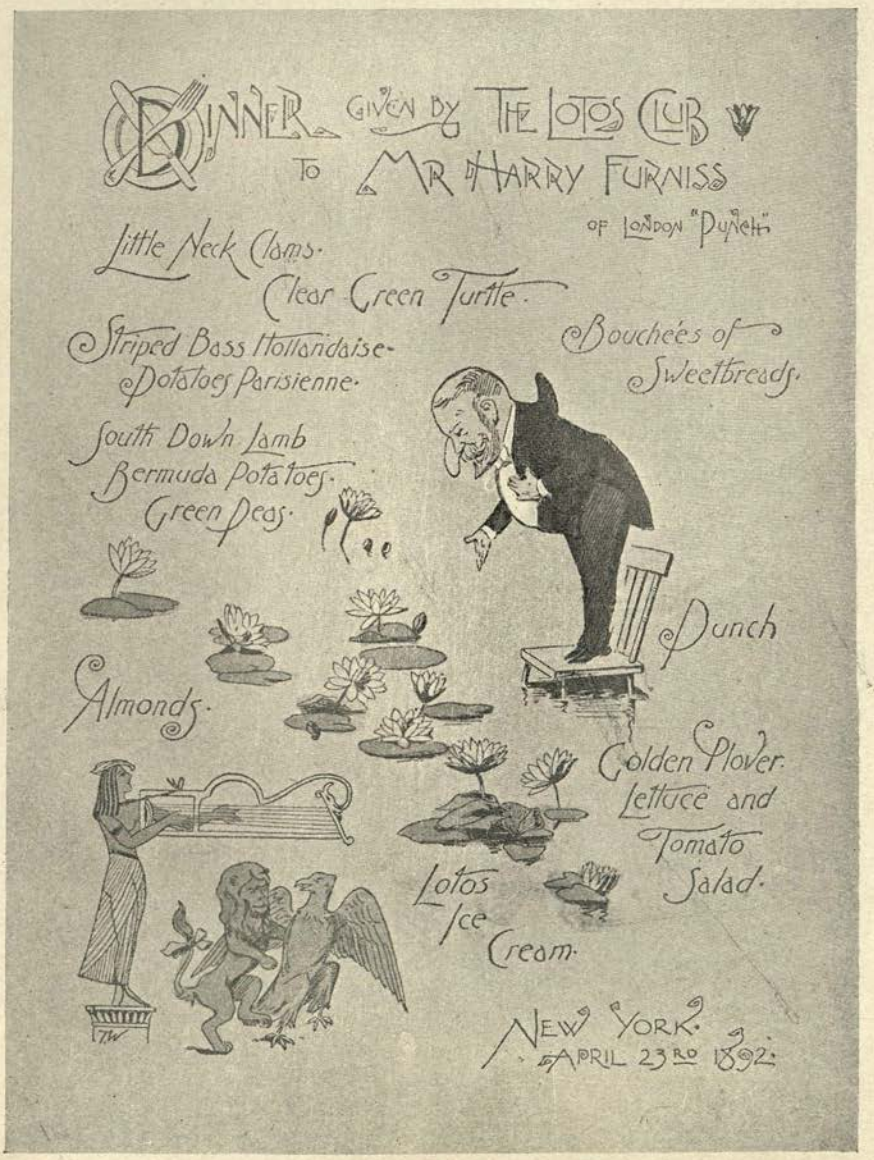
Personally, however, it has often been a pleasure to me to leave my easel at four o'clock and prepare to meet my practical City patrons "on their own midden" at "5.30 for 6."

As an illustration I will record a reminiscence of a very pleasant evening I once spent in the City, when the festivities —save for my having to make a speech—went off with that success which is inseparable from City dinners.

Imprimis, I arrive in daylight and evening dress. These two, like someone and holy water, don't agree, for not all the waters of Geneva nor the arts of the queen of all *blanchisseuses* can destroy the horrid contrast between a white tie and a white shirt; yet another good argument in favour of a reasonable dinner hour.

I hate being in a minority. More especially do I detest being in such a decidedly pronounced minority as one joins when one drives *into* the City about six o'clock in the evening against a vast current of toilers of commerce homeward bound. It may be weak, but I feel it all the same. I seem to divine the thoughts of the omnibus driver as he gazes down upon me from his exalted perch—he does not think my shirt is clean. His sixteen "outsides" bestow upon me a supercilious look that conveys to me that they opine I am merely cabbing it to the station *en route* for a "suburban hop." But I bear up under it all, and think of the magnificent banquet of which they, poor

things, know nothing, and I am beginning to feel quite proud when a brute of a fellow in charge of a van catches his wheel



MENU OF THE DINNER GIVEN TO ME BY THE LOTOS CLUB, NEW YORK.

in that of my cab and nearly pitches me out. I hurriedly decide to decline the next invitation I receive for a City dinner.

However, I live to reach Cannon Street and the mansion of the "Gill."

I am soon ushered into the Cedar Room, where I am received by the Master and the Wardens in their robes.

I mingle with the Guilders and their guests, and find the members of the Worshipful Company informing their friends that they are now in the Cedar Room; then they sniff, and the guests sniff and say "Charming!" Then they remark, "What a lot of pencils it would make!" and laugh, and the artists present agree that City folks are shoppy.

On a side table the stranger sees a number of what appear to him diagrams of City improvements, with mains and drains and all sorts of things, but on closer inspection they turn out to be the plans of the table. You discover one bearing your name, and opposite it a red cross, or perhaps I ought to say an exaggerated asterisk.

When you have taken your seat downstairs in the Banqueting Hall you inspect your plan, from which you find that you can tell who everybody is. Capital idea!

"Ah, seat Number 24, the great Professor Snuffers!"

You direct your gaze across the table to seat No. 24, and lo! your cherished preconception of the Professor vanishes instanter, for his bearing is military, and his whole appearance seems to denote muscle rather than mind.

This plan opens up a mine of instruction and information. You refer again, and next to the Professor you find the "Master of the Scalpers' Company."

"Dear me, what a clerical-looking old gentleman!" is your mental comment.

Next you look for "The Rev. Canon Dormouse."

"Why, he's quite a youth! Can't be more than five-and-twenty, and wears a medal and an eye-glass! How types have changed!"

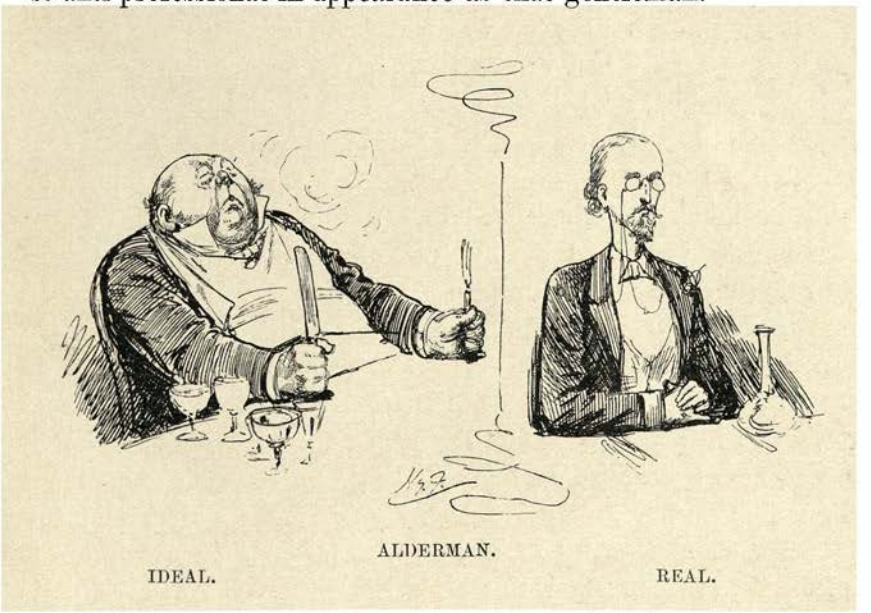
It occurs to you to open a conversation with your next neighbour, which you do by making a casual allusion to the Canon.

"Yes, dear old gentleman; does a lot for the poor—life devoted to them."

"Dear me, does he? Now to my mind, judging from appearances, the Master of the Scalpers' Company seems more cut out for that kind of work."

"Ha! ha! *He's* better at curing hams than souls."

"Well, I should not have thought so, merely judging character as an artist. Professor Snuffers seems to me also curiously unique. I know a good many Professors, but I never met one so anti-professional in appearance as that gentleman."



ALDERMAN.

IDEAL. REAL.

"Ah, Snuffers! Old friend of mine—where is he?"

"There," and you point to the name on the plan and nod over to the other side of the table.

"No, that's not Snuffers! I recollect now he told me he would not be able to come. That's Major Bangs, a guest asked to fill a vacant chair."

Similarly you find that the eye-glass youth is *not* Canon Dormouse, the clerical-looking gentleman *not* the Master of the Scalpers' Company, and so on. Oh, they are a capital idea, those plans!

On the occasion in question I met one of the Sheriffs of the City, who is also an Alderman—not a fat, apoplectic, greasy, vulgar Crœsus, but a handsome, thoughtful-looking gentleman,

decidedly under fifty, who might be anything but an Alderman. But indeed the long-accepted type of an Alderman is exploded—such a type, bursting with good dinners, wealth and vulgarity, must explode—and the phœnix which has risen from his ashes would scarcely be recognised by the most liberal of naturalists as belonging to the same species. John Leech may have had living examples for his gross and repulsive monuments of gluttony; in my own experience, however, I find a gulf of great magnitude between the Alderman of caricature and the Alderman I have met in the flesh. The former has gone over to the majority of "four-bottle men" and other bygone phenomena.

Well, let us return to the dinner. The fare is excellent, the company delightful, and I am just revelling in that beatific state of mind born of a sufficiency of the good things of this earth, when nothing seems to me more pleasant than a City dinner, when I am tapped upon the shoulder by the Toastmaster, who bears a warrant to consign me to misery. I have to make a speech. I have passed through the ordeal before, but I find that familiarity, as far as speech-making is concerned, breeds no contempt. Between the City and the art in which I am interested there exists no affinity, and this perhaps is a blessing in disguise, as for once in a way one is of necessity compelled to "sink the shop." However, it is soon over. A plunge, a gasp or two, a few quick strokes, and I am through the breakers and on the shore—I mean on my seat. That was years ago—I am an old hand now.

I never could subscribe to that unwritten and unhonoured law which provides that an after-dinner speaker is entitled to five minutes in which to apologise for his incompetency in that capacity, and fifty-five minutes in which to speechify; and I have often wished that speechmakers one and all would recollect that a few words well-chosen and to the point, and a timely termination, are far more acceptable to the listener than all their maundering oratorical tours "from China to Peru," from the Mansion House to the moon. When I am going to a City dinner my own children show a lively interest to know the

name of the Company, and if I name the Skinners' Guild their interest culminates in uproarious delight; but if I mention any other, most uncomplimentary groans greet the announcement, for the guests of the Company to which I refer can choose either to take or have sent to them a huge box of the choicest sweetmeats when the entertainment is over.

J. WHISTLER, AFTER A CITY DINNER. (DRAWN WITH MY LEFT HAND.)

A propos of this, I recollect an incident the mention of which will, I fear, send a cold shudder through any worshipper of "Nubian" nocturnes and incomprehensible "arrangements." On one occasion after leaving the banquet of this Guild I beheld Whistler—"Jimmy" of the snowy tuft, the martyred butterfly of the "peacock room"—to whose impressionable soul the very thought of a sugar-stick should be direst agony, actually making his way homewards hugging a great box of lollipops!

I met a curious City man, not at a City dinner, but at "Ye Odd Volumes," where we both happened to be guests. He was certainly an odd-looking guest; a very old volume out-of-date—odd-fashioned overcoat with gold buttons, an odd-fashioned "stock," and an odd-looking shirt. While waiting for dinner he looked at me oddly, and eventually addressed me in this odd way:

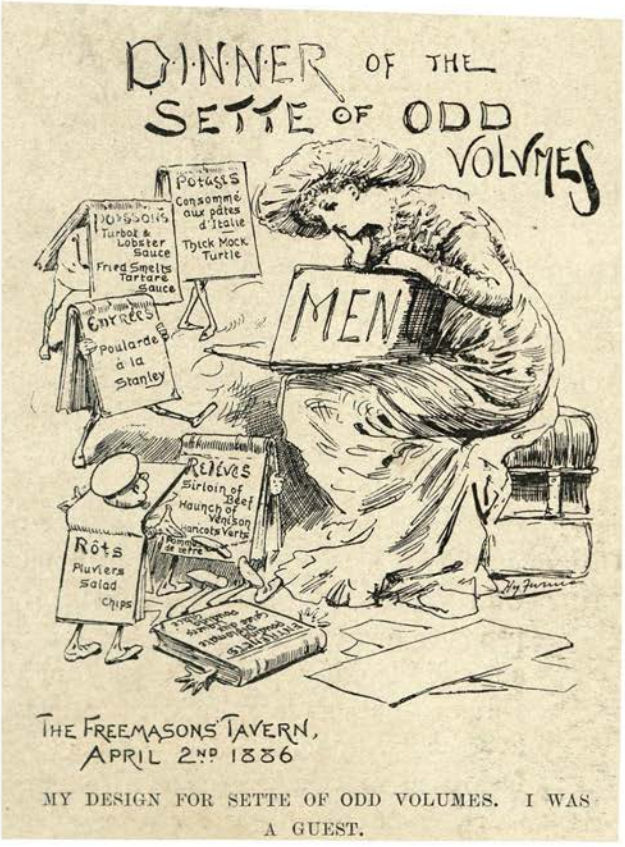
AN ODD VOLUME.

"Sir, may I have the pleasure of exchanging names with you?"

"Why, certainly; my name is Harry Furniss."

"H'm, ha, eh, ha!" and he walked away.

After dinner came the speeches. As each guest was called upon, my odd friend was to his evident chagrin not named; I noticed from time to time the old gentleman was elevated—sitting high. At last, after I had returned thanks for the visitors, he rose and asked to be allowed to speak. He said something nice about me—the reason he explained to me later.



MY DESIGN FOR SETTE OF ODD VOLUMES. I WAS A GUEST.

The burthen of his speech was a protest that he had not seen one odd volume that night. "If you've got 'em, produce 'em. Ah!" (snapping his fingers at the company in general) "I don't think you know what an odd volume is!" And then turning round he placed on the table a huge volume on which he had been sitting all through dinner.

"There," he said, "that's an odd volume if you like—that's something unique. It contains 9,987 hotel bills—a chronicle (of my hotel expenses) for two-thirds of the present century."

Later he came round to me. He assured me that he didn't catch my name when he asked for it, but when I was speaking he recognised me and was glad to have the opportunity of making my acquaintance. It appeared he had bought many hundreds of "Romps" books for children and given them to

Children's Hospitals and other institutions. So he had besides an odd volume a good heart—and what is more surprising, a watch in every pocket! Watch-collecting was his hobby, and, like a conjuror, he produced them from the most unexpected and mysterious places. One belonged to the Emperor Maximilian, and had in its case moving figures to strike the time. I confess I wished he had exchanged watches with me in place of names. His name, by the way, was Holborn; he was a well-known City tea-merchant.

MY DESIGN (REDUCED) FOR THE DINNER OF YE RED LYON CLUBBE.

When I visited Leeds for the British Association Meeting, I was made a member of Ye Red Lyon Clubbe, a dining club which I understand meets once a year as a relief to the daily monotony of the serious business of the Association—in fact, "for one night only" the British Ass. assumes the Lion's skin. To see learned Professors who have been dilating for hours and days on the most abstruse scientific subjects, with the most solemn faces, amidst the dullest surroundings, suddenly appear wagging their dress-coat tails to represent the tail of the hungry lion, and emitting the most extraordinary mournful, growling sounds, the nearest approach at imitating the roar of the lion, and otherwise behaving like a lot of schoolboys on the night before the holidays, is certainly

A DISTINGUISHED "LYON."

a scene not familiar to the thousands who belong to the British Association.

Burlesque-scientific speeches are made after dinner, and although there are generally some practical jokes in chemical illustrations, the merry wits do not tamper with the dinner itself further than preparing a most excellent burlesque menu, which I take the liberty of here introducing :

JOURNAL

OF

SECTIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

Issued Tuesday Evening, September 9th, 1890, at 5.30 p.m.

SECTION A... *Hors d'Œuvres*—Kinetic Vacua.

SECTION B... *Purée Pontoise*—Isomeric Naphthalene.
Consommé à la Princesse—Hydracid Halogen.

SECTION C... *Boiled Salmon*—Glacial Lepidodendron.
Fried Smelts—Horned Dinosaur.

SECTION D... *Kromesky à la Russe*—Androgynous Cones.
Poulet Sauté à la Chasseur—Chytridian Woronina.

SECTION E... *Braised Fillet of Beef*—Lobengula Lion.
Roast Saddle of Mutton—Native Kalahari.

SECTION F... *Grouse*—Statistics of Slaughter.
Partridge—Progressive Decimation.

SECTION G...**Savarin à l'Abricot*—Diamagnetic amperes.
Sicilian Cream—A New Lubricant.
Victoria Jelly—High Carbon Slag.
Maids of Honour—Kinetic Leverage.
Pastry—Approaching the Elastic Limit.

SECTION H... *Ice Pudding*—Prognathous Brachycephaloid.
Croûte d'Anchois—Unidentified Origin.
Dessert—Prehistoric Jourouks.

* Should the discussion of these Papers interfere with the transactions of the other Sections, one or more will be taken as eaten.

H. B. ——,
W. ——, } Jackals.

Somebody has said that an Englishman will find any excuse to give a dinner, but my experience has been that this is truer of Americans. I have been the guest of many extraordinary dining clubs, but as the most unique I select the Pointed Beards of New York. To club and dine together because one has hair cut in a particular way is the *raison d'être* of the club; there is nothing heroic, nothing artistic or particularly intellectual. It is not even a club to discuss hirsute adornments; such a club might be made as interesting as any other, provided the members were clever.

That most delightful of *littérateurs*, Mr. James Payn, once interested himself, and with his pen his readers, in that charming way of his, on the all-important question, "Where do shavers learn their business? Upon whom do they practise?" After most careful investigation he answers the question, "The neophytes try their prentice hands upon their fellow barbers." That may be the rule, but every rule has an exception, and I happened once to be the unfortunate layman when a budding and inexperienced barber practised his art upon me. I sat in the chair of a hairdresser's not a hundred miles from Regent Street. I had selected a highly respectable, thoroughly English establishment, as I was tired of being held by the nose by foreigners' fingers saturated with the nicotine of bad cigarettes. I entered gaily, and to my delight a fresh-looking British youth tied me up in the chair of torture, lathered my chin, and began operations. I was not aware of the fact that I was being made a chopping-block of until the youth, agitated and extremely nervous, produced

a huge piece of lint and commenced dabbing patches of it upon my countenance. Then I looked at myself in the glass. Good heavens! Was I gazing upon myself, or was it some German student, lacerated and bleeding after a sanguinary duel? I stormed and raged, and called for the proprietor, who was gentle and sorry and apologetic, and explained to me that the boy must begin upon somebody, and I unfortunately was the first victim! I allow my beard to grow now.

Otherwise I should not have been eligible for the New York Pointed Beards, for no qualification is necessary except that one wear a beard cut to a point.

The tables were ornamented with lamps having shades cut to represent pointed beards. A toy goat, the emblem of the club, was the centre decoration. We had the "Head Barber," and, of course, any amount of soft soap. A leading Republican was in the barber's chair, and during dinner some sensation was caused by one of the guests being discovered wearing a false beard. He was immediately seized and ejected until after the dinner, when he returned with his music. It so happened we had present a member of the Italian Opera, with his beautiful pointed beard, and he had also a beautiful voice. But New York could not supply an accompanist with a pointed beard! So a false beard was preferred to false notes. The speeches were pointed, but not cut as short as the beard—rather too pointed and too long. It was just after the Bryan political crisis. The leading politician in the chair and one of the guests, a political leader writer, who had not met—not even at their barber's—since the election, had some electioneering dispute to settle. Americans, unlike us, drag politics into everything. Take away this peculiarity and you take away two-thirds of their excellent after-dinner speaking. The Pointed Beards may have something to do with the matter. The two lost their temper, and the evening was all but ruined thereby, when a happy thought struck me. Although as the guest of the evening I had spoken, I rose again to apologise for being an Englishman! I confessed that I had listened to the two speeches,

but their brilliancy and wit were entirely lost upon me; the subtle humour of the American passed an Englishman's understanding. Their personalities and political passages were no doubt ingenious "bluff," but so cleverly serious and so well acted that I had for four-fifths of the acrimonious speeches been entirely taken in. At this all laughed loud at my stupidity, and the evening ended pleasantly.

The secretary of this dinner, which was a most excellent one, was the celebrated Delmonico, but it was not held at his famous restaurant. To have been complete it ought really to have been held in a barber's shop, for some of those establishments in America are palatial, and even minor barbers' shops are utilised in a curious way. One Sunday afternoon as I was taking a walk I overheard some singing in a shop devoted to hair dressing, and looking in I saw an extraordinary sight. There were about a dozen old ladies seated in the barbers' chairs, with their backs to the looking-glasses and brushes, singing hymns. It was a meeting of the Plymouth Brethren, who hired the shop for their devotions!

Of course at the Pointed Beards' dinner in New York we had oysters with beards—but no American dinner is complete without their famous oysters. Unfortunately I have to make the extraordinary confession that I never tasted an oyster in my life, and as I am touching upon gastronomy, I may also mention that I never touch cheese, or hare, or rabbit, or eel, and I would have to be in the last stage of starvation before I could eat cold lamb or cold veal; so it will be seen by these confessions that my cook's berth is not a sinecure, and that these complimentary dinners, as dinners, are to a great extent wasted upon me. I once, in fact, was asked to a dinner at a club, and I could not touch one single dish! But my friends kindly provided some impromptu dishes without cheese or oysters and other, to me, objectionable things. I was not so lucky in Baltimore. We all know Baltimore is celebrated for its oysters, and the night I arrived a dinner was given to me at the Baltimore Club, which opened as usual with dishes of magnificent oysters. The head waiter, a well-known figure, an old

"darkie" with grey hair, placed a dish of oysters down before me with pride, and stood to watch my delight. I beckoned to him to take them away. He seized the dish and examined the oysters; got another dish, placed them before me. I again requested him to remove them. This happened a third time. I then told him plainly and emphatically that I did not eat oysters. By this time my host and his guests were at their third course, and I and the head waiter were still discussing oysters. My host did not notice this, as he was at the other end of the table, and there were many floral decorations between us; but I made bold to inform him of the fact that the waiter had not only taken away my plates but had removed my glasses, knives and forks, and left me with a bare cloth and no dinner. My host had to call the waiter out of the room and remonstrate with him, but it required some time and a great deal of persuasion before I, the guest of the evening, was allowed to begin my dinner when they were finishing theirs. It transpired that the humorous paper of Baltimore had published the impressions I would receive on visiting their great city, and prominently was a caricature of myself swallowing my first Baltimore oyster. This so interested the waiters of the club that they selected the largest for me, and were so disappointed at my refusing them that they punished me in the same way as Sancho Panza was punished before me.

Perhaps the most extraordinary dinner I ever took part in was held in New York on November 3rd, 1896, when twelve leading Democrats and twelve Republicans sat down on the night of the most sensational election that has ever taken place in the United States. English readers will hardly realise what such a combination meant. The only parallel in this country was probably caused by Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, when leading Liberals and Conservatives stood on the same platform. But that was the result of a purely political question; political questions of that national character do not interest the better-class American. For instance, on my first visit to America I sat next to a very influential New Yorker at dinner. At that time also elections were pending,

and I casually asked my acquaintance what he thought of the situation. He raised his eyebrows with great surprise and said:

"Pardon me, sir, we take no interest in politics here; we leave that to our valets."

I met that man the day of this dinner four years later. He was positively ill with excitement; he could talk of nothing but politics. Party emblems decorated his coat; every pocket was full of pamphlets—he had been working night and day to defeat Bryan. His valet, no doubt, was sleeping soundly the sleep of indifference—nothing to lose or nothing to gain should Bryan succeed. The silver scare of Bryan's touched the

pockets, not the politics, of the prosperous; and that touch is the one touch that makes the whole American world kin.

It happened that I was dining at the house of the chairman of this unique dinner ten days before the election, and he was telling us of the coming election-night dinner as the most extraordinary in the history of their politics. To my surprise, days afterwards, I received an invitation. They all had to be consulted, and agreed that I was the only outsider they would allow to be present.

The dinner was held in an hotel in the centre of New York, and special permission had been given to have the room next to the one in which we dined turned into a telegraph office, where all the messages going to the central office were tapped, and we

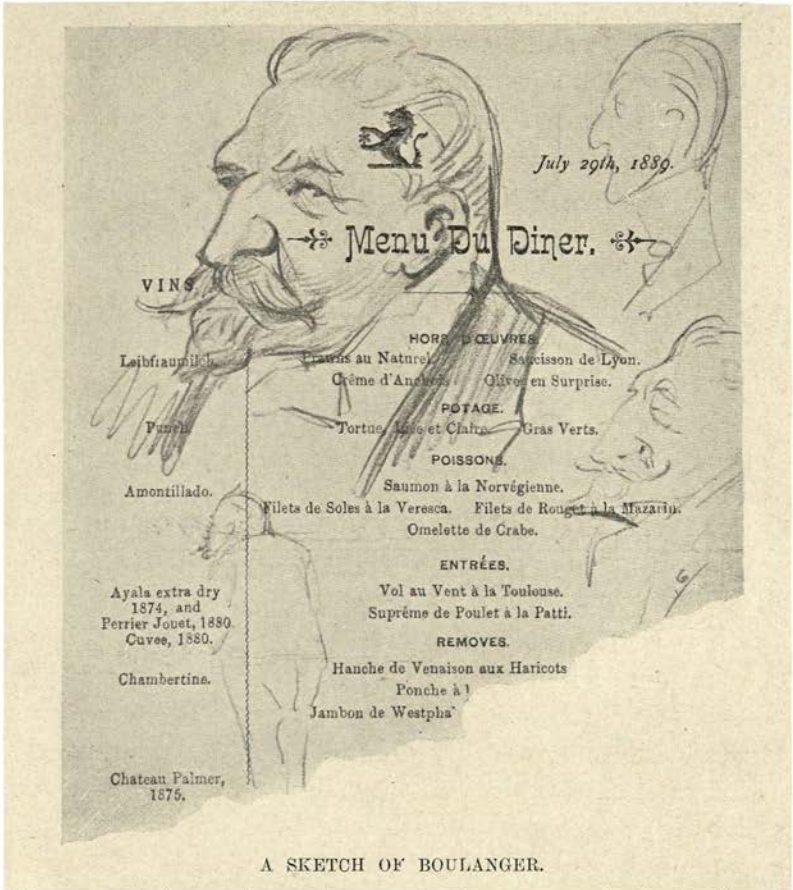
knew the result in the room as soon as it was known at the central office. Perhaps I was the only one present thoroughly indifferent, and certainly the only one who enjoyed his dinner. Speeches were indulged in even earlier than usual, and one of them had the portentous title of "England" coupled with my name! I rose and said that I felt exactly like a man who had been invited to a country house, and on his arrival was met by his friend on the doorstep with a long face and a cold, nervous hand. He was glad to see you, but had sad news: his wife was lying between life and death, and the doctors were round her bedside. Now, under such circumstances, one does not exactly feel one can make one's self at home. I assured my listeners that at the moment the Republic was lying in a critical condition, doctors were at her bedside, and it would be settled before midnight whether she was to live or die. If they would allow me I would rise later, and I trusted then my friends would be in a more genial and less excited mood. I had the pleasure of continuing my speech late that night, and congratulating them on the Republic having survived the Bryan crisis.

To describe the scenes after dinner when the results were announced, if I had a pen capable of so doing, would simply dub me in the minds of many readers as a second de Rougemont.

Late that night I reached the waterside. The North River was ablaze with red and blue lights, and rockets shot into the darkness from either shore. Every ferry-boat, tug-boat, scow, or barge in the harbour passed in an endless procession. The air quivered with the bellowings of fog-horns, steam whistles, and sirens. It was indescribable; language fails me. I can only quote the words of the New York paper with "the largest circulation in the world": "The wind-whipped waters of river and harbour glowed last night with the reflection of a myriad lights set aflame for the glory of the new sound and golden dollar. East and west, north and south, dazzling streams of fire played in fantastic curves across the heavens, and beneath this canopy of streaming flame moved a mammoth fleet of steam craft, great and small."

As I laid my aching head on my pillow I murmured: "Had I been an American citizen, much as I believe in sound currency and an honest dollar, one more rocket, a few more fog-horns, and I should have cast my vote for Bryan and Free Silver!"

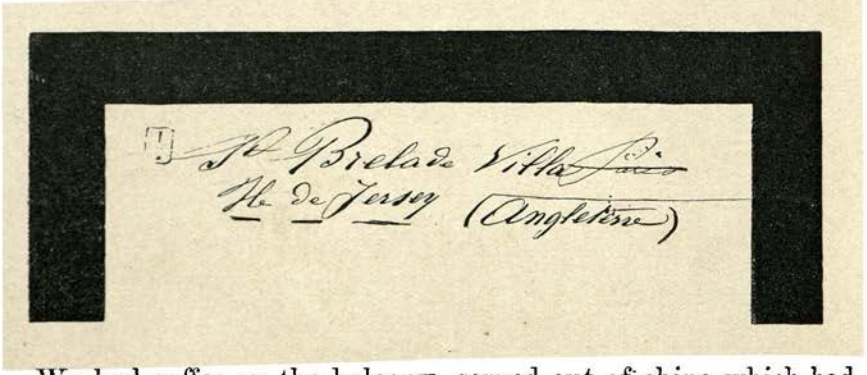
At this dinner I contrasted the look of anxiety with the callous indifference of a face I had watched under similar but



A SKETCH OF BOULANGER.

still more unique circumstances a few years before: the face of the chief of French *poseurs*—General Boulanger—whom I was asked to meet at dinner in London. It happened to be the night the result of his defeat at the polls was made known. He sat, the one man out of the score-and-five concerned; but as telegrams were handed to him, of defeat, not success, he never showed any signs of interest.

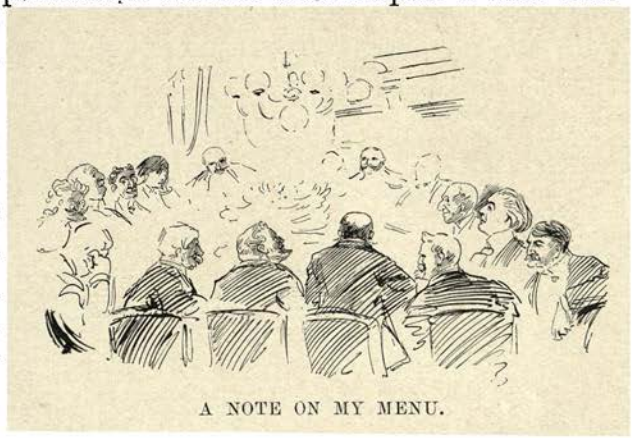
A few years afterwards, when on tour with my lecture-entertainments, I "put in" a week in the Channel Islands, under the management of a gentleman who had been intimately acquainted with Boulanger when he was a political recluse in Jersey; and one afternoon he drove me to the charming villa the General had occupied, situated in an ideal spot on the coast. The villa was most solidly built, and of picturesque architecture—the freak of a rich Parisian merchant, who had spared no pains or money over it. The work both inside and out was that of the best artists Paris could supply. It was magnificently furnished—a museum of beautiful objects, and curious ones, too. One bedroom was a model of an officer's apartments on board a man-of-war, even to the water (painted) splashing through a porthole. Another bedroom was a replica of an officer's tent. These were designed and furnished for the sons of the Parisian merchant, who for some domestic reason never went near his *petite* palace. He lent it to Boulanger, and there he lived the life of an exiled monarch. The place has never been touched since he walked out of it. In the state-room, in which he received political deputations of his supporters from France, the chairs were arranged in a semi-circle round the table at which he sat when he received the last one. On the blotter was his speech, and a sheet of paper on which was written the address of the retreat. This was given to me, and here I reproduce it :—



We had coffee on the balcony, served out of china which had on it his monogram, and silver spoons with his crest. I did not

pocket the spoons, nor the powder-puff of Madame, and other relics lying about; the rooms remained as they were left, even to gowns in the wardrobe. The delightful garden, cut out of the rocks, had run wild. The grapes hung in clusters, the flowers were one mass of colour, the paths were covered with grass. Below stood the summer-house where Madame drank her tea. In one corner on a wall was a small target with revolver bullet marks all over it, the result of the General's practice, when possibly he used the same revolver which he turned upon himself at the tomb of Madame de Bonnemain, in the cemetery at Ixelles, Brussels.

It would be impossible for me in a short chapter to deal with all the interesting dinners and other entertainments I have attended; but I must confess that I was immensely flattered by a lunch given to me in Washington by the Rev. Dr. Wesley R. Davis, the well-known Albany preacher, who had retired from the pulpit and become an official of the Postal Department in Washington.



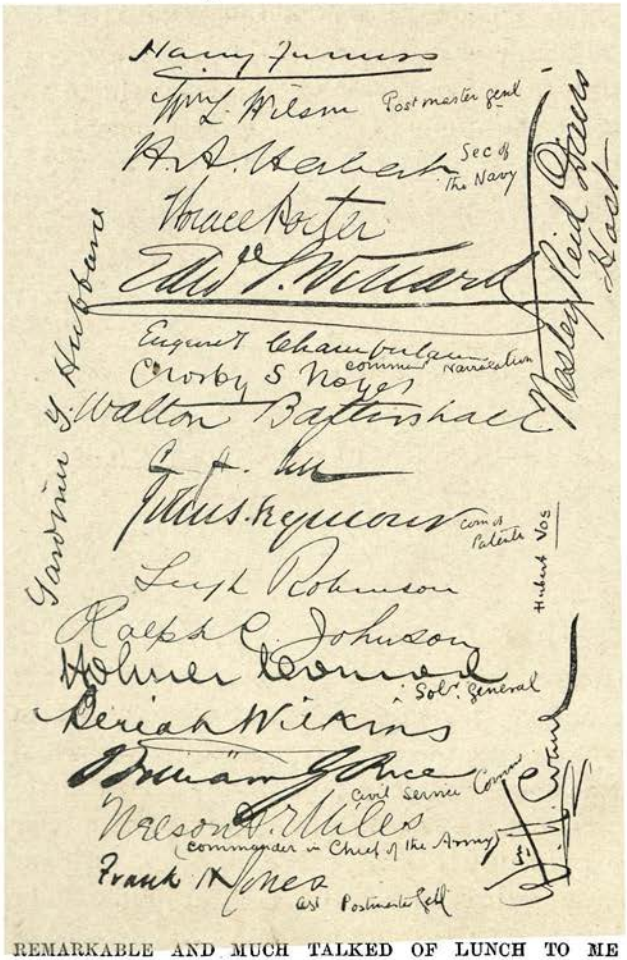
A NOTE ON MY MENU.

The novelty of this lunch was the idea of the chairman to sandwich each course with a story. We began with some very fine and large Lynhaven oysters. We English, with one exception, have no appreciation of the size of these huge American oysters. That one exception was Thackeray. And I may safely say that I never sat down to a meal in America and expressed my surprise at the size of the oysters (which I purposely did) but that someone told me what Thackeray said of them. On this occasion I was told the story by none other than General Horace Porter, one of

the best if not the greatest of all *raconteurs* in the United States. Here it is:

"You know what Thackeray said when he first saw one of our oysters,—that he felt in eating it he was swallowing a new-born baby."

After the green turtle Mr. Willard, the well-known actor, was called upon, and related a brace of capital theatrical stories.



REMARKABLE AND MUCH TALKED OF LUNCH TO ME AT WASHINGTON. THE AUTOGRAPHS ON BACK OF MENU.

After Carolina shad and *pommes Parisienne* I was called to my legs. Now there is nothing so depressing as telling stories or making speeches at two o'clock in the afternoon. General Porter remarked that he could never tell a story till after eleven o'clock at night. He managed, however, to tell several of his best on this occasion. As the gallant General will tell them again, and I trust many times, I shall not publish them here. Mine are not worth repeating. As I said, I felt at the moment something like a well-known literary celebrity distinguished for his capital Scotch tales and his conversational brevity. He

was invited to meet the late James Payn, who had expressed such a strong desire to make his acquaintance that he agreed to dine at the Reform Club (which he had not done for a considerable time), and this was only arranged by their giving him the same waiter and allowing him to sit at the same table he was in the habit of having at lunch every day. The others were Sir Wemyss Reid and Sir John Robinson, of the *Daily News*. The four enjoyed a capital dinner. Payn, Sir Wemyss and Sir John were at their best, but the guest never made a remark. However, towards the end of the dinner, he put his knife and fork down, looked round, and said, "This is the very first time in my life I have sat down with three editors." This was all his conversation.

I was referring to the fact that brevity is the soul of wit, and that the Scotch author's remark about the three editors expressed my fear in addressing so many members of the Government as were present.

Then came the pheasant, and before we had quite relished the excellence of the celery salad that favourite American comedian, W. H. Crane, mixed a salad of stories which were highly relished. I shall pass over his theatrical stories and select two which followed, and which are so typical of American humour, that I give them in full.

A poor man on tramp in the country one fine July day staggered in an exhausted state into the garden of a rich old lady, and falling on his hands and knees on the grass plot at the feet of the lady, pulled himself along biting at the grass like a half-starved animal.

"My good man," the lady said, "why do you eat the grass in that way? Are you really so hungry?"

"Madam," cried the man, looking up, "I am starving!"

"Poor man, poor man!" remarked the lady, with a look of pity. "My eyes fill with tears—my heart bleeds for you. Go round to the kitchen door, go round to the kitchen door,—the grass is longer there!"

The other referred to the darkie railway hand who had by degrees worked into a position at the depot (pronounced day-po, de-pot or de-poo), where he strutted about in a costume

embellished with gold lace. An English tourist (oh, those poor fools—English tourists!) was standing by the rails as an express train flew past at ninety miles an hour—s-c-h-w-r-r-r-r! and in a second was lost to sight.

"Ah!" remarked the English tourist to the gentleman of colour. "The—ah, train—ah, didn't—ah, stop—ah, here—ah!"

"No sir, nebber eben hesitated!"

On May the 17th, 1888, I gave a dinner at the Garrick Club to my fellow-workers on *Punch*, and others,—a merry meeting of twenty-four. Mr. F. C. Burnand was at the other end of the table, and as the *soufflé glacé aux fleurs d'oranges* heralded the near approach of the end of the dinner I noticed a mischievous look in Burnand's eyes, and it struck me he intended to make a speech! As there was no "object" in my giving the dinner except a purely social one,—in fact to reciprocate the hospitality of some present whom I could not ask to my house in consequence of my wife's long illness,—I naturally felt extremely anxious when I saw that Mr. Burnand intended introducing speeches. I had sent a message to him that I wished for none. My evening would be spoilt by speeches, and even the witticisms of Burnand could not save it—yet he was incorrigible. I must pay him back! A happy thought struck me as he was speaking. I sent for note-paper. I, unobserved, tore it into strips and slipped the pieces into my breast-pocket. When I rose I acted being extremely nervous, assured my friends that I had implored the "Vice" not to introduce speeches, and with (true) feeling implored them not to credit the "chicken and champagne" the "Vice" had more than hinted at, and of course said I was unaccustomed to speaking, etc. I then fumbled about my pockets, and nervously produced my "notes," carefully laying

them out in a long column in front of me. My guests looked with pity upon me, and their dismay was evident when I began as follows: "I was born—I was born—in 1854. I—I——" (break down). Note No. 2. "I came to London—I came to London——"

"Hear, hear," murmured the sufferers.

Another collapse,—I sought other "notes." "Art—art—Greek art——"

"Hear, hear, ha, ha!" (They were beginning to guy me!)

"*Punch*——" (another painful pause). "Gentlemen, *Punch*——"

"Yes, yes, we know all about that!"

"Yes," I said, "but, gentlemen, before that toast is honoured I beg to propose to you a toast. The toast, always the *premier* toast in every gathering composed of English gentlemen." The joke was then mine. In the most perfunctory and glib manner I gave the Royal Toast. After it was duly honoured I gave the second Loyal Toast, "The House of Lords," "The Houses of Parliament," "The Army, Navy and Reserve Forces,"—each time calling upon some one or two to respond. The reply for "The Navy," I recollect, fell to Sir Spencer Wells, who was originally in the Navy. (The Army had a legitimate representative.) We had Law, Art, Letters, Music, the Medical Profession, Commerce, the Colonies, America (responded to by E. A. Abbey)—in fact we had no fewer than twenty-four toasts; twenty-four or more replies. But this was only the first round! I was determined to keep the speeches going and not to let Burnand say another word. So I passed him over, and ignoring his appeals from the chair, I got through—or very nearly through—another score of speeches, reinforced by Toole and others coming in after the theatres, until the closure was moved and the meeting adjourned.

Burnand and I rode to Mill Hill and back the next morning, and he had to admit I had utterly routed him. The victory was mine!

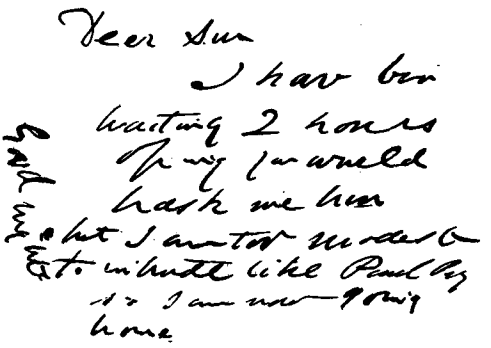
To keep up the flow of oratory in the second series of speeches I had to call upon my guests to speak to a different toast from

the one they replied to earlier. This added to the fun. But the best-regulated humour, such as Burnand's introductory speech, often gives a false impression. For instance, I actually managed to get Charles Keene on to his legs,—I think I am right in saying the only occasion on which he ever spoke. I coupled his name with "Open Spaces" (Sir Robert Hunter, the champion of "open spaces," had responded the first time). It struck me that I was paying Keene a compliment when I referred to his marvellous talent in depicting commons and fields and vast spaces in his unequalled drawings of landscapes.

"Umph! Furniss, I see, chaffs me about leaving so much white in my work—not filled up with little figures like his."

And I do not think he ever understood I intended to compliment him.

Towards the end I received a memorandum in pencil on a soiled piece of paper:



And he walked in—dear old Toole in an old coat.

I have given many another sociable dinner, but none with greater success than this at which I turned Burnand's accidentally unhappy speech into a Happy Thought.

When I was offered the chairmanship of the dinner of the London Thirteen Club, it was with a light heart that I accepted. I was under the impression that the dinner was to be a private kind of affair—a small knot of men endowed with common sense meeting to express their contempt for ignorant and

harmful superstition. I had already had the honour of being elected an honorary member of the Club, but somehow or other I had never attended any of its gatherings, nor had I met with one of its members.

When the time came, it was with a heavy heart that I fulfilled my promise. This Thirteen Club idea, which hails from America, had in the meantime been "boomed," as our cousins across the Herring Pond would put it, into an affair of

THIRTEEN CLUB BANQUET. THE TABLE DECORATIONS.

great magnitude. It was taken up by the Press, and paragraphs, leaderettes, and leaders appeared in nearly every journal all over the country. This is the style of paragraph I received through a Press cutting agency from numberless papers:—

"Mr. W. H. Blanch, who has been elected President of the London Thirteen Club for the year 1894, is the promoter of an organised protest against the popular superstition which led to the formation of the Thirteen Club four years ago. In his new position as President, Mr. Blanch has evidently resolved

upon a more vigorous and aggressive campaign than that which has hitherto characterised the operations of the Club, for the New Year's dinner which is announced to take place on Saturday, the 13th of January, promises to be something altogether unique as a social gathering. Mr. Harry Furniss, one of the hon. members of the Club, will preside at this dinner, which is announced to take place at the Holborn Restaurant, and in room No. 13. The members and their friends will occupy 13 tables, with of course 13 at each table, and perhaps needless to say peacock feathers will abound, whilst the knives and forks will be crossed, and any quantity of salt will be spilt. During the evening the toastmaster on this somewhat memorable occasion, instead of informing the assembled company that the Chairman will be happy to take wine with them, will vary this stereotyped declaration by announcing that the Chairman will be happy to spill salt with them. The Club salt-cellars, it is stated, are coffin-shaped, whilst the best 'dim religious light' obtainable from skull-shaped lamps will light up the banqueting-hall, before entering which the company will pass under the Club ladder. Other details too gruesome to mention will perhaps only be revealed to the company who will sit down to this weird feast, which promises to make a record, nothing of the kind having yet been attempted in London."

MR. W. H. BLANCH.

These paragraphs rather frightened me. What had I let myself in for? Where would it all end?

Then other notices, inspired no doubt by the President, made their appearance from time to time, and heaped upon my devoted head all manner of responsibilities. Waiters suffering from obliquity of vision were to be sought out and fastened on to me:

"The Secretary of the London Thirteen Club has requested the manager of the Holborn Restaurant to provide, if possible, cross-eyed waiters on the occasion of the New Year's dinner of

the Club over which Mr. Harry Furniss is announced to preside on the 13th inst. Mr. Hamp, the manager, while undertaking that the Chairman's table shall be waitered as requested, has grave doubts whether the supply of waiters blessed in the way described will be equal to the large demand so suddenly sprung upon him."

THE BROKEN LOOKING-GLASS.

Other dreadful proposals there were, too, "too gruesome to mention." I may at once frankly admit that I do not like the introduction of the "gruesome" graveyard element. The ladder we all had to walk under, the peacock's feathers, the black cat, the spilling of salt, breaking of mirrors, presenting of knives, wearing of green ties (not that I wore one—the colour doesn't suit my complexion) or opal rings, are fair fun, and I think that in future it would be as well to limit the satire to these ceremonies, to the exclusion of the funereal part of the business. For badges each wore in his button-hole a small coffin to which dangled a skeleton, and peacock's feathers. In my opinion the peacock's feathers would have been sufficient for the purpose of the Club: the only object I had in going to the dinner was to help to prove that these stupid

THE BADGE.

superstitions should be killed by ridicule. I detest Humbug, and Superstition is but another name for Humbug. I am a believer in cremation, but that is no reason why I should hold up to ridicule the clumsier and more unhealthy churchyard burials about which so much sentiment exists.

It was amusing to note my absent superstitious friends' excuses for their non-appearance. One declined because he had an important engagement that he could not possibly put off on any account. Late on the evening of the dinner I heard this same gentleman grumbling because no one had turned up at his club to play a game of billiards with him! Another had fallen asleep and did not wake in time, and a third had been unlucky with his speculations of late, which he attributed to having seen the new moon through glass, and therefore he declined to tempt the fates further. Mr. George R. Sims, the well-known "Dagonet," betrayed sheer fright, as the following letter will testify:

"My Dear Sir,—At the last moment my courage fails me, and I return the dinner ticket you have so kindly sent me.

"If I had only myself to think of, I would gladly come and defy the fates, and do all that the members are pleased to do except wear the green necktie suggested by my friend Mr. Sala (that would not suit my complexion). But I have others to think of—dogs and cats and horses—who if anything happened to me would be alone in the world.

"For their sakes I must not run the risks that a faithful carrying out of your programme implies.

"Trusting that nothing very terrible will happen to any of you in after life,

"Believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) Geo. R. Sims."

I confess my real and only reason was to protest. In England superstition is harmlessly idiotic, but elsewhere it is cruel and brutal, and a committee should be formed to try the lunatics—everyday men of the world—who suffer from it, for there is no doubt that they and their families are made miserable through superstitious belief. Nothing kills like ridicule, and it is the Club's object by this means to kill superstition. Some, like Mr. Andrew Lang, may think it a

pity to interfere with this humbug, but I venture to think it is a charity when one considers the absurdity of educated men of the present day making themselves unhappy through the stupid nonsense of the dark ages. For instance, take two of my most intimate friends. One in particular suffered in mind and body through having a supposed fatal number. This number was 56, and as he approached that age he felt that that year would be his last. Fancy that for a man of the world, who is also a public man, and a member of the Government at the time of the dinner! He was also a charming companion and a delightful friend, and no man I knew had a wider circle of acquaintance. I happened to accompany him in a six weeks' tour on the Continent during the year he believed fatal to him, or perhaps it may have been the year previous; anyway, he was suffering from that horrible complaint, superstition. He first made me aware of it the night we arrived in Paris by thumping at my door in a terrible state to implore me to change rooms with him—his number was 56, and it terrified him! Next day we travelled in a carriage numbered 56, and my friend was miserable. At the theatre his seat was 56, the ticket for his coat was 56, 56 was the number of the first shop he entered to buy some trifle I suggested to him. Indeed, I may at once confess that I took care that 56 should crop up as often as possible, as I thought that that would be the best way to cure the patient. Not a bit of it; he got worse, and was really ill until his 56th birthday was passed.

SQUINT-EYED WAITER.

To take the chair at this "most unique" banquet, as the papers styled it, was no easy task, and to be waited upon by cross-eyed menials was quite enough to make a sensitive,

imitative being like myself very nervous. Some of this band of gentlemen who had neglected to go to the Ophthalmic Hospital seemed to consider that their being bought up for the occasion was a great honour, and one youth in particular, with black hair, a large sharp nose—and oh! such a squint!—whose duty it was to open the door of the reception-room, at which I stood to receive the guests as they arrived, was positively proud of his unfortunate disfigurement, and every time he opened the door he flashed his weirdly set eyes upon me to such an extent that I felt myself unintentionally squinting at every guest I shook hands with.

When dinner was served a huge looking-glass was flung at my feet, where it shattered into a thousand fragments with a tremendous crash, giving one a shock so far removed from any superstitious feeling as to act on one as an appetiser before dinner.

Then whilst everybody else is enjoying his dinner without let or hindrance, the poor Chairman has to hold himself prepared for various surprises. Telegrams of all sorts and descriptions were handed to me.

But perhaps the most interesting of all the postal and telegraph deliveries brought me during the dinner was a letter from my old and valued friend "'Arry" of *Punch*, who had accepted an invitation, and was to have proposed the health of the Chairman, but unfortunately was laid up with a sore throat:

"Try and make my kind and would-be hosts understand that as 'Arry would say, there is 'no kid about this.' I enclose a few doggerel verses penned painfully on a pad perched on a pillow, which—if you can read 'em—you are welcome to do so.

"My elbow's sore
And so no more
At present, from yore
Old friend (and bore)

"E. J. MILLIKEN."

Here is the "painfully-penned" doggerel:—

"13 *Jany.*, 1894.

"THE LOST (VOCAL) CHORDS.

"Lying to-day on my pillow,
I am weary and ill at ease,
And the Gargles fail to soothe me,
And the Inhalations tease.
I know not what is the matter;
To swallow is perfect pain,
And my Vocal Chords seem palsied!—
Shall I ever use them again?

"So I *can't* propose your health, friend,
Or drink to the 'Thirteen's' luck.
I must dine on—Eucalyptus,
And Sulphur, or some such muck.
I have no Salt to be spilling;
My only knife is a spoon;
And I have not the smallest notion
If there is, or isn't, a Moon!

"But I picture you on your legs, there,
And the 'Thirteens' ranged around;
And I feel I *could* sound your praises,
If these Vocal Chords *would* sound.
But I know that in guttural gurgling
The point of my jokes you would miss;
If I tried to lead the cheers, friend,
My 'hooray' you'd take for a hiss.

"So 'tis just as well as it is, friend,
And doubtless 'the other chap'
Will do you the fullest justice;
So I'll turn and try for a nap.
But before I resume my gargle,
And my throttle with unguents rub,
I'll drink—in a glass of Thirteen port—
To the health of the 'Thirteen Club.'

"It may be that some bright Thirteenth
They may ask me to Dinner again;
It may be I then shall be able
To speak without perfect pain.
It may be my unstrung larynx
May speak once again *with words*:
For the present, excuse me—along of
My poor Lost (Vocal) Chords!!!"

I was relieved and amused to find one present even a little more embarrassed than myself. He was a rotund, happy-looking man of the world, and he had to sit isolated during part of the dinner, as his guests were afraid to attend the uncanny banquet. However, the Secretary, being a man of resource, ordered two of the cross-eyed attendants to fill the vacant places. I shall never forget the face of the poor man sandwiched between them. During the course of the dinner the black-edged business card of an "Undertaker and Funeral Furnisher," of Theobald's Road, Bloomsbury, was brought to me. Under the impression that he had supplied the coffin-shaped salt-cellars, and wished to be paid for them, I sent to enquire his business, whereupon the undertaker sent me in the following telegram he had just received from Cambridge:

COFFINS, SIR!

"Call upon Harry Furniss this evening Holborn Restaurant Thirteen Club Dinner for orders *re* funeral arrangements."

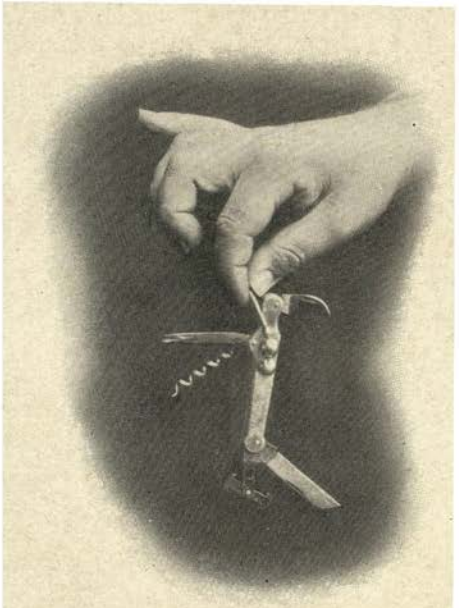
The receiver of the telegram, I learnt from his card, had been in business fifty-four years, but evidently this was the first time he had been the victim of this Theodore Hookish joke. I called

the funeral furnisher in. Unobserved by the green-tied guests and the cross-eyed waiters, he walked through the banqueting hall, and as soon as he arrived at the chair, black-gloved, hat in hand, with the ominous foot rule projecting from the pocket of his funereal overcoat, I stood up and introduced him to the company, read the telegram, and invited him to go round the tables and take the orders. Whether it was that the man of coffins met the gaze of any particularly cross-eyed waiter, or was overcome by the laughter called forth by my solemn request—an outbreak foreign to the ears of a gentleman of his calling—I know not, but he promptly vanished. Later in the evening a request came from him for a present of one of the coffin-shaped salt-cellars, and no doubt the one I sent him will adorn his window for another fifty-four years, to the delight of the Cambridge undergraduates whose little joke was so successful.

THE CHAIRMAN WILL BE PLEASED TO SPILL SALT WITH YOU. *From the "St. James's Budget."*

In place of the old-fashioned formula, "The Chairman will be pleased to drink wine with the gentlemen on his right," and then on his left, the Toastmaster had to announce that the Chairman would be pleased to "spill salt" with those on his right, etc.; but force of habit was too strong, and "drink wine" came out, and although this was corrected, it was strange that in some cases the guests held up their glasses and did not spill salt. Of course, throwing salt over the shoulder was prohibited; that superstitious operation would have been sufficient to disqualify any member.

Beside each member was placed a looking-glass, and in the course of the evening it went forth that "The Chairman will be pleased to shiver looking-glasses with the members," and smash! smash! went the mercury-coated glass all over the tables.



A KNIFE I WAS PRESENTED WITH.

It then fell to me to present each of the thirteen chairmen with a penknife, refusing of course the customary coin in return. I was presented with a ferocious-looking knife, with a multiplicity of blades and other adjuncts, which I treasure as a memento of the dinner.

These are a few trifles I had to deal with in addition to the usual toasts, and I fervently trust it may never again be my lot to be called upon to take the chair at a "unique banquet" entailing such surprises and shocks and so many speeches:

I proposed the loyal toast as follows:—

The
Queen
Prince
and
Princess
of
Wales
and
rest
of
the
Royal
Family

13

I had a point to make, but forgot it (oh, those squinting waiters!), showing that 1894 was a very unlucky year. However, any mathematician could prove that '94 = 9 + 4 = 13. *Q.E.D.* I might also have really utilised only thirteen words in giving the toast of the evening, as follows:

Enemies
of
Superstition
Ignorance
and
Humbug
drink
success
to
The
London
Thirteen
Club
13

On my way to the Thirteen Club Dinner I met a well-known *Punch* artist, also a keen man of the world. I invited him. He started with horror. "Not for worlds! I *am* superstitious—never more so than at this moment. Why, do you know that this has been a most unlucky month with me? Everything has gone wrong, and I'll tell you why. The other night I woke up and went to my bedroom window to see what kind of a night it was—rash, stupid fool that I was! What do you think I saw?" "A burglar?" "Not a bit of it—I wouldn't have cared a pin for a brace of 'em. I saw the new moon through glass! That's why everything's gone wrong with me. What a fool I was!" "What a fool you *are!*" I ejaculated, as I jumped into a hansom for room 13, recalling to mind that my fellow-worker was not the only humorist who has been superstitious.

Albert Smith, the well-known author and entertainer, was very superstitious, and a curious incident has been related me by a friend who was present one night when Smith startled his friends by a most extraordinary instance of his fear of the

supernatural. It was in the smoking-room of the old Fielding Club, on New Year's Eve, 1854. The bells were just ringing in the New Year when Smith suddenly started up and cried, "We are thirteen! Ring, ring for a waiter, or some of us will die before the year is out!" Before the attendant arrived the fatal New Year came in, and Smith's cup of bitterness was full to overflowing. Out of curiosity my friend wrote the names of all those present in his pocket-book. Half of them were ordered to the Crimean War, and fought throughout the campaign. No doubt Smith eagerly scanned the lists of killed and wounded in the papers, for as the waiter did not arrive in time to break the unlucky number, one of them was sure to meet his death. However, all the officers returned safe and sound, and most of them are alive now. The first man to depart this life was Albert Smith himself, and this did not happen until six and a half years afterwards.

Correspondence from the superstitious and anti-superstitious poured in upon me. But I select a note received by the President some time before the dinner as the most interesting:

"CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

"SIR,—I see you are going to have an anniversary dinner on the 13th of this month, and I take the liberty to send you the following:

"In 1873, March 20th, I left Liverpool in the steamship *Atlantic*, then bound for New York. On the 13th day, the 1st of April, we went on the rocks near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Out of nearly 1,000 human beings, 580 were frozen to death or drowned.

"The first day out from Liverpool some ladies at my table discovered that we were thirteen, and in their consternation requested their gentleman-companion to move to another table. Out of the entire thirteen, I was the only one that was saved. I was asked at the time if I did not believe in the unlucky number thirteen. I told them I did not. In this case the believers were all lost and the unbeliever saved.

"Out of the first-cabin passengers saved, I was one of the thirteen saved.

"At the North-Western Hotel, in Liverpool, there can be found thirteen names in the book of passengers that left in the *Atlantic* on the 20th of March, 1873, for New York; amongst them my own. Every one of those passengers except myself were lost.

"Now, if these memorandums about the number thirteen—by one that does not believe in it—is of any interest to you, it will please me very much.

"I am, yours very truly,
"N. BRANDT.

"9, KONGENS GADE."

It is absurd to say that I have been unlucky since presiding at that dinner. On the contrary, I have been most lucky—I have never presided at another!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN EDITOR.

Editors—Publishers—An Offer—Why I Refused it—The *Pall Mall Budget*—*Lika Joko*—The *New Budget*—The Truth about my Enterprises—*Au Revoir!*

ONLY the fortunate — or should we not rather say the unfortunate?—man who has made up his mind to produce a journal of his own can have the very faintest conception of the work and worry, the pains and penalties, the hopes and fears, the anxiety and exasperation, involved in the process. I have gone through it all, and perhaps something more than all by comparison with other people in the same peculiar predicament. For weeks before the promised periodical sees the light the unfortunate proprietor feels himself to be a very Atlas supporting Heaven knows how many cosmic schemes.

The first editor of my acquaintance was a little boy in knickerbockers, with a lavish profusion of auburn locks, an old-fashioned physiognomy, a wiry if diminutive frame, and a quick, nervous temperament, whose youthful eyes had beheld the suns of fourteen summers.

My last editor is one whose physique would be commonly qualified by the adjective *podgy*, of a full face, but with head somewhat depleted of its capillary adornments, for which deprivation it has to thank the snows of six-and-forty winters.

Our intimacy has been of long standing, for my first and last editor is one and the same being—the present writer.

From the day that I, as a little schoolboy, seated on the uncompromising school-form looked upon as a necessary adjunct to the inception of knowledge, produced in MS. and for private circulation only my first journalistic attempt, up to the present moment, I can confidently assert that during my

varied experience I never was brought into contact with a more interesting set of men than those I have seen stretched upon the editorial rack.

The primary requirements which tend to make up the composition of an editor are good health, an impenetrably thick skin, and the best of humour. Secondly, he must be able to command experience, a thirst for work, and the power of application; and, thirdly, he must possess tact and discretion. A universal and comprehensive knowledge of human nature must also be his, for not only has he to be capable of judging and humouring the overstrung men and women of talent with whom he deals—those fragile, sensitive flowers from whom he extracts the honey wherewith to gratify the palate of a journalistically epicurean public—but he must also have a thorough knowledge of that public to enable him to direct those who work for him, for they, shut up in their studies and studios, may not realise that the man at the look-out has to weather the storms of public opinion, of which they reck little if it be that what they work at may be to their own liking, albeit unpalatable to those whom they seek to feed.

Like poets, editors are born, not made. An editor may make a paper, but a paper never made an editor. But as to the commercial success or failure of a periodical, the editor is absolutely a nonentity. There are two sides to the production of a periodical: one is the business side, the other the editorial. The success or failure of a periodical depends almost entirely upon the business manager.

One of the youngest and most successful newspaper proprietors once called me a fool. I wrote and asked him why. We had an interview. He said frankly: "You are a fool, in my opinion, for producing too good an article for the money. The public does not appreciate good work, and you will never make a commercial success of your paper. Your staff is too good; your printing is too good; your paper is too good. I am a success because I know where to buy paper cheap and sell it for a profit. I have thirty publications, but their names, their contents, writing, or art I never think about, nor does the public

either. We ink something on the paper, and sell it at so much a pound profit."

But I had nothing whatever to do with the commercial side of the arrangements connected with ventures associated with my name. Ah! how little the public know what goes on behind the scenes in the newspaper world! If you stop a publication with which your name is associated, everyone at once, very properly, dubs you a failure. As what? An editor, of course. That is the mistake, the injustice. How many periodicals have the most talked of publishers started and stopped? Scores of them. Yet are they therefore failures? No, no more than the manager of a theatre is who produces a piece which runs a night or two and comes off. He still has his theatre, and other plays. So is it in the publishing world.

It is the isolated editor, without the machinery of a big office, or the head of the man of commerce,—if he stops, from whatever cause, his one effort is the failure! The "successful publisher" stops a dozen new ventures in the same time, and he is still considered successful. A publisher is very much like a conjuror: he must start two or three tricks, so that if one is likely to go wrong he can draw the attention of the public off it by another, and the first is quickly dropped or reintroduced under another name. My one mistake in publishing was that having started a success, *Lika Joko*, I let it drop to take up another. But let my confessions on this subject be brief and in order.

Before I had any notion of leaving *Punch* I had conceived an idea for a monthly magazine to be called *Lika Joko; Harry Furniss's Monthly*, and had already had a number of drawings engraved, specimen copies printed, and had gone to great expense in the preliminary work. Of course, the *Punch* men were to be the chief contributors, and Mr. E. J. Milliken was writing a great deal, and Mr. Bernard Partridge was illustrating for me. Shortly afterwards I retired from the staff of *Punch*. I was then approached by the proprietors of an influential daily and weekly paper to edit a sixpenny high-class weekly, and they offered to put down £50,000 at once.

This I would have willingly accepted, but it so happened that just at that time Mr. Astor reconstructed the *Pall Mall Budget*, regardless of expense—an extravagance with which no other paper could compete. In these circumstances I declined the offer. I soon found many friends to support me if I would start a paper connected solely with my name, but wishing to have the largest risk myself I took the largest share (over £5,000 in cash), and allowed a few to join me. It was decided to drop the idea of a monthly and make it a humorous weekly.

LIKA JOKO.

That name was originated some years before by Mr. Burnand and myself jointly in a chaffing conversation. It was universally connected with me, but as it has been said that I had no right to use it, I here reproduce a document that settles any doubt on that point:

"This is to certify that Harry Furniss has the sole right to use the name of 'Lika Joko.' That he is at liberty to use it in any way he wishes, and no one else can adopt or utilise the name without his permission.

"(Signed) F. C. BURNAND, Editor of *Punch*.

"PHILIP LESLIE AGNEW,

"For the Proprietors."

Wishing to be certain that the name "Lika Joko" was a wise one, I was advised to consult the leading editor of our largest publishing house. Strange to say, when I called he had on his wall rows of titles of publications under consideration. He looked at mine, and thought the matter over, then shook hands and told me there was a fortune in the title alone.

A few years afterwards I heard to my dismay that the same great man declared the title I had selected was a fatal mistake!

The first friend I consulted about capital suggested £20,000. He was very rich, but said that he would only put cash in equal to what I myself would. I put down £5,000, and he followed suit. I subsequently added more. The rest of the capital was found by various friends.

My friends subsequently said that as I supplied the editorial

brains I ought not to have supplied the largest share of the capital!

I was requested by my friends to introduce a business man, accustomed to publishing, and leave all business arrangements to him. My friends brought in two. Yet I am held responsible for the business arrangements made!

Few new periodicals have caused more interest. The scene at the railway stations and book-stalls was unparalleled. We could not print quick enough to supply the demand. 140,000 copies went off in a few days—which, for a threepenny humorous journal, is a record.

It is said I wrote the journal myself. I never wrote one line in it from the first number to the last. I had the best writers money could procure, and I venture to say it was the best-written paper of its class ever produced in England.

It is said I illustrated it all myself!

I had in the *first number* alone George du Maurier, Bernard Partridge, Fred Barnard, A. C. Corbould, W. Ralston, J. F. Sullivan, G. Ashton, W. D. Almond, J. B. Yeats, and myself. Ten artists!—eight of whom have contributed to *Punch*. In subsequent numbers I added work by Sir Frank Lockwood, Arthur Hopkins, Gordon Browne, W. Maud, W. F. Thomas, C. Richardson, Louis Wain, G. Montbard, James Greig, "Rab," Max Cowper, J. H. Roberts, René Bull, S. Adamson, J. E. Donnison, W. H. Overend, Charles Burton Barber, A. T. Elwes, Hal Hurst, F. Miller, E. F. Skinner, George Morrow, J. Jellicoe, A. Greenbank, and others—in all nearly forty artists, and this in six months!

I have another inaccuracy to nail to the counter of Dame False Rumour's shop. That I stopped *Lika Joko* because it was a failure.

The facts about this incident are brief and instructive.

Mr. Astor stopped his artistic weekly, the *Pall Mall Budget*, suddenly. It so happened it was printed in the same office as *Lika Joko*. This very paper, which had prevented me accepting the editorship of the proposed new sixpenny weekly paper, and had driven me into publishing a threepenny

weekly, was "put to bed" (to use a printer's phrase) week after week side by side with mine. I was sent for one Saturday morning. The expensive sixpenny child was to die that day. Could I not adopt it? There was a chance—splendid circulation, splendid returns for advertisements.

Why then does Mr. Astor discontinue it?

Because, I was told, Mrs. Astor had just died,—it was so dear to her that Mr. Astor felt he could not continue it, for purely sentimental reasons.

This was pathetically explained to me. It was so natural. Yet why should such a splendid paper cease when I had a large proprietor with capital waiting to start one? I was the man. So I was told, and so I believed, and so I proved to be. Not a moment was to be lost. I was with Sir George Lewis. Has Mr. Astor any objection? He thought certainly not.

I therefore engaged the same staff, the same printers, the same paper and machines were used. The paper, with the exception that the title was changed from the *Pall Mall* to the *New Budget*, came out in four days—the following Wednesday morning. Sir William Ingram was the first to purchase a copy. The whole edition was sold out before sunset. I have been assured that this was the smartest journalistic feat on record.

I then sought the people whom I had advised not to oppose this very paper, but they were on the Continent. I would bring it out and await their return. They did return. But it unfortunately happened that in the meantime they had speculated in one of those American imported "booms" of illustrated literature and lost!

Lika Joko came out too, and I immediately met all the members of my company and placed both papers before them, my *New Budget* and our joint property *Lika Joko*. The result was the following announcement in the next week's issue of the latter:

"A FAREWELL FABLE.

"Once upon a time there was a wealthy shipowner who possessed one of the best vessels on the seas. Her name was the *Pall Mall Budget*. Week after week she left port, well

manned, well rigged, laden with passengers, and made a prosperous voyage. No vessel in her own line was better built and appointed, and gradually she drew away those people who once had travelled by her rivals, and carried them herself.

"And then, one day, without assigning any reason, the shipowner forbade her ever again to leave port, and nothing could shake his resolve.

"Now, there was at this time also afloat a merry little passenger boat which made a weekly cruise in waters only occasionally entered by the larger vessel, and her name was *Lika Joko*. No sooner did the news of the great shipowner's decision reach the ears of the captain of the *Lika Joko* than he made all sail for port, drew up alongside of the *Pall Mall Budget*, and boarded her.

"Then he asked her captain and crew, who were all regretful at the loss of their vessel, if they would put to sea again in a vessel built by himself, as like the *Pall Mall Budget* as might be, but, if anything, swifter, more trim, with later improvements to make the passage easier and more entertaining to all on board. And they agreed.

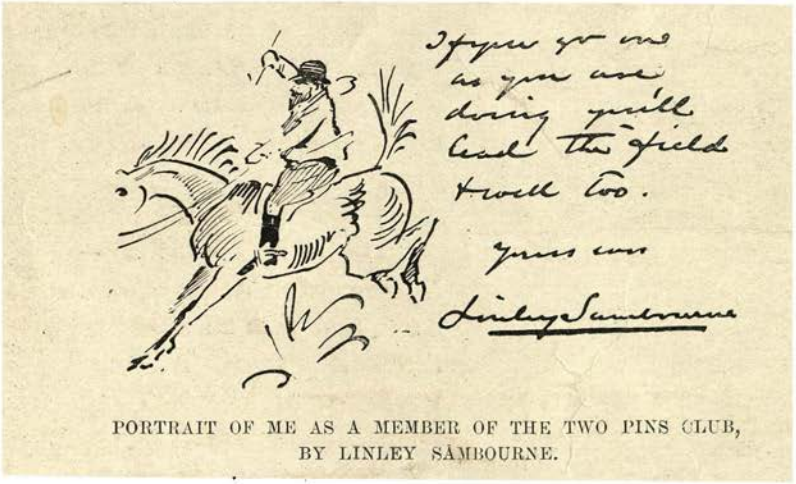
"Forthwith he set about giving his orders, and so heartily did everyone work that a week later, in fair weather, and to the surprise of all spectators, this vessel, which was christened the *New Budget*, crossed the harbour bar and made one of the best passages on record, leaving the competing craft far behind, and carrying on board not only the old passengers of the *Pall Mall Budget*, but those of the *Lika Joko* as well, and many new ones. 'Henceforth,' said the captain of the *Lika Joko*, who had now become the captain of the *New Budget*, 'we will set our sails every Thursday morning.'"

Little did I think the change was a fable. I had not long to wait to find I had been utterly deceived. According to Mr. Astor, his reason for his stopping his expensive paper was not as stated! As soon as I discovered this I called together my friends, and as they would have to supply a huge capital to carry on the *Budget*, and as I had been deceived, it was

to be forwarded to the Perpetual President, the Permanent Secretary, and the other members, for use in connection only with the business of the Club.

"It was further resolved that all maps and charts be kept at the Secretary's Office, and in the event of any dispute, the Ordnance Map or the Admiralty Chart shall be decisive."

But during the existence of the Club there never was any cause to refer to an Ordnance Map or Admiralty Chart. There never was a Secretary's Office, nor did Mr. Linley Sambourne either design or provide the notepaper or envelopes, nor are there any records in existence, either printed or written "in a neat and clerkly style," of the merry meetings of this unique Club. It ran its delightful and dangerous course, its wild



PORTRAIT OF ME AS A MEMBER OF THE TWO PINS CLUB,
BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

career, unmarred by any dispute or accident. The last "meet" was to dine Lord Russell on his elevation to the Bench.

I shall never forget the first occasion on which I saw the late Lord Russell. It was in the old days when the Law Courts were in Westminster,—and I, in search of "character," strangely enough found myself wandering about the Divorce Court, where so many characters are lost. It was a *cause célèbre*,—the divorce suit of a most distinguished Presbyterian cleric who charged his wife, the co-respondent being the stable-boy. Russell (then plain Mr.) was for the clergyman, and when I entered the crowded court, he was in the midst of his appeal

to the jury, working himself up to a pitch of eloquence, appealing to all to look upon the saintly figure of the man of prayer (the plaintiff, who was playing the part by kneeling and clasping his hands), and asking the jury to scorn all idea of his client having any desire to free himself of his wife so as to marry his pretty governess, or cousin, or whomever it was suggested he most particularly admired. Russell had arrived at quoting Scripture,—he was at his best, austere, eloquent, persuasive, an orator, a gentleman, a great advocate, and as sanctimonious as his kneeling client.

THE LATE LORD RUSSELL, THE PRESIDENT OF THE TWO PINS CLUB.

He was interrupted by someone handing him a telegram. As he opened it he said, waving it towards his client, "This may be a message from Heaven to that saint, — ah, gentlemen of the jury, the words so pure—so—so——" (he reads the telegram). "D——! D——! D——!" He crushed the telegram in his hand, and with an angry gesture threw it away. Although his words were drowned by the "laughter in Court," his gestures and face showed his chagrin and disgust. The Grand National had been run half-an-hour before.

Years afterwards, on his own lawn at Tadworth, I told him of this incident, and asked him what the contents of that telegram were. He declared I was wrong, such an incident never occurred in his career. I convinced him I was right—it was the first time I saw him, and every detail was vividly impressed upon my memory. After dinner he came to me and said, "Furniss, I have been thinking over that incident. You are quite right—it has all come back to me. I lost my temper, I recollect, because I had wired to my boy over there to make a bet for me on an outsider at a long price; when at lunch, I

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